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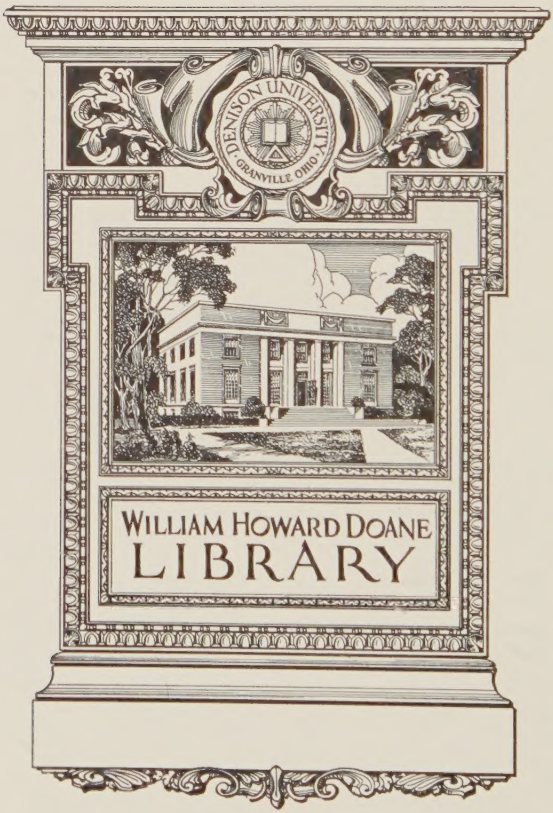

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THE DUC DE LAUZUN

MEMOIRS

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THE BROADWAY LIBRARY
OF XVIII CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE LAUZUN

Translated, with an Appendix, by C. K. Scott Moncrieff
Introduction by Richard Aldington
Notes by G. Rutherford

WITH FIVE PLATES

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INTRODUCTION

I

THE chief authority for the life of Lauzun is the volume of memoirs here translated. Mr. Scott Moncrieff has added a brief account of Lauzun's career from the moment when the memoirs break off, and has given the facts and dates of the Duke's early life and family. Miss G. Rutherford, who has made a special study of Lauzun, has most kindly offered for this edition the notes which are printed at the end of the volume. These notes clear up difficulties which have puzzled the French editors. Very little than can possibly be useful to the reader remains to be said, and the chief merit of this Introduction will be its brevity.

The *Mémoires de Lauzun*, like the *Vie Privée du Maréchal Duc de Richelieu* (also published in this series), have been denounced as false and apocryphal. There is a certain similarity between the two books, *i.e.*, both are intimate confessions written apparently for the amusement of one or more ladies, both contain revelations which were exceedingly disagreeable to the restored French monarchy and aristocracy of the early nineteenth century, which was anxious to show how mighty moral it was and always had been. The great difference between the two books is that Richelieu is shown as a cynical blackguard, while Lauzun is a sort of romantic madcap. The adventures related by Lauzun might have been duplicated by the Prince de Ligne if he had chosen to be indiscreet. Richelieu, Ligne, Lauzun, are typical figures of pre-Revolution Versailles; but, whereas the cynicism and cruelty of

the elderly Regency beau make him rather repellent, Ligne has a gaiety and polish, Lauzun a romantic gallantry which make them both sympathetic as well as interesting historical characters. In the present state of the evidence, no one can vouch for the authenticity of Richelieu's *Vie Privée*. It is far otherwise with the memoirs of Lauzun, and I shall put before the reader the remarks of two French critics who have investigated this topic.

In the fourth volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*, under the date of the 15th June, 1851, Sainte-Beuve gives a characteristic essay on the Duc de Lauzun. Hypocritically anxious, as usual, to pose as a pillar of bourgeois morality, Sainte-Beuve judges the Duke with considerable severity, refusing him even that military talent which Washington warmly praised and even Napoleon is said to have acknowledged. But this hostile respectability renders Sainte-Beuve's remarks on the authenticity of the memoirs all the more convincing. Sainte-Beuve says:

"The fate of these Memoirs, moreover, was curious, and will suggest more than one reflection. Written by Lauzun, as it appears, to amuse some of the women among his friends, the Memoirs were copied, and little by little were handed about and widely circulated. During the early years of the Restauration, the upper rank of society was warned of the existence of these Memoirs, and was positively terrified by the news. Indeed, several of the women mentioned for light conduct and adventures in their youth were still alive, and had since posed as solemn defenders of good principles, supporters of the altar as well as of the throne. M. de Talleyrand, who had known Lauzun, came to the aid of these ladies and their distressed families. In a letter signed by him, which was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 27th of March, 1818, he said:

" ' The Duc de Lauzun, who was a friend of mine, had written his Memoirs; he read them to me. I do not know into what hands copies may have fallen; but what I know with certainty is that they have been horribly falsified.

" ' All who knew the Duc de Lauzun know that he needed only the natural gifts of his mind to give charm to his narrative, that he was above everything a man of taste and fashion, and that no one was ever less capable than he of willingly injuring another. Yet they have dared to attribute to this man the most odious satires against French and foreign women, and the grossest calumnies against an August Personage (Marie Antoinette), who showed in her exalted rank as much goodness as in her days of misfortune she manifested grandeur of spirit. That is the most striking thing in the pretended Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun, which for some time have been circulating in manuscript, and a copy of which is now in my hands.

" ' I should maintain silence towards this work of darkness, if I had not reason to suppose that this kind of manuscript is about to be given to the press.

" ' Forgeries and falsifications of books are not a new thing. From all time impassioned or mercenary persons have abused the facilities offered them by private Memoirs in order to diffuse under another's name that venom which is in them. But this sort of crime seems to become more common, instead of diminishing; and no doubt it will continue to increase if we continue to complain of it without employing a remedy.'

" After proposing a somewhat vague and unintelligible law against defamation and every kind of imputation of a personal character, M. de Talleyrand continued:

" ' But, as these laws do not yet exist, I think I owe it to the memory of a man who was my friend to

declare that *he did not write*, that *he was incapable of writing*, and *would feel a horror at writing* the Memoirs which they have dared to put forth under his name. If I do not wait for them to be published, the reason is that in all probability they will appear while I am in the country and without my knowing of it.

"'I did not wish my protest to arrive too late through being delayed.

"'(*Signed*) LE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.'

"When he wrote this" (Sainte-Beuve goes on), "M. de Talleyrand thought he was performing a good deed; he was at least performing a deed agreeable to persons in high society, but he lied, and lied wittingly, which is always regrettable when one desires to perform a public action in the name of morality.

"I have in my possession a letter of thanks and gratitude written to him on the 28th of March, just after the letter, by a noble lady of that time, Mme. la duchesse d'Es. . . . She says:

"'I wish it to be felt here, Prince, how important is the service you have rendered. Nobody reads history, and the information of the salons is based on Memoirs. You proved to me the other day that their opinion carried great weight. A letter from you, depriving these Memoirs of their authenticity, crushes them, and foreigners, whom our misfortunes have rendered so important, will think them nothing but a novel. Anything which attacks the morals of the Queen diminishes the respect due to Madame (the Duchess of Angoulême). So that you have rendered a most important service. Yesterday, they were dangerous; to-day, they no longer exist.'

"But here" (says Sainte-Beuve) "we have a right to interrupt the person in society who judges in this way so lightly, and to say to her:

"No, Madam, it is in the power of no man, however eminent his name and influence, to challenge in this way and by a stroke of the pen to annihilate indiscretions, even if scandalous and prejudicial to a whole order of society. In default of M. de Talleyrand, a Cato even could not do it. The society of the old regime chose to live in a certain way, to use and to abuse all the goods which were granted it. The men themselves are not denounced; others, in their place, would have done the same; newly-rich plebeians would have acted like Lauzun, but with less elegance. But, then, as the society of the old regime lived in that manner, it has no right to every privilege, nor can it add to the excess of past prodigalities and pleasures that final esteem which it would only owe to complete discretion and silence. The society of the old regime abused its position; it has been punished and destroyed, and that punishment and ruin are justified this very day by the successive admissions which come from its own bosom. Lauzun's Memoirs existed before M. de Talleyrand's denial; they still exist and count for twice as much after it, for their importance is more apparent. At first they seem only frivolous; they have a serious and far more durable side, and history will note them among the incriminating documents in the great impeachment of the eighteenth century."

How venomous the little bourgeois is! One feels convinced that the ancestors of M. Sainte-Beuve took no part in "the prodigalities and pleasures" of Versailles, for the plain reason that they were not invited. But, in his excuse, it must be mentioned that he wrote during the second French Republic, and even under the Prince-President a certain amount of democratic cant was expected. But the main point is that Sainte-Beuve, unequalled in his knowledge of eighteenth-century history and literature, felt not the slightest doubt about the authenticity of Lauzun's

memoirs. It is true that he brings no proof to back his assertion, but that we can find elsewhere. At any rate, the most respectable Monsieur Sainte-Beuve throws his influence on the side of authenticity.

We now move from 1851 to 1893, when M. Gaston Maugras published his *Le Duc de Lauzun et la Cour Intime de Louis XV.* M. Gaston Maugras does not affect the austere and republican virtues of M. Sainte-Beuve, but he has a real sympathy with and understanding for the society of the eighteenth century, and his two volumes on Lauzun are a mine of amusing and witty information. M. Maugras writes well and in a most attractive way, so we cannot therefore claim for him the status of a scholar. However, since M. Maugras is a foreigner and wrote thirty-five years ago, perhaps his union of taste with knowledge may be forgiven. This is what M. Maugras says in his Preface:

In 1811 the police of the First Empire were informed that a MS. by the Duc de Lauzun was about to be printed and that a great scandal would result. The manuscript was seized. Queen Hortense asked to read it, and had it hastily copied. The MS. was then returned to the police and burned in the presence of Napoleon.

The first edition of Lauzun's memoirs appeared in 1821, and was printed from a copy of the copy made by the Queen Hortense. This publication aroused great excitement and the book was suppressed. It was, moreover, declared to be the work of a forger, and Mme. de Genlis (good, virtuous lady!) vowed that she had seen and read the true memoirs of Lauzun (even as M. de Talleyrand), and pledged her word that they were totally unlike the printed memoirs. "*Malheureusement*," says M. Maugras, "*Malheureusement*, the word of Mme. de Genlis does not carry much weight."

M. Maugras then proceeds to refute the ordinary objections made against the memoirs, and ends up with this fairly decisive declaration:

" In my view the authenticity of Lauzun's Memoirs is not disputable, and here is the reason: at every point —and they are very numerous—where my private documents have permitted me to check the Memoirs, I have never found the least error; important incidents, details, dates, are all absolutely exact and true. Who else could have known Lauzun's life in so precise a manner and could have penetrated into its most minute details ?"

This accuracy of detail is confirmed by a small point concerning our own country which came up during the discussion in *The Times* Literary Supplement on the meaning of the word " keilets "—an obvious misprint in the French text. Now Lauzun mentions a horse-racing country gentleman named Sir Marmaduke " Hewell," and Miss Rutherford, in her letter, mentioned this personage as a puzzle. Next week the Literary Supplement published a letter from Sir Algernon Law identifying Sir Marmaduke " Hewell " as Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Bt., of Burton Constable, Yorks. When the accuracy of Lauzun's memoirs is confirmed in so many points, this additional identification of an accidentally misspelled name with a real person is striking. There seems little room for further doubt.

II

There is every probability, then, that the stories Lauzun tells about himself and Mme. de Stainville, Lady Sarah Bunbury, the Princess Czartoryska and many other ladies, are true. Though the admission may cost me the esteem of some persons who are very virtuous (on paper), I confess I am not so scandalised

as, I fear, some people will have to pretend to be. Hypocrisy is seldom pretty, even where it is a national institution, and it is particularly misplaced in literary and historical judgments. The elegant and powerful aristocracy to which Lauzun belonged has been "judged and punished," as M. Sainte-Beuve remarked; or, as I prefer to put it, abdicated and was assassinated. The French aristocracy of the eighteenth century is hated, not because some of its members were licentious, but because it was a privileged class, gay, witty, rich, brave, free and superbly insolent. According to figures published in *The Times*, England to-day contains 138 persons who pay income-tax on an annual revenue of £100,000 and upwards; the number of millionaires in the United States is said to baffle description. How many nobles at the Court of Louis XVI could spend 2,000,000 livres a year? Into the delicate question of comparative or competitive morals I shall not enter; the reader presumably has eyes and ears. It is possible, also, that one might be prejudiced in trying to establish a comparison between the respective encouragement given in the two epochs to the major and minor arts, to literature and the amenities of life. But, so far as one may judge, the aristocrats of the eighteenth century were more polished, more witty, more amusing, more curious people, living with more ease and gaiety in high places, more accustomed to ceremony, and less dependent for their eminence on the size of their income. But it is easy to be generous to the dead; so let it be with Lauzun.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

P.S.—Miss Rutherford's notes are serially numbered from 1 upwards, to facilitate reference.

Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun

MY life has been interspersed with such remarkable happenings; I have, from my earliest years, been a witness of such important events, that I have felt myself entitled to leave behind me these memoirs for the persons who are dear to me. They are written for such persons only, and it will be hard indeed for me to arrange them in the order necessary to a work intended to face the judgment of the public. I shall pride myself upon my veracity alone; I shall frequently retrace my steps; my narrative will have scarcely more sequence than had my conduct in the past, and the reader will see me in turn as lover, gambler, politician, soldier, sportsman, philosopher, and often more than one of these at a time.

I must say something to those who are to be my readers of the character of my father. M. le Duc de Gontaut,[1] my father, was a man of the most perfect honour, of a compassionate and charitable heart, sincere but controlled in his religious belief. He was not brilliantly clever, nor had he any great learning; but an accurate and sound judgment, a vast experience of the world and of the court, an excellent tone, a noble and charming way of expressing himself, a great natural cheerfulness, a profound aversion to intrigue, and a modest ambition had made him a pleasant and a popular man. A serious wound, which he received at the battle of Dettingen, gave him an honourable pretext for leaving the service. Promoted Lieutenant-General, he took his place at court, became the intimate friend of Madame de Châteauroux,[2]

and consequently was admitted to the familiar circle of the King. The assiduous devotion which he paid to her during her fatal illness raised him to even higher favour; and presently he won that of Madame de Pompadour also: he was as well received by her as by her predecessor. The generous use that he made of his influence won him universal popularity, and I have seldom seen a man who had fewer enemies.

It was at court, therefore, and, so to speak, in the lap of the King's mistress, that the earliest years of my childhood were spent. The difficulty of finding me a good tutor led my father to entrust me to the care of a servant of my late mother, who could read and write a passable hand, and was granted the title of *valet de chambre* as an indication of his respectable position. I was given, besides, the masters most in fashion in every branch; but M. Roch (such was my mentor's name) was not capable of directing their lessons or of enabling me to profit by them. He confined himself to imparting to me his talent for writing, in which he took great pride, and with very fair success, as well as to teaching me to read aloud, more fluently and agreeably than is customary in France. This little talent made me almost indispensable to Madame de Pompadour, who continually made me read to her and write for her, and sometimes even for the King. Our visits to Versailles became all the more frequent, and my education the more neglected. I was, moreover, like all the boys of my age and condition: the most becoming clothes for out of doors, rags and starvation at home. At the age of twelve I was placed in the Regiment of Guards,[3] the reversion of which the King promised me, and I realised at that age that I was destined to enjoy an immense fortune and the finest position in the realm, without being obliged to take the pains to deserve them.

M. le Comte de Stainville[4] and my father had

married a pair of sisters—I am the son of the elder, who died in giving me birth. This marriage had brought them into close alliance, and my father's credit with Madame de Pompadour had led to M. de Stainville's appointment as Ambassador to Rome and then to Vienna; had made him a Duke, secured for him the Blue Riband, and finally the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in which his natural charm and his talents soon won him an influence over her and, in time, over the King.

M. le Duc de Choiseul had a sister,[5] a Canoness of Remiremont, who had no fortune beyond her stall, but who combined with all the charms of her sex the character of a man fitted for great affairs and for great intrigues; he took her into his house. Madame de Choiseul was plain, but with the sort of plainness that generally proves attractive: one might with justice describe her as a desirable woman. It was not long before she decided to secure the control of her brother, and she saw clearly that the most certain way of securing control for herself and preventing that of a mistress was to make him her lover. But to play this part without risk to herself, she required a substance, a position, and these were lacking. She was obliged, therefore, to seek a marriage and a husband that would at once satisfy her self-esteem and ensure her safety. Her eye fell upon M. le Duc de Gramont,[6] a man devoid of character, incapable of anything, who for some years had been forbidden the court, and spent his days in a small house outside Paris, among musicians and women of the town of the humblest kind. Nothing could suit Madame de Choiseul better, since nothing would be easier than to set M. le Duc de Gramont back where she had found him, as soon as he should become a nuisance: my father lent his aid; the ban was removed, and the marriage celebrated.

I was now fourteen years old;[7] and of a pleasing

exterior. Madame la Duchesse de Gramont was as friendly as could be, with the intention, I dare say, of quietly furnishing herself with a young lover, who should be entirely hers and without risk to herself: her influence, I should say her mastery, over M. le Duc de Choiseul increased daily. Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul, who was passionately in love with her husband, was jealous of this undue affection, and, in a few months' time, the sisters-in-law were no longer on speaking terms. My father, with his usual moderation, contrived to take neither side in the quarrel and to remain equally in favour with both. I did well in following his example; but I must confess to my shame that I followed my natural inclination, and gave, in my heart, my entire support to Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, who was exceedingly grateful to me. About this time she carried me to Ménars,[8] to wait upon Madame de Pompadour. Miss Julia, her waiting woman, who was wholly in her confidence and had already become a personage of considerable importance, decided that what her mistress was keeping for herself might very well be to her own taste also, and marked me down for the honour of being initiated into the ways of the world by her; she lavished upon me caresses and provocations, but to no avail, for I was entirely innocent: one day she placed my hand upon her bosom, all my body was still aflame hours afterwards; but I was no farther advanced. And yet I knew no keener pleasure than that of meeting her and of being in her company. My absorption was remarked by M. Roch, who readily guessed its object and, tactfully, forbade me upon any consideration all commerce with Miss Julia; I was greatly distressed by this. An event of greater interest made me forget her, or did at least provide me with a distraction. M. le Duc de Choiseul, become Minister of War upon the death of Marshal

Belleisle, promoted to Lieutenant-General in the French service M. le Comte de Stainville, his younger brother, an officer of repute and at the time Major-General in the Emperor's service. He had no fortune; but his brother's favour and the King's liberality assured him an advantageous marriage; the choice fell upon Mademoiselle de Clermont-Reynel,[9] who combined an ample fortune with a charming person, and was not turned fifteen. All was arranged while M. de Stainville was still with the army. Winter came, an order was dispatched recalling him, and he was married within six hours after his reaching Paris.

I saw Madame de Stainville for the first time upon her wedding day, and she made an impression upon me which has persisted ever since: I at once fell passionately in love with her, and was teased over my love so much that she came to learn of it; she was touched by the news; but she was too strictly guarded by Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul, her sister-in-law, who had taken charge of her, for there to be any danger as yet. Madame de Gramont, who had no love for her younger brother, and was afraid the young Madam might prove too attractive to the Duc de Choiseul, who appeared to be taken up with her, was not sorry to provide her with a cavalier; it was no obstacle to her designs upon myself, whom she believed that she could recall to her side when she chose, and it seemed likely to forestal an attachment, the inevitable result of which must be to destroy her own situation. She therefore gave her protection to our infant love, and often caused us to meet in her own house.

Madame de Stainville told me one day at dinner at Madame de Choiseul's that she would be dining, the next day, with Madame de Gramont, and that we might spend the whole day there together. I was beside myself with joy; but M. Roch, who discovered

our plan, and whose strict principles allowed of no exception, insisted the next morning, which was a Sunday, upon making me hear mass; I refused, we came to argument; he threatened me with my father, of whom I lived in terror; I gave way with the bitterest regret; he took me to mass at the Little Fathers',[10] where, choked by misery and anger, I swooned; I lost consciousness altogether; and, when I recovered it, found myself lying upon the steps of the church, surrounded by old women, who, to give me air, had unbuttoned my breeches. I was carried back to the house, where I arrived in a helpless state enough. I said that I was unwell, and they made me retire to bed. The Duchesse de Gramont came to see me, and brought me Madame de Stainville. I told her my story; she laughed to hear it, went to find my father, got M. Roch a scolding, and obtained leave to treat my malady and to carry me off to dine at her own table. This day was one of the happiest in my life. I spent the whole of it with my young mistress, and almost all the time by ourselves. She showed me how deeply she was touched by my affection, and granted me all the innocent favours that I asked of her (and they were all that I knew). I kissed her hands; she swore to me that she would love me all her life; I wished for nothing else in the world. A lingering whooping-cough made her keep her chamber for near six months. The door was barred to me; I saw her but seldom, and never without Madame de Choiseul. The physicians ordered her to take the waters at Cotterets; she was sent there in the spring, and returned in excellent health at the beginning of winter. She went out a great deal with the Duchesse de Choiseul; she danced to perfection. She had the greatest success at all the balls, was the centre of an admiring throng that included all the men of fashion; ashamed to have a boy for a lover, she cast me off, treated me harshly,

and took a fancy for M. de Jaucourt;[11] I was jealous, indignant, desperate, but it availed me nothing.

My father, about this time, arranged for me to marry Mademoiselle de Boufflers,[12] granddaughter to Marshal Luxembourg's lady, her intimate companion, the heiress to her fortune, and consequently a very great match indeed. I was vexed at this, because the marriage was not to the liking of Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, who, not without reason, detested the Marshal's lady and told me many things against her. It was decided that I must meet the person whom I was to marry; it was arranged that I should attend a ball in the afternoon that Marshal Mirepoix's lady[13] was giving; that Mademoiselle de Boufflers should take her dinner there; that I should arrive early, and should see her. I was, in short, taken to the house at four o'clock, and found there a charming young person, who pleased me vastly, and whom I took to be herself. I was, alas! mistaken, and the person was Mademoiselle de Roth.[14] I realised my error with all the more regret in that Mademoiselle de Boufflers, who appeared from Madame de Mirepoix's bedchamber, did not gain by the comparison.

Madame la Princesse de Beauvau[15] was at this ball with Mademoiselle de Beauvau. It would be difficult for anyone to combine a greater variety of charms, greater natural parts and greater attraction; I was fully conscious of her rarity. I used to meet Mademoiselle de Beauvau[16] at all the balls; I saw her constantly at Madame la Duchesse de Gramont's, who was her mother's dearest friend. I sought to find favour with her; she received my endeavours without repugnance; she was far more to my liking in every respect than Mademoiselle de Boufflers. I desired to marry her; I spoke of my intention to Madame de Gramont, who gave me her strong approval. I found the courage to mention it to my

father, who received me with the worst of graces, told me that he had pledged his word and intended to abide by it. I vowed to myself, however, that I would not let myself be married against my will. The attachment that I displayed to Madame la Princesse de Beauvau found favour with her. Before setting off upon a long tour which she was obliged to make in Lorraine, she was so good as to assure me that she was no less anxious than myself for the success of my projects, and that it would not be her fault should they be defeated. Mademoiselle de Beauvau herself kindly allowed me to hope that she would think of me sometimes during her absence. This tour was prolonged; and, as it was coming to an end, Madame la Princesse de Beauvau took the small-pox and died of it.[17] Mademoiselle de Beauvau returned to Paris a few months later, and was placed in the convent of Port-Royal. I had sincerely regretted Madame de Beauvau: her death had altered nothing of my intentions; I was anxious to learn, what were those of her daughter. I conveyed secretly to her convent a letter expressed in the following terms:

"I have not ventured, Mademoiselle, to disturb your grief with my own: you will do justice to it, when you consider that my loss has been as great as yours. My father seeks to have me married, Mademoiselle; but the more I feel how greatly I am honoured by an alliance with Mademoiselle de Boufflers, and how great are her merits, the more convinced I am that we are not suited. There exists but one happiness for me, Mademoiselle; the hope that I may be able to contribute to yours: I attach a value beyond words to your confirmation of that hope. I dare not request my father to approach M. le Prince de Beauvau, until I know that such a step will not meet with your disapproval. It is a question of contracting a lifelong

tie, and it appears to me that you can grant or refuse me the permission that I ask of you, without departing from the strictest propriety. I await your answer, Mademoiselle, with far more anxiety and impatience than if it were merely my life that was in jeopardy.

"I am, with the most profound respect, Mademoiselle, your most humble and most obedient servant,

"Le Comte de Biron."

Mademoiselle de Beauvau's governess received my letter, and read it before handing it to her.

"I ought not, perhaps, to give you this letter," she said to her; "but it contains matters of such importance to yourself, that I feel that I must not only show it to you, but even leave you at liberty to reply to it." Mademoiselle de Beauvau sealed my letter and sent it back to me without a word in reply; I was hurt by a treatment which I did not deserve; it made me decide to promise my father that I would consent to the marriage that he desired; I made the condition that it should be postponed for two years, and that I should be allowed for the present to enjoy my freedom.

I took a fancy for a little actress at the playhouse of Versailles, aged fifteen, named Eugénie Beaubours, and even more innocent than myself, for I had already read several improper books, and required only the opportunity to put in practice what they had taught me. I set to work to instruct my little mistress, who loved me too sincerely not to yield herself to all my desires. One of her fellow-actresses lent us her room, or, to be precise, a little closet in which she slept, and which was entirely filled by a bed and a couple of chairs. An enormous spider appeared to interrupt our dalliance: we were both of us in mortal terror; neither of us could summon up courage to kill it. Instead, we parted, promising each other that we would

meet again in a more commodious place, where there would be no such terrifying monsters.

My father heard of our relations, was alarmed at the news, I know not why, and, within a week, sent mother and daughter packing, without my having a chance of seeing them again before their departure. I was not aware that he had any hand in it, and supposed that my only grievance was against Madame Beaubours; a few days sufficed to bring me consolation, and my heart remained unattached.

I attracted, shortly after this, the attention of Madame la Comtesse d'Esparbès,[18] a cousin of Madame de Pompadour, fetching, pretty, and gay; she made many overtures to me in vain, for I did not understand them; I was flattered, at length, by the deference with which she treated me, and fell in love with her. One day when the King was supping in the Royal private apartments at Fontainebleau, with Madame de Pompadour and but a small party else, I took supper in town with Madame d'Esparbès, and Madame d'Amblimont,[19] another of Madame de Pompadour's cousins. Madame d'Amblimont withdrew to her chamber after supper. Madame d'Esparbès, pleading a headache, retired to bed; discretion bade me take my leave, but she told me to stay, and asked me to read to her a little play, entitled *Heureusement*,[20] in which we had taken part together, since when she had called me her young cousin. "My young cousin," she said to me, after I had been reading for a while, "this book bores me; sit down upon my bed and let us talk; that will be more amusing." She complained of the heat, and threw open her garments. My head swam, I was all afire; but I was afraid of offending her; I dared run no risk; I contented myself with kissing her hands and gazing at her bosom with an avidity which did not displease her, but was not followed by the actions that she was entitled to expect. She told me repeatedly

to behave myself, as a hint to me that I was behaving myself all too well. I followed her advice to the letter. It teased her, meanwhile, that I should be covering her with caresses and kisses, and she was hoping in vain that I might grow bolder. When she was quite assured of my imbecility, she ordered me, somewhat coldly, to be gone; I obeyed without uttering a word, and was no sooner out of the room than I repented of my timidity, and vowed that I would make a better use of my time should the opportunity present itself again.

I happened some days later to be at the Opera ball. A girl of some beauty, named Mademoiselle Desmarques, excited my interest; I thought her charming; she had instructed the greater part of the young men at court, was pleased to undertake my education, and carried me home with her, where she gave me delicious lessons, of which the reader has seen that I stood in great need: she continued them for a fortnight, after which we parted. I was anxious to give her a present; she declined it, telling me that I had already paid her in a coin so hard to come by, that she had no need of any other.

I encountered Madame d'Esparbès again at Versailles; I offered her my arm one evening, as we were coming from Madame de Pompadour's, after supper. When I was in her chamber, she would have had me go: "One moment," I said to her, "my fair cousin, it is not late. Let us talk a while. I could read to you, if I bore you." My eyes were glowing with a fire which she had never before seen in them. "I should like it," she told me; "but on condition that you behave as properly as you did before: go into the other room; I am going to undress; you shall come in when I am in bed." I did, in fact, return a few minutes later. I sat down upon her bed, unchecked by her. "Aren't you going to read to me?" said she. "No;

it gives me such pleasure to see you, to gaze at you, that I could not see a word of what is printed in the book." My eyes devoured her; I let the book fall from my hands; I disarranged, meeting no great opposition, the kerchief that was covering her bosom. She endeavoured to speak, my lips stopped hers; I was burning; I guided her hand to the most ardent portion of my body; the whole of hers quivered at the contact. When she touched me, she caused me to make an effort which broke all the bonds that were restraining me. I tore aside everything that could conceal from sight one of the most beautiful persons that I have ever in my life beheld; she refused me nothing; but my undue ardour sadly curtailed her enjoyment. I very soon made amends for this and continued until daybreak, when she made me depart with the greatest secrecy. On the morrow, I was awakened by the following note:

"How did you sleep, my charming young cousin? Have you been thinking of me? Are you longing to see me again? I am obliged to go to Paris, upon certain errands for Madame de Pompadour; come and drink chocolate with me before I start, and, what is more important, tell me that you love me."

This attention enchanted me, and appeared to me designed for myself. I blamed myself for not having sent word to Madame d'Esparbès; I allowed myself barely time to put on my clothes, and hastened to her. I found her still abed, and gave such an account of myself as showed that I was wholly recovered from the fatigues of the night: I was overjoyed by this. In her person, Madame d'Esparbès pleased me greatly, and it flattered my self-esteem vastly to possess a woman. I was too much a man of honour to publish the truth; but people gave me an unspeakable pleasure by guessing it; and in this respect she gave me entire

satisfaction; for she treated me in such a manner as proclaimed the truth to all the world. A cockade upon which she had embroidered her name, which I wore at the King's review, published my triumph, which was not of long duration, for she took in the course of the summer Monsieur le Prince de Condé.[21] This distressed me, shocked me, I threatened her; all to no effect. She sent me my formal dismissal, couched in these terms:

"It grieves me, Monsieur le Comte, that my conduct should have caused you annoyance. It is impossible for me to alter anything, let alone sacrificing to your whims the persons who do not enjoy your favour. I hope that the public will judge of the attentions that they pay me less severely than yourself. I hope that you will pardon me, considering my frankness, the wrong that you suppose me to have done. Many reasons, which it would take too long to enumerate severally, oblige me to request you to make your visits less frequent. I hold too high an opinion of you to fear any discreditable action from so honourable a man.

I have the honour to be, etc."

I begged a final meeting, which was granted me without hesitation. Madame d'Esparbès displayed a calm that put me to confusion. "You have insisted upon seeing me," she said; "in a like position, any other woman would have declined, but I felt myself obliged to pay some heed to the interests that are always inspired by an old acquaintance. You are, in truth, singularly childish: your principles, your outlook, lack all common sense. Believe me, cousin, a man can no longer succeed by being romantic; it makes him ridiculous, and that is an end of the matter.*

* Madame d'Esparbès had some excuse for this reproach; I had been allowed to read endless novels throughout my boyhood, and this reading had so strong an influence upon my character that I am still

I had a great liking for you, my boy; it is not my fault if you mistook it for a grand passion and persuaded yourself that it must endure for ever. What matter to you, once that liking has passed, whether I grow fond of another or remain without a lover; you have many claims to the favour of women: make the most of them, so as to win it, and be assured that the loss of one may always be remedied with another: that is the way to be fortunate and loved. You are too much a man of honour to seek my harm; it would turn more against yourself than against me. You have no proof of what has passed between us; nobody would believe you; and, if any did, to what extent do you suppose that the public is interested in such matters? If people did know that I had taken you up, they never expected that I would keep you for ever. The date of our rupture is to them a matter of perfect indifference. Moreover, the bad opinion and mistrust that other women would have of you would avenge me upon you, were you capable of dishonourable conduct. The advice that I am giving you should prove to you that interest and friendship outlast the sentiments that I once had for you." I was embarrassed, and cut but a sorry figure: protestations, a few somewhat clumsy compliments. . . . She relieved my embarrassment, by ringing for her women to dress her. I stayed in the room a moment longer, then took my leave.

Time brought me a measure of consolation, and I remained without any serious attachment. Next I found the prettiest little girl, in the house of a woman famed by her talent for procuring such. The modesty

conscious of its effects. They have often proved to my disadvantage; but if I have exaggerated my own sentiments and my own sensations, I am at least indebted to my romantic nature for an abhorrence of the treachery and dishonourable conduct towards women, from which many men of honour are not exempt.—L.

of my offers did not disgust her; she was content with a small apartment up three pair of stairs, and meagrely furnished. I had but to hire one for the few months of our connexion. She never appeared dissatisfied with her lot, nor to wish for more money than I was able to give her. Returning after a se'nnight in the country, I arrived at the house in the evening; she was no longer there, and the servant handed me a note which ran as follows:

"I cannot part from you without regret, my kind friend, and I am vexed that you should have cause to complain of my behaviour; I hope, though, that you will forgive me for not refusing an advantageous position which you are not rich enough to secure for me. I confess to you that the certainty of being plunged in poverty and shame, were I to lose you, alarms me. Farewell, my kind friend, I assure you that, notwithstanding what I am doing, I love you, I regret you with all my heart, and that Rosalie will never forget you."

Rosalie was a charming child. I was sorry to lose her; but I bore her no ill-will for having sacrificed me to an assured position, for I did not suspect her of infidelity to myself. I could have wished, though, that she had had sufficient confidence in me not to conceal her plans from me. I continued for some time to frequent the ladies, like any other young man of my age, without fastening my affections upon any. Madame de Pompadour's death was the first remarkable incident in my life;[22] my attachment to her, and her tender regard for myself, made her loss irreparable; I formed, during her illness, a friendship with Monsieur le Prince de Guéménée,[23] which nothing has been able to destroy and which will certainly endure as long as we live. A serious affection of the chest,

which continued above a year, kept me from thinking of anything but my health until it was restored.

Monsieur le Prince de Tingry Montmorency[24] took as his second wife, in 1765, Mademoiselle de Laurens,[25] a great girl, stout and rosy, about twenty years old, but seeming thirty; a good creature, merry and fond of pleasure; being on intimate terms with Monsieur le Chevalier de Luxembourg,[26] nephew to Monsieur le Prince de Tingry, I was constantly at their house and had frequent opportunities of meeting Madame de Tingry; I attracted her, and was aware of it; she herself was not unpleasing, and nothing could suit me better than to become the master in a perfectly respectable household. Madame de Tingry's intellect was not unbounded, still less her experience of the world. It was not very difficult to discover what was in her mind, and her fondness for myself was soon remarked by all. I went with her to the country, where we amused ourselves in play-acting; I made a foil to her talent, and was in the highest favour; she was responsible for a practical joke which I should not record here, had it not caused the greatest stir at the time.

Monsieur le Marquis de Gèvres[27] had a house at Fontainebleau, in which he had given a very poor apartment to Madame la Duchesse d'Havré;[28] Madame de Tingry, having failed to prevail upon him to be gallant and to give up his own, told us that he must not be allowed to enter the house: we lay in wait for him that evening as he came out from the house where he was supping; stopped the chaise; carried him off; set him in a cabriolet, and conveyed him to the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau, where we recommended him, in the most friendly spirit, to do things with a good grace and to give up his apartment to Madame d'Havré; he would not agree; we proceeded on our way, assuring him that we should continue

the expedition until he had given us the token of friendship that we asked of him; we took fresh horses at a post called Bouron, two leagues from Fontainebleau; he offered resistance, but we had no difficulty in persuading the people of the house that he was one of our family who had gone mad, whom we were taking to Provence, to the mansion of Saint-Cyprien, where he was to be confined. So persuasive were we, that in half an hour the postilions swore that they had seen him running along the manger-rack in the stables. Before we were half a league from the post, he promised to do everything that we asked, and we brought him home. The party was composed of Monsieur le Duc d'Havré, the Marquis de Royan[29] (the Chevalier de Luxembourg's brother), Monsieur le Prince de Guéménée and myself: two of us rode in the cabriolet with Monsieur de Gèvres, and the rest on horseback. We were on good enough terms when we parted from him; but his valet assured him that he ought to take offence, and he charged Monsieur le Duc de Trèmes,[30] his father, to lay a complaint before the King.

Having been scolded for an hour on end by every one who had any control over me, I decided that I could not do better than to retire to Paris, to await the sequel of this incident. A few hours after my arrival I received a letter from my father, who informed me that it had been decided that we should all of us be clapped in the Bastille, and that I would probably be arrested during the night. What made our position more critical was the state of Monsieur le Dauphin, who was dangerously ill and almost breathing his last,[31] a time indeed hardly suited for practical jokes; but the King was not fond enough of his son to take offence at this, nor even to punish us for the sake of propriety. I decided at least to make a happy ending, and invited some pretty girls from the Opera

to supper, to while away the time until the constable should appear. Seeing that he did not come, I took the bold course of going to Fontainebleau, to hunt with the King; he never spoke to me throughout the day; a fact which made our disgrace so evident, that people refrained from bowing to us on our return. I was nothing daunted; I attended his orders that evening; the King came up to me: "You have all of you," he said, "bad heads, but merry bodies; come to supper, and bring Monsieur de Guéménée and the Prince de Luxembourg." The case was altered, and we found ourselves, next day, restored to all the consideration that we had enjoyed three days earlier: we kept Madame de Tingry's part in the matter secret, nor was her name ever mentioned; which might have proved embarrassing to her. She treated me a little less kindly; she began to bore me; I discreetly withdrew, and we met upon comparatively cold terms.

Madame la Duchesse de Gramont began again to have designs upon me, in which she became busily engaged. Madame de Stainville was growing prettier every day, and Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul was aware of this: she and I were on cold terms; I had not forgotten the scorn with which she had treated me, and she was remarking that I no longer deserved it, and that I had become quite a personable youth, when Monsieur de Stainville took a house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and let her go by herself.

Madame la Duchesse de Gramont's predilection and her efforts did not escape Madame de Stainville; she began to show greater interest in myself. She sent word to me one day that a severe headache prevented her from going to dine with M. le Duc de Choiseul, and would oblige her to stay indoors. I called in the evening to inquire after her, purely from politeness, with no intention of entering the house. They told me that she was at home, and I found

her by herself. She gave me the warmest welcome. We talked for some time of trivial matters. She then spoke to me of Madame de Tingry, and her notorious fondness for myself. "You are going," she said, "to play a great part in the world, and nothing can bring you such renown as the conquest of Madame de Gramont." "I don't know what you mean," I replied, slightly embarrassed; "you are aware that Madame de Gramont has long honoured me with her friendship, and you cannot suppose her capable of any warmer sentiment." "I beg pardon for my indiscretion," she replied; "I see now, how foolish I have been. The thought of the sorrow that such an event must have caused me, and of the difference it must have made to my happiness, had I placed that in your hands, and had I been persuaded by your promises, that you would never alter, has recurred to my mind too often for me not to speak of it almost unawares." "It is a fine thing to hear you reproaching my fickleness, forgetting that you once thought you loved me, and that you scornfully forsook me; whereas I was making no mistake as to my own feelings, when I saw how difficult it was to cease to adore you." "I admit that I have treated you amiss; I might urge, however, in my defence, my youth, the strength of the prejudices common at such an age, and my fear of all the obstacles that appeared to be raised in our path; but I prefer to admit quite frankly that I have done amiss; that I did not see you with the same eyes, and that I supposed you less worthy of my affections." Notwithstanding that Madame de Stainville left me entirely unmoved, and had forfeited the rights that at first passion always has over the heart, her speech embarrassed me. "Indeed!" I said to her, "what matters it to you what I become, or whether another woman sets a value upon a heart which you have scorned? Have you not a lover, and have you spared

me any of the torments which your fondness for M. de Jaucourt caused me ?" " I shall not deny to you my connexion with M. de Jaucourt, M. de Biron; he is no longer anything to me; he has suffered too much by comparison with yourself: I have thought of you more than once with regret. I have often intended to tell you so: your various amours have prevented me. I could not discover any serious attachment on your part: I hoped one day to regain my former sway over you, which I had by my own fault lost ; but, I must admit, my sister-in-law alarms me greatly. You can see the opinion that I hold of you, by my frankness: be no less frank with me. Are you in love with Madame de Gramont ? Is it thought for your own welfare alone that binds you to her ?" I could not answer at once: I was filled with strange emotions. I could not deny to myself that I was flattered by the favour I found in Madame de Gramont's eyes, and by having at my disposal a person already famous, who had the whole court at her feet. On the other hand, never had Madame de Stainville seemed to me so pretty, or so charming. I had to choose what I was to say: I broke the silence at length. " I have loved you too well, not to find pleasure in making you read what is in my heart. Madame de Gramont has many claims upon my gratitude: I should have grudged her no token of it an hour ago; but I feel all too plainly that a certain old wound has not yet closed, and that it has now burst open afresh. I would wish not to appear ungrateful, and yet at the same time to prove to you that nothing is so dear to me as yourself." " I do not wish you," she replied, as she held out the prettiest hand in the world, " to be ungrateful; but I do wish to take upon myself the task of modifying the tokens of your gratitude. Friendship, respect, deference—so much I allow to my sister-in-law: all the rest belongs to me. I shall

be discreet and prudent. I insist upon knowing, without reservation, everything that she says to you, and upon reading everything that she writes to you. I should not be so exacting and curious, were I less tender." All that youth can combine of graces and charms, Madame de Stainville's eyes offered me. Madame de Gramont was sacrificed: we were too much in love with one another, my mistress and I, for our secret to be as impenetrable as we supposed. Madame de Gramont did not fail to observe what was going on. She was too sensible a woman to show any sign: she contented herself with treating me coldly, and with forming, for her poor little sister-in-law, an aversion of which to the last moment she gave her terrible proofs.

After our return to Paris, Madame de Stainville said to me one day: "We are quits, my friend; you have a rival who is all-powerful, though not powerful enough to be set above yourself. M. le Duc de Choiseul called this morning to lay his homage and his influence at my feet. Notwithstanding the coldness and severity of my answers, he was most pressing. I did what was required to deprive him of any hope, and I hope now to be rid of him." She was mistaken: so far from abating, his persecution of her increased. He became jealous of myself; he tried to extort from her a promise that she would not see me again. She replied firmly that, whether he supposed me her lover or her friend, nothing would alter her sentiments, or make her renounce me. M. de Stainville too became jealous of me, forbade her strictly to see me, and closed his door to me. A little box which we had secretly engaged at the Comédie Italienne was the only place in which we could meet; nor even there were we free from danger. Her servants adored her. I had always treated them liberally and well: they were devoted to me also. Her porter told her waiting

woman that he would let me in by night, if she wished, by a door from the stables, unknown to anybody. The proposal was joyfully accepted, and was put into practice many times without untoward consequences. Once, however, we thought that we were surprised, as here follows: Madame de Stainville had set out one evening for Versailles, leaving word that she would be staying there for two or three days. I had at once been informed of this, and had arrived at the house as soon as I supposed that everybody would be gone to bed. I had wasted no time over my toilet, and in an instant was in the arms and in the bed of my mistress: we were tasting the most exquisite pleasures with complete security, when a loud knock sounded from the street door. Her woman burst into the room in great dismay. "All is lost," she cried; "it is M. le Comte! It is too late to go across the courtyard; run down at once into the garden: we shall get you away as best we can." I sprang out of bed in my shirt, and was going down the stair that led to the closet, when I caught sight of M. de Stainville coming up. Happily, I did not lose my head, but blew out the only light that was burning on the stair. He passed so close to me that his coat brushed against my shirt, and I could feel the braid upon it. I made a dash for freedom; and climbed the garden wall, high as it was; but, as I jumped down into the street, I was arrested by the mounted guard, who took me for a robber. A hundred louis, which I promised him and sent home to fetch, procured my liberty, and bought a promise of secrecy, which was indeed faithfully kept. A few weeks later we were surprised by one of her lackeys, in circumstances that admitted but little doubt. Money, promises, and threats delivered us once again. The fellow gave notice on the morrow, and I took good care to see that he left Paris at once.

The time fixed for my marriage drew round. It was celebrated upon the 4th of February, 1766, and my father was as proud of having given me a wife who neither loved me nor appealed to my taste, as if he had united a pair of lovers who longed ardently for union. I called, after the nuptial mass, at Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul's, where I dined. Madame de Stainville arrived. We sought in vain to conceal our misery. She took her leave early; I gave her my hand to help her into her carriage: this was hardly prudent, but so necessary to us both, that I could not help doing it. "My friend," she said to me as she left, "I could no longer endure the insolent delight of M. de Choiseul. He hopes that you are going to attach yourself to the moping child they have made you marry, and that I shall be only too glad to return to him; but I would sooner die. Tell me that you will not change, for he has frightened me." I had no time to answer; but a glance showed her clearly the state of my heart. I lived most honourably, and indeed most attentively with my wife, who displayed a revulsion that would have pained a man with less self-esteem than myself. I was too honest to demand affection from a woman who inspired none in myself.

Madame de Stainville occupied me entirely, and appeared to be growing fonder of me every day. It was difficult for us to meet, as I dared not approach her house in the daytime. She sent word to me one morning to come at once and speak to her, bidding me enter by the garden gate: I arrived in haste. "M. le Duc de Choiseul has bidden me give him an assignation," she told me. "I wish you to listen to our conversation, so that you can judge for yourself how we stand together; hide yourself in that grated cupboard among my gowns, and do not stir." I was no sooner in my hiding-place than M. de Choiseul entered. "I have been most anxious to see you alone, my dear

little sister! I have a number of interesting things to tell you, which are important to you as well as to myself. No one loves you more than I do, my dear child, no one is more anxious to prove his love for you; judge therefore how pained and shocked I must be by the cold and indifferent manner in which you treat me, and what it has obliged me to think." "I do not know, brother," she replied, "of what you complain; I should be very sorry to learn that my behaviour displeased you; but I have no cause to reproach myself with any failure to entertain for you all the sentiments that are proper." "It is not that!" he went on with heat, "for I am very much in love with you, and nothing would be wanting to my happiness and your own, if you chose to . . ." "What would your brother say, if he heard you?" she interrupted him, with a smile. "I know very well that it is not my brother that prevents you: yes, my dear little sister, if you have no lover, you will lie with me." (Here he attempted to embrace her. She drew back.) "I have no lover, Monsieur, nor do I wish for one." "You will repent, my fine lady, of that fine resolution." (He advanced upon her again, and tried to lay his hand upon her bosom.) "I beg you to understand" (she spoke a little crossly) "that if I were to give myself to a man, at least I should first have to be in love with him." "You may lay aside this mask of virtue, Madame la Comtesse, you have had M. de Jaucourt, and at present you have M. de Biron; take heed of this last warning that I shall give you, for my patience is at an end, and I cannot allow you to make a fool of me; your young lover is an insolent fop; you will remember this day, and will repent of it, both of you!" "A moment's reflexion, brother, will bring you to reason; and certainly I have no reason to fear any dishonourable treatment from you." "Do not make an implacable enemy of a man who loves you to

distraction; who will, if you wish, do everything in his power to please you, and to whom nothing is easier than to destroy a rival so little worthy of him." (With this he sought to venture farther than he had hitherto gone.) She rose to her feet in anger: "You are all-powerful, Sir; of that I am well aware; but I do not love you, nor am I capable of loving you. M. de Biron is my lover, I admit, since you force the admission; he is dearer to me than anyone; and neither your tyrannical power, nor all the harm that you are able to do us, will make either of us forsake the other." (He rose in a fury.) "Reflect, Madame, that nothing will preserve you from my vengeance, if this conversation is not buried in the most profound silence!" And he left the room. Madame de Stainville released me from my prison, and took me in her arms. "I cannot tell, dear heart," she said to me, "what will be the outcome of all this; but at least we are rid of him, and that is always a blessing. With love and courage, one can always defy the world."

M. de Choiseul learned, how I do not know, that I had heard everything, and flew into a rage which he managed to conceal, but the effects of which were terrible.

As I came away alone, on foot, one night, from Madame de Stainville's, a man who was lurking behind a stone, near the Palais-Bourbon, rose and dealt me a furious blow with a stick, which fortunately was countered in part by the brim of my hat, and fell upon my shoulder. I drew my sword and thrust it well into my assailant's body, so far as I could judge. Two other men sprang up from behind the stones and came to the help of the first. A carriage, behind which were several lackeys with a pair of torches, put them to flight, and effected my rescue. I followed the carriage across the Pont-Royal. I went on the morrow to report my adventure to M. de Sartines,[32]

who was then Lieutenant General of Police; he told me that the men were probably drunk, and advised me to say no more about the matter. All these obstacles and dangers made Madame de Stainville waver. We began to see one another more rarely. Her fondness for myself diminished, and in a few months I was no more to her than a friend; but the most affectionate of friends, and almost as affectionate as any lover could be. I felt the loss of her less, having been prepared for it by degrees.

I came across my little mistress of Versailles, Eugénie; I did not choose at first to take her up again, out of respect for Madame de Biron, whose favour I was seeking to win with the utmost good faith, but in vain; her cold and disdainful manner ended by bringing about a complete revulsion. I established Eugénie at Rouen, and, as I was in a bold and active mood, I used to visit her there twice in the week. When winter made these frequent journeys tedious, I set her up in a small and uncomfortable house at Passy. The King created me Duke about this time, and, to avoid confusion with my father and uncles, I was styled Duc de Lauzun.

I supped one evening at Marshal Luxembourg's lady's, with Madame la Vicomtesse de Cambis,[33] the sister of M. le Prince d'Hénin, with whom I was on excellent terms: an elegant figure, wit, talents, grace, abundant art and coquetry made her an attractive woman. I was by this time sufficiently in the fashion for her not to be above courting my favour. I had a marked success with her; and, from the first moment, we adopted a playful tone. When on guard at Versailles, where I was exceedingly bored, I was led by idleness to pay a call upon Madame de Boisgelin,[34] a monster of ugliness, but a pleasant enough woman, and as gay as any beauty; we spoke of Madame de Cambis. "Make her come here," she said, "write

her a line; I have every reason to believe that she wants you, and she will come." Nothing but an abounding extravagance and fatuity can excuse my action. I wrote upon a scrap of paper: "M. de Lauzun orders Madame de Cambis to come and keep him company at Versailles, where he is on guard, and bored to death." Greatly to my surprise, she arrived four hours after the dispatch of my note. The reader may imagine that, after such haste in obeying, it was not long before we came to an understanding.

Oh, for the moment my hands were full, and nothing could have been more pleasant than my manner of life. I behaved in the most honourable, and indeed scrupulous, fashion towards Madame de Lauzun; I was notoriously the lover of Madame de Cambis, to whom I paid little heed; I was keeping little Eugénie, to whom I was devoted; I was playing for big stakes; I was paying my court to the King, and went hunting most diligently with him. Abundant gaiety, great activity and little sleep gave me time to attend to everything. Without entering into great detail, I am now so entirely changed that I feel that I have acquired the right to say that I was at the time a most attractive fellow; a character so formed for society was bound to succeed, and had won me the warmest friendship of M. le Prince de Conti,[35] who could not, I might almost say, let me out of his sight, and admitted me into his most intimate circle.

I had not ceased to see Madame de Stainville. A prolonged absence, due to her having gone with her husband to Lorraine, where he was in command, had cured him of jealousy. Being less devoted, I had naturally become less suspect, and besides we were no longer behaving imprudently. I continued, however, to take the keenest interest in her. Finding her one day in floods of tears and in the most deplorable state, I pressed her so hard to tell me the cause of her

sufferings, that she confessed to me amid her sobs that she had fallen in love with Clairval,[36] and that she adored him. She had already told herself a thousand times over, but in vain, everything that I could say to her against so misguided an inclination, the consequences of which were bound to prove fatal. I endeavoured to bring her to reason: I preached to her, I persuaded her to give him up; she gave me a promise which she did not keep. I was painfully distressed to witness the downfall of a person who was so dear to me. I waited upon Clairval: I made him aware of all the dangers that he was incurring, and was making Madame de Stainville incur. I was pleased with his answers: they were both noble and sensible. "Sir," he said to me, "if I alone were in danger, a glance from Madame de Stainville would pay for the loss of my life; I feel myself capable of enduring anything for her sake without complaint; but if it is a question of her happiness, of her peace of mind, tell me the line of conduct that I ought to follow, and you may be sure that I shall not depart from it." He was no more true to his promise than herself. People were beginning to suspect their intrigue. M. le Duc de Choiseul and Madame de Gramont did everything in their power to find out something about it from me. I was loyal to her, nor could either endearments or threats draw anything from me. I sought to alarm her with a picture of the fearful storm that was gathering over her head, without making her alter her conduct. She merely entrusted her papers to my care.

Such was the state of affairs, when Lady Sarah Bunbury,[37] with her husband, Sir Charles Bunbury, arrived in Paris. I was then on duty at Versailles, and did not meet them at first. I feel that I owe my reader some information with regard to this charming woman.

Lady Sarah Lennox was sister to the Duke of Richmond;[38] she is tall; her figure is inclined to stoutness, her hair of the most elegant black, and of a perfect growth; her bosom of a dazzling whiteness, and fresh as rose-leaves. Eyes full of fire and character spoke the seductive and artless graces of her mind. The King of England had been passionately in love with her, and had wished to marry her; but he had lacked the courage to surmount all the obstacles that stood in his way, and she had married a mere baronet of the county of Suffolk. Lady Sarah was kind, sensitive, tender, frank, not to say impulsive, but unfortunately coquettish and fickle. I had been on duty at Versailles for some days when she arrived; and I had heard mention a score of times of her successes in Paris, when I set eyes on her at the Temple[39] for the first time, on my return from Versailles. I arrived in the middle of the concert. M. le Prince de Conti came up to me with his customary kindness, and led me to Lady Sarah: "I beg your kindness, Milady," he said to her, "for my Lauzun; he is very wild, very extravagant, very pleasant; he will do you the honours of Paris better than anyone: permit me to do you his. I stand surety for his desire to win your favour." A respectful curtsey, a few words muttered between her teeth were all Lady Sarah's answer. I scarcely listened to the music: I paid my respects to all the women that I knew. Madame de Cambis summoned me a score of times, spoke to me in a whisper, spared no pains to let all the world know that I had the honour to belong to her. The young men pressed round me. They were interested to learn my opinion of the latest comer: the majority were waiting for my opinion before determining their own, or at least expressing it. I was beginning to be greatly in the fashion; and, without flattering myself that I was an excellent original, I am bound to confess that I had plenty of

imitators, without there being one of them successful. "She is not bad," I said; "but I do not see that there is anything in her to turn a man's head. If she spoke good French, and came from Limoges, nobody would give her a thought." There was general laughter at my remark. The self-esteem of Madame de Cambis, who had overheard it, was struck by it. "He is quite right," she said; "it is charming!" And behold our poor Milady fallen from the skies. She had already spoken to her of me as a man whose attentions might be flattering to a woman who was sought after, and had made no secret of the rights that she enjoyed over this famous fop. Supper was announced. M. le Prince de Conti made me take my place at table between Lady Sarah and Madame de Cambis, which brought the latter's triumph to an abrupt conclusion. I was barely conscious of her ill humour at my excessive absorption in the fair stranger: I could think of nothing else. I made friends with her husband; I paid him attentions for which he was grateful, and found a way of establishing myself in their household. Shortly afterwards I made a declaration: she appeared not to hear me; I wrote, my letter was returned to me, and I was informed at the first opportunity, quite casually and without anger: "I do not wish to have a lover. Imagine whether I can have a French lover, who is as bad as ten others by the scandal he creates and the trouble he causes; and you especially, M. le Duc, you do me too great an honour. Do not waste your time upon me; do not speak of love, unless you wish me to bar my door to you." I was too genuinely in love to take offence; I decided to keep my own counsel, and to wait for better times.

Madame de Cambis, growing angry at my neglect, wrote to me that I must choose between her and Lady Sarah, and give up one of them. I was not long

in making my choice: all that I did was to make a packet of her letters and send them back to her. That same evening she consoled herself for the loss of me by taking the Chevalier de Coigny,[40] whom she knew that I did not like.

I was distracted from my love-affairs by one of the most painful incidents of my life, one the consequences of which threatened to be even more cruel and more horrible than they proved, in fact, to be. I have spoken already of Madame de Stainville's unfortunate passion for Clairval, and of the precaution that she had taken of giving me her papers to keep. They were in a closet which none but myself ever entered, the key of which remained in my pocket. This closet communicated with the Hôtel de Choiseul, next door to which I was living. An old footman of my father's came one day to see me, and asked me whether I had much money in my closet. Speaking at a venture, I said that I had. "Very well," said he, "take care; someone is certainly trying to rob you; for yesterday evening, as I came in, I saw a man picking the lock of the door that opens into the Hôtel de Choiseul; he made off as soon as he saw me, and I could not tell who he was." I thanked him for his warning. I did not speak of the matter. As I went downstairs that night to Madame de Lauzun's chamber, I told one of my servants, in whom I had full confidence, to make a pretence of going up to his own quarters and to conceal himself without a light outside the closet; to come down to Madame de Lauzun's chamber, if he heard any sound, to warn me; adding that I should leave the door of her closet ajar. About an hour after I was in bed, my man came to tell me that there was somebody in my closet; I went up at once, armed with a brace of pistols; I did indeed find the door of my closet standing ajar; but it was very dark and I had no light: I could make out nothing. I shouted twice:

"Who is there?" but got no answer. A sound which I heard close at hand, and the faint light shed by a few stars, made me decide to fire a pistol at what seemed to me to be a man. The rustle of a silken dressing-gown which I heard at that moment stayed my hand; and fortunately for myself! It occurred to me that the man might be my father, utterly improbable as that was. The man, for it was a man, thrust me rudely aside, and fled, shutting each of the doors upon me in turn, as he made his escape through the Hôtel de Choiseul, into which I pursued him, and lost sight of him, as I heard the door of my father's apartment close with a loud noise. It is easy to imagine with what gloomy thoughts my mind was filled. I spent the night in this closet, and on the next day learned that Madame de Stainville had set off with her husband for Nancy, where she was to be enclosed in a convent by the King's command.

My father sent for me. I found M. le Duc de Choiseul with him, who reproached me with having been in Madame de Stainville's confidence. I replied that there was a vast difference between approving a person's misconduct and keeping a secret. He asked me for the letters that had been entrusted to me, I refused bluntly; my father tried to interpose an exercise of authority which was no more successful. They addressed me in sharp terms; to which I retorted, perhaps with more justification, and the outcome of the conversation was a complete rupture with both of them.

Overcome with grief at the misfortunes of Madame de Stainville, whom I loved as my own sister, I remained for some days without leaving the house. At length I resumed my normal existence; but I felt a sorrow which it was hard to dispel. Lady Sarah perceived this, and spoke to me of it with interest: "I am," I told her, "as wretched as it is possible for a man to be;

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I am losing, in a horrible manner, a woman who is very dear to me, and I shall never be anything to her whom I adore." I told her the painful story of my poor friend, by which she was deeply touched. I read in her eyes the most tender compassion: a visitor interrupted us; she had just time to tell me: "I am supping to-night with Madame du Deffand."[11]

Although I had not been to Madame du Deffand's for five or six years, I succeeded in having myself taken to the house by Madame de Luxembourg, who was supping there also. Lady Sarah's manner to myself had altogether changed. Her eyes, fastened upon mine, told me a hundred things which I dared not interpret, and I supposed that I was indebted to pity alone for her entire absorption in myself. Her vivacity seemed modified by a gentle languor. She showed a distraction which had great charm for me, since I had reason to believe that I was the cause of it.

When everybody was taking leave of Madame du Deffand, she wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper, and said to me as she went downstairs: "Read this when you go to bed." It may be imagined with what eagerness I returned home! I read these three words written in English: "I love you . . ."* I did not know one word of the English language. It seemed to me that the words must mean: "*Je vous aime*"; but I desired this too ardently to venture to flatter myself that they did. My night passed in reflexions of every kind. At six o'clock in the morning I hastened out in person to buy an English dictionary, which confirmed me in the supposition that I was loved. The reader must have been as passionately in love as I was at that moment to form an idea of my joy. I flew to Lady Sarah, as soon as I might suppose her to be awake. "I have risen betimes," she told

* The paper was torn at this point, and I could not make out the last of the English words.—L.

me with a charming grace, "for I had no doubt that you would come to ask me for breakfast. Let us begin with breakfast. Dismiss your cabriolet, or people will see that you are here, for I mean to bar my door to everyone, so that we can talk without being interrupted. Sir Charles is at the tennis-court, and so is my Lord Carlisle,[42] and they will not come home until dinner-time." We took breakfast: she gave out that she was not at home, and the conversation which I am about to report began:

"I love you, M. de Lauzun, and, seeing you very unhappy and very sensitive, I have been persuaded of your love, and have been unable to resist the pleasure of assuaging your sorrows, by making a confession of my own. Ordinarily, a lover is barely an event in the life of a Frenchwoman; it is the greatest event of all for an Englishwoman: from that moment everything is changed for her, and the loss of her existence and of her repose is commonly the end of a sentiment which in France has none but agreeable consequences, that involve little danger. This certainty, however, does not always restrain us. As we choose our husbands, it is less permissible to us not to love them, and the crime of deceiving them is never forgiven us. I might add to this a genuine remorse for showing such ingratitude for the kindness of Sir Charles, who has made my happiness his principal occupation. I take pleasure in saying to you: I love you; but I am none the less convinced that we need expect nothing but unhappiness from our love. Our nations are always divided by the sea, and often by war. We shall pass the greater part of our lives without meeting one another, and our destiny must incessantly hang upon a lost or intercepted letter. We have everything to fear from my Lord Carlisle; he is in love with me; he has long been reasonable, because he thinks it impossible that I should have a lover; but jealousy

will very soon open his eyes, and make him capable of anything. I must also speak to you of my own character: I am by nature a coquette; I will sacrifice my coquetry to you with pleasure, if it rests with me; but your jealousy might bring great unhappiness to us both. I have too good an opinion of you to take into account the risk of surrendering my honour and happiness to your honesty and discretion; judge whether I should, whether I can have a lover!"

"I wish," was my answer, "that you should be happy; but there is no power in the world that can prevent me from adoring you." We promised each other that we would not depart from the strictest circumspection and prudence, and our oaths were soon broken. Lady Sarah loved me warmly, and granted me nothing. Our sincerity, our gaiety interested the world, which, this time, was most indulgent. Lord Carlisle said nothing, in the hope that Lady Sarah would forget me as soon as she left France. I continued to be on the best of terms with the Baronet; Madame de Cambis was for the second time forsaken, by M. le Chevalier de Coigny, for Lady Sarah.

The Chevalier gave himself great pains to win her favour, and great airs to make people think that he had won it. He was pleasant and attractive, and he amused her. I tried in vain to conceal the fact that I was dying of jealousy. One day when I had taken breakfast with Lady Sarah, and was very sad, she rang the bell and said, gazing at me with all the graces which she alone possessed: "Understand that I am never at home to M. le Chevalier de Coigny, upon any pretext"; and, throwing her arms round my neck as soon as we were alone: "You have taught me, my dear," she said, "that a woman may find great pleasure in foregoing the homage of other men when she is in love with one and one only." The time for her departure drew near, and at length the fatal evening came.

Sir Charles Bunbury suggested to Lord Carlisle and myself that we should accompany them for part of the way; we agreed, and we stopped for the first night at Pont-Sainte-Maxence, by Chantilly.

The spectacle of that evening will always remain before me: a single candle illuminated a room that was both dark and dirty, as are almost all the inns of France. Sir Charles sat writing; Lord Carlisle, his head buried in his hands, seemed to be plunged in the profoundest meditations. An old English serving-woman, who had been with him in his childhood, devoured me with a look of hatred, and seemed to pierce me to the marrow. Lady Sarah was crying, and a few tears rolled down my own cheeks in spite of myself. I lay in the same chamber with Lord Carlisle; he could contain himself no longer, and proposed that we should fight a duel upon our return to Paris. My love was returned; it was natural to me to be reasonable, and I answered him with moderation, expecting nevertheless that he would seek a quarrel with me as soon as he could do so without compromising Lady Sarah. We parted at Arras. Lord Carlisle could not bring himself to leave a person who was so dear to him; he returned to England instead of coming back to Paris and proceeding to Italy, as had been his intention. I think that I may here give the letter which Lady Sarah entrusted to me for M. le Prince de Conti, and that which she wrote me from Calais:

"You have been so good to me, Monseigneur, that it would be very bad in me, were I to leave your charming country without thanking you. In truth, I did not believe that it was possible that I should be distressed at leaving France, and that I should leave there the better part of myself. Yes, Monseigneur, it breaks my heart to return to my own land and to

leave behind the one man whom I am capable of loving. Lauzun loves me more than everything in the world, and, utterly wretched not to accompany me, there is no sacrifice that he would not make. I tremble lest he come to England without leave, and lest such action involve him in serious consequences. Grant him your protection, Monseigneur, and that leave of absence which will make me so happy. I shall be still happier to be thus indebted to you, for no one, Monseigneur, is more respectfully attached to you than your most humble and most obedient servant,

"SARAH BUNBURY.[43]

"*Arras, the 4th of February*, 1767."

"You have utterly changed my heart, my friend: it is sad and broken; and, although you hurt me so, I can have no thought save for my love. I had no idea that such a thing could happen, and I imagined myself too proud, too virtuous for my happiness ever to depend upon a French lover. The wind is against us, and I am not sorry: it is better to be in the same country. I shed copious tears. I told Sir Charles that I had a headache, and he was satisfied with that. Lord Carlisle did not believe it, for he gazed at me very seriously. . . . Heavens! All this that I am doing must be very wicked, since I try to conceal it, and I, the most truthful woman living, am obliged to lie and to deceive two people whom I esteem so highly! They are gone out, and I have chosen to stay indoors to write to him who is dearer to me than the repose which I have lost for his sake. I dare not send my letter to the post by one of our servants; I have appealed to a waiter in this inn. He has an honest, kindly face; he promises that he will be careful and say nothing to anybody: I should be utterly ruined were he to betray me. Everything vexes and tires me, and so it must be until I can see you. Come as soon as you can

without imprudence; for I forbid you to do anything that you may have cause to regret. Obtain leave of absence; M. le Prince de Conti is extremely friendly to you and will help you. Come, so as by your presence to fill your mistress with the greatest joy to which she can look forward. I have no fear of your not understanding my ridiculous French; your heart and mine will always understand each other. Adieu; for I am afraid of being taken by surprise. Remember that it is for you alone that there exists your

"SARAH.

"*Calais, the 6th of February*, 1767."

I returned to Paris, on horseback, and in the most wretched state. A malignant fever would not have altered me more. M. le Prince de Conti was flattered by Lady Sarah's confidence, and responded so readily that at the end of a fortnight I obtained leave to proceed to England. I was received there in a manner calculated to increase my love still further, had that been possible.

After the ceremonies of presentation and official visits which the formal habit of M. le Comte de Guerchy,[44] who was at that time the French Ambassador, would have made unending, I set forth at length for the country with Sir Charles Bunbury and Lady Sarah.

On the morning of our departure, I found at their house a man who resembled nothing so much as a great ostler, and to whom I was presented as to one of the family. He was the guest of honour, and took his place in Lady Sarah's post-chaise. At the first post he complained to Sir Charles that his wife bored him, and they put us together. At the second post he complained that the Frenchman bored him even more than the lady; he then rode with Sir Charles, whom he left half an hour later for a meet of foxhounds where

he had caught sight of somebody of his acquaintance. This person was Mr. Lee,[45] at present in the service of the Independent Colonies in America.

The time that I spent at Barton[46] was certainly the happiest of my life. After a few days, the Baronet was obliged to absent himself for three weeks, which I spent in the company of his wife. She showed the most tender affection for me, but would allow me no favour. At length one evening she told me that I might come down to her chamber when the household were gone to bed. I awaited this longed-for moment with the utmost impatience. I found her in bed, and supposed that I might take a few liberties; she appeared so offended and distressed by them that I did not persist. She allowed me, however, to lie down beside her; but she required of me a moderation and reserve of which I thought I should die. This charming torment continued for several nights. I had ceased to hope for a consummation when, clasping me on one occasion in her arms with the liveliest ardour, she gratified all my desires. "I did not wish," she told me, "my lover to take anything from me by force, or to owe anything to my frailty or to his want of respect for me. I wished him to receive everything from my love. I give myself to you; yes, your Sarah is all yours." We went out riding together the next day. "Do you love me more than anything in the world?" she asked me, "and do you feel yourself capable of sacrificing all?" "Oh! as for that, yes," I replied without hesitation, and with the certainty that I would never repent of what I was saying. "Very well!" she continued, gazing at me with those peerless eyes, "are you willing to forsake everything, leave everything to fly to Jamaica, with no thought but for the happiness of your mistress? I have a wealthy kinsman there, with no children, of whose friendship and indulgence I am sure; he will give us

an asylum with pleasure." As I was beginning to reply: "Wait," she broke in, "I do not wish to hear your answer for a week." What Lady Sarah was proposing was indeed calculated to secure my greatest happiness. I regretted none of the sacrifices which would probably have cost another man dear; but I could not conceal from myself that she was coquettish, fickle. It seemed to me impossible that she would not cease to love me, that she would not one day repent of having taken so violent a course. Lady Sarah, wretched, complaining, with no position, no social life, at the world's end, able to reproach me with her ruin, it would be hell, and the prospect alarmed me.

The week passed. I confided my fears to her: "It is well, my friend," she remarked, somewhat coldly; "you are more prudent, you have greater foresight than I; you are doubtless right; let us say no more about it." Her manner towards me was unaltered. I seemed, however, to detect a certain constraint in her which disturbed me. Her husband joined us again, and we returned to town. The physicians ordered Sir Charles, who was in somewhat delicate health, to take the waters at Bath; he went there, leaving his wife in London. I felt that it would be proper to go and spend two or three days there with him: I mentioned this to Lady Sarah, who approved and seemed to be grateful to me for the thought. I set off on a Monday, meaning to be in London on the Friday following, before noon. She promised that she would expect me then, would close her door, and spend the whole day with me. I returned to London with all the eagerness of a man who is deeply in love: I was dismayed to find Lady Sarah no longer there, and that she had set off with my Lord Carlisle to go to Goodwood on a visit to the Duke of Richmond, her brother.

All the most rending anguish that rage and jealousy

can inspire took possession of my heart. I wrote Lady Sarah a letter dictated by anger and excitement: I sent it to her at Goodwood by one of my servants. I told her that, if she did not return at once to London, I should regard her as the most wicked, false, and perfidious of women. I awaited the return of my messenger with an unspeakable impatience. He came at length, and brought me a reply which was mild and indeed tender: with certain reproaches as to the way in which I poisoned all the charms of love by my violence. She promised me that she would be in London in two days' time. I waited for her at her house until midnight. During the time that she had fixed, every coach that entered Whitehall seemed as though it must be bringing her, and I saw my hopes revive and perish at every moment throughout that day, the longest perhaps in my life. I returned home, and spent the whole night pacing the floor of my chamber, a prey to the most harassing reflexions.

At six o'clock in the morning came a knock at my door: I was the first to open it. Lady Sarah had just arrived and had sent for me. I ran or rather flew to her side. I found her with a serious and composed expression: a table, upon which everything was set for breakfast, before her, and several servants in the room. More than an hour passed before we were left to ourselves. "Now," she began, "while I need fear no interruption, I have to speak to you of matters which concern both of us alike. You know what charming qualities have won you my heart, you know whether any man was ever so dear to a woman. The very extravagance of your jealousy did not displease me: that of your love was so great a compensation! Your anger, when you thought me a coquette, I have always borne with submission, without resentment, and it has never cost me anything to beg your pardon, when you were not always in the right. You have not

had sufficient confidence either in your own constancy or in mine. You have not found that I was necessary to your happiness, nor have you cared to bind yourself to me by ties which nothing could ever break. By rending my heart, you have dimmed your own image in it; you have continued to be jealous and violent, after forfeiting the right to be so: I am conscious now of all the dangers. Nothing can ever make me forget them. If my brother had asked me to show him your letter, how could I have refused him? And if the Duke of Richmond had read it, I was undone, and sacrificed for whom? . . . You have yourself destroyed the sentiment that attached me to you: I no longer love you; but that sentiment has been too tender for its impression, henceforth painful, not to persist for a long while still. From now until a time that is perhaps remote, we cannot expect to meet with indifference; I venture, therefore, to ask you as a favour to leave England, and to count now only upon the tender friendship which I have vowed to you for life."

Thunderstruck by so severe, so unexpected a blow, I swooned away. Lady Sarah, touched by my condition, seated on the ground by my side, tried to restore me, bathing my face with her tears. Mrs. Soames,[47] a sister of Sir Charles Bunbury, came into the room; and, astonished by the spectacle, drew back. "Come in, Mrs. Soames," she said to her; "look after this poor wretch: he is my lover, and I leave him to you." With which words she left the room, stepped into her chaise, and set off to join her husband at Bath. I recovered my senses and returned home, with a show of calm. I decided to take horse and follow Lady Sarah. I had so many things to say to her, that it seemed to me that she would not be lost to me if I could speak to her once again. After going a few miles, I swooned again and vomited a quantity of blood.

LADY SARAH BUNBURY, DISGUISED AS A CLERGYMAN GOING TO MEET LORD WILLIAM GORDON

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I found myself in so weak a state that it was impossible for me to proceed any farther. I had great difficulty in reaching London, where I was dangerously ill for many days, and where I received the most generous attention from Mrs. Soames.

Lady Sarah wrote to me with an urgent request that I would not leave the country without coming to bid her farewell at Bath.[48] I could not resist the pleasure, or rather the necessity of seeing her, and of having a final explanation with her. She received me with interest, with friendship; but she had so altered towards me that, so far from thinking of prolonging my stay, I considered hastening my departure. I returned to France very different from the man I had been when I left for England: nothing could distract my mind from a sentiment which was making me so wretched. Lady Sarah was scrupulous meanwhile in writing to me. I knew of no rival lover, but I had been loved by her, and she loved me no more. I was in a state of *savagery* which nothing could diminish. I heard that Lady Sarah was lying ill in London; nothing could restrain me. I set off alone, on horseback, without leave, without a passport.[49] She received with pleasure and gratitude this mark of my affection. "Go, my friend," she said to me after twenty-four hours, "remember that Lady Sarah is nothing more now than your friend. Do not for her sake run all the risks that would be incurred by a longer absence." I received her letters more rarely after my return; finally they ceased altogether. I sought every possible way of forgetting her, but without success. I tried to lead the same sort of life as before I had met her. I could no longer attach myself to any woman; any comparison was too greatly to their disadvantage: my whole character was altered. I had lost my gaiety, all the attractions that had made me popular. I was no longer sensible

of the pleasures that formerly had had the greatest charm for me.

I did nevertheless seize every occasion that offered to distract myself from so profound a grief, but almost always without success. I made the acquaintance, at the Opera ball, of an extremely pretty girl. She has made too much stir to pass without mention; her name was Mademoiselle Vaubernier: she was known as " the Angel " on account of her heavenly countenance; she was living with M. le Comte du Barry,[50] who maintained her only by his intrigues, and by having recourse to the most desperate expedients. I was bidden to sup at the house, which had an excellent style, and where there were some most presentable persons; but it would be impossible to conceive a greater figure of fun than that of my host. M. du Barry was wearing a superb dressing gown, with his hat on his head, balancing two baked apples which he had been ordered to place upon his eyes. I met there one Madame de Fontanès, come up from Lyons with the plan of becoming King's mistress, and ready in the meantime to be mistress to the first comer: I felt a desire, and M. le Comte du Barry, always obliging, enabled me to achieve my purpose on the very next day; I do not think that I ever saw this Madame de Fontanès again. After this, the Angel aroused desires in me and did not refuse to satisfy them; but I was overawed by the red eyes and feeble health of M. du Barry. M. de Fitz-James[51] was bolder than I, won and kept her; which did not prevent her from treating me with all the little courtesies that meant no danger to either.

About this time, M. le Duc de Choiseul decided upon the conquest of Corsica, and dispatched there M. le Marquis de Chauvelin with sixteen battalions.[52] Such a chance of tasting powder and shot was too precious to be neglected. I was not on such good

terms with all my relatives that they were afraid of my being killed. And so I received employment as aide-de-camp to M. de Chauvelin. The day on which my appointment was published, M. le Prince de Conti spoke of it, in his box at the Opera, in the presence of several girls; one of them, who was very pretty, very headstrong, burst into tears, saying amid her sobs: " I am in despair, for I see now that I am madly in love with him. Monsieur," she said to me, " I give myself absolutely to you; you shall do with me whatever you choose until your departure." It would indeed be impossible to find a wilder and more amiable mistress. She was maintained by a rich man, named M. de Romé,[53] who was greatly annoyed to see me often consorting with her. Mademoiselle Têtard declared to him that he positively must consent, or else lose her for ever. He tried one day to find fault with her for having spent the night with me, and to make a scandal: I treated him somewhat cavalierly. He was positively driven from the house; but, as I was to be leaving shortly afterwards, and it might be to his advantage to show some consideration for so respectable a person, he gave me a thousand louis, begged pardon for his crossness, and consented to Mademoiselle Têtard's retaining me, on condition that the secret was shared by no more than a dozen discreet persons. Before I cease to speak of Mademoiselle Têtard, I ought to tell you of a rather amusing thing that she did, when the rumour was going about that I had been killed in Corsica. She went to find the Abbé d'Artis, with whom she had previously lived, and who was a priest; she obliged him to go on pilgrimage to Notre-Dame, to say a mass for my soul, and happily this mass brought me no mishap.

A few days before my departure for Corsica, I was told that the King had seen the Angel, that he had remarked her, and that it was thought that he would

take a fancy to her. I went to take leave of her, and to congratulate her upon so brilliant a success. "If you are the King's mistress, fair Angel," I said to her, "bear in mind that I wish to have command of the army." "That is not enough," she replied; "you shall be at least First Minister." The Angel had had dealings with M. de Choiseul, and had been anxious to sleep with him in order to ensure their success. M. le Duc de Choiseul, prejudiced, with good reason, against M. du Barry, refused to hear of such a thing. She is perhaps the only woman whose favours he ever refused, and the whole of Europe has shared in the important consequences of this refusal.

I cannot pass in silence over a distinctly singular event which occurred shortly before my departure for Corsica. On the day of M. le Prince de Lamballe's funeral, I went to see Madame Brissard,[54] who combined with her eight and seventy years a wide acquaintance and a mind as obstinate as it was original. She had a mania for hearing her fortune told, and ran after all the soothsayers in Paris. She told me that she had seen one of these the day before who had told her the most extraordinary things and, she believed, the most secret: she filled me with a curiosity, and gave me the address of M. Dubuisson (such was the soothsayer's name). I called upon him in the rue Saint-André-des-Arts. He lodged, according to the custom, on the fifth floor. He appeared to me to be merely a fool, and told me what follows: "that, upon returning home that same day, I should find a letter which would distress me greatly; that a month later, to the day, I should receive a most comforting letter from the same person; that I should have a quarrel, that I should be on the point of fighting with a person who would offer me an apology; that I should take an illness of which I should think myself in no danger; that I should make war in a country to which I was

not expecting to go, and that I should be killed upon an island at nightfall after a battle had been fought and lost." I received the two letters, I had my sword in my hand when an apology was offered me; I fell ill, and I started for Corsica in the month of June 1768. I found at Toulon M. Chardon,[56] the Lieutenant of Corsica, who was taking with him his wife, eighteen years old, and pretty; she seemed to me to be a gift from the gods, and I began, in all sincerity, to pay her attentions which were not well received.

I had orders not to proceed to Corsica without M. de Chauvelin, whom I had left behind in Paris. I heard that there would be fighting, and embarked upon His Majesty's xebec, *Le Singe*, bound for Saint-Florent. M. de Bompart,[56] commander of the naval forces, procured me a landing order. I landed on the island. I took nobody but Madame Chardon into my confidence, and spent the evening in a fisherman's boat. M. de Chauvelin arrived three weeks after me,[57] and placed me under arrest for some days.

I went to war with the ardour and activity of a light-hearted man who is anxious to show his worth. My affair with Madame Chardon made no headway; she was polite, but nothing more than polite. I needed only a mistress to be perfectly happy, and did not at all lose heart. M. de Chauvelin's initial success did not long continue: the infantry of the Royal Legion, the company of Languedoc Grenadiers, etc., had been shut up in Borgo, ill fortified, and attacked for five and thirty days by all the most formidable elements in Corsica, when M. de Chauvelin determined to relieve Borgo, and with such a disposal of his forces that it was impossible to doubt the evil issue of that day; nor have I ever beheld such consternation as prevailed in Bastia. The danger in which we all believed ourselves when we emerged made us forget every other consideration. Madame Chardon gave

me a white plume which I wore in my hat, and which certainly brought me good luck, since it did not cause my death; it marked me out in such a way that every shot was aimed by preference at myself. All the world knows how the day went at Borgo, and how disastrous it was to our little army.[58] The battle was lost; M. de Chauvelin, hotly pressed, had been obliged to retire in such confusion that the shots even reached his field ambulance.

We perceived, with despair, that we were abandoning M. de Marbœuf,[59] with a third of our troops, on the other side of Golo, and that all communication with them was severed. There remained a way of escape along the sea which we could indicate to M. le Comte de Marbœuf, supporting him with a few companies of grenadiers; but he must first be reached, and this dangerous commission required a reconnaissance of the country which no one had made but myself, who had already been in Corsica with M. de Marbœuf. I volunteered and set off alone with my hussar. When I had gone about five hundred yards, several shots were fired at me, from the bushes, which did not stop me, and I rode on at full gallop; but I was soon held up by a considerable belt of musketry, which must, I thought, come from one of the principal bodies of the Corsican army. I turned back, preferring to make my way down to the coast and pass along the water's edge.

The Regiment of Soissons, which was escorting M. de Chauvelin, had formed in battle order and had begun to advance as soon as the first shots were heard, replying to them with a brisk and sustained fire from both battalions, under which I must pass. I retired nevertheless upon this fire, and at that moment M. Dubuisson's prediction came into my mind; and, I confess to my shame, I thought myself lost. I rode up to a company which had ceased fire, and was recog-

nised. I proceeded along the shore among the rocks, and joined M. de Marbœuf, who was being hotly pursued by the Corsicans and was wounded, as were MM. d'Arcambale[50] and Campême, while I was speaking to him. I indicated to him the safest way of reaching M. de Chauvelin, whom he joined without mishap. M. de Chauvelin told me that his misfortunes did not prevent him from being conscious of the value of the service that I had rendered; that he would ask for the Cross of Saint-Louis for me, and believed that he could promise me it before the whole army. He never said a word of it to anybody again.

I found at headquarters a little note from Madame Chardon, who, already informed of our defeat, begged me to husband the days of a life in which she took an interest, and promised me that she would make them happy. The army was retiring slowly upon Bastia; I outstripped it by paths which were known to me, and was in the town two hours before the rest. Madame Chardon kept her word and gave herself to me with a sincerity and affection which made me remember her kindly ever since. Her husband, who was beginning to be jealous of me, returned; he supposed that I had remained in the rear, and decided to take advantage of the moment to lay a trap for his wife and discover her feelings: he told her as he came in that all was lost; that the army had been almost destroyed; many of his acquaintance slain, and named myself among the dead. "Then I have restored him to life," she told him with a laugh, "for he is in the next room, dead tired it is true, but I can assure you that he is not dead."

A number of other reverses followed the unhappy day of Borgo. Shots were fired up to the gates of Bastia: this was the kind of life that suited me best; to be under fire all day and to sup at night with my mistress! M. Chardon's jealousy was somewhat disturbing to my happiness: his wife was to be pitied

and was often harshly treated; but we all know that a moment of love will pay for an age of suffering.

M. de Chauvelin went. M. le Comte de Marbœuf became friendly and acquired confidence in me. We were in the month of January: all was quiet. I asked his leave to go and spend a couple of days on the Cape of Corsica, and he granted it. He learned during my absence that Clemente Paoli[61] had formed the plan of passing through the redoubts, penetrating to the Cape, and attacking it, at the same moment, from every point. M. de Marbœuf did not hear of this plan until almost the moment of its execution. It was important to occupy Montebello, in front of Bastia; he wished to send me there with some companies of grenadiers; but I was not to be had; and it was necessary that they should march that evening. He asked Madame Chardon repeatedly whether I was going to return that day. She perceived that there was something in the wind, pressed him closely, and discovered his secret. She flung herself, weeping, upon the bosom of M. de Marbœuf, who loved her dearly. "You know M. de Lauzun," she said to him: "he would be less dear to me, were he capable of forgiving me for making him lose, by my negligence, an opportunity of distinguishing himself, however dangerous it might be. I am going to send him a message, without telling him what is in the air, and I give you my word that he will be here before the detachment moves." I arrived at her house without suspecting anything. "Do not lose an instant," she said to me, as she took me in her arms; "go to M. de Marbœuf; he has something to say to you. He will prove to you that I am as devoted to your renown as to your person." I was not sorry to take possession of Montebello before the Corsicans. I should have spent a very cold night there, had it not been warmed by frequent attacks. I discovered

M. de Marbœuf in the plain at daybreak. We passed, with fixed bayonets, through the surrounding Corsicans, and joined forces with him. They retired in considerable numbers upon the village of Barbaggio, which we continued to bombard throughout the day without success.

On the following day people came out from Bastia to watch our siege, as though to a play. The position itself provided shelter for those who chose only to be spectators. Madame Chardon came out on horseback, and kept by the side of M. de Marbœuf. Her husband returned to town to take command of a second ambulance, the number of our wounded being very considerable. A numerous force from the Pieve of Rostino gained a small plain, from which they opened a murderous fire upon our battery, and killed many of our gunners. M. de Marbœuf ordered me to charge them with five dragoons of the Soubise Legion. I obeyed at once. Madame Chardon wished to accompany me. I tried to prevent her, and then to have her arrested so as to send her back to M. de Marbœuf; but she sprang upon a horse, and galloped past me. "Do you suppose," she said to me, "that a woman is never to risk her life save in childbed; and cannot she be permitted once in her life to follow her lover?" She bore a heavy fire with the utmost calm; giving all the money she had in her pockets to the soldiers and dragoons, and did not come back to me until the affair was at an end. The whole army kept the secret of this charming piece of folly, with a loyalty which one would not have dared expect of three or four persons.

All the world knows the outcome of the affair of Barbaggio, and that the modesty of M. de Marbœuf, who would not have the news conveyed by an officer, cost him the command of the army; the post vessel having been detained in Italy, instead of proceeding to

France, the news arrived there only after the appointment of M. le Comte de Vaux.[62]

To soothe M. Chardon's jealousy, I went to spend six weeks at Roscane: I then returned to Corsica, where I heard of the marriage and presentation of Madame la Comtesse du Barry. I served through the campaign with M. le Comte de Vaux, as adjutant-general of his army. Nothing remarkable happened to me, and he sent me home on the 24th of June to convey to the court the news of the complete submission of the island, and of M. Paoli's departure. I did not leave Corsica without regret, and I have often since then thought with regret of the rocks among which I spent what was perhaps the happiest year of my life. It cost me a great deal to abandon Madame Chardon, for whom I felt the most tender love and affection, and whom I was leaving in so wretched a plight. I foresaw all the obstacles that would stand in the way of our reunion, and this parting was truly painful to us both. I set sail, therefore, from Bognomana sorrowful and sick; for I had just had the measles. I posted day and night, and arrived, half dead with exhaustion, at Saint-Hubert,[63] upon the 29th of June 1769, at five o'clock in the evening.

The King was in Council: I asked for M. le Duc de Choiseul, and handed him my dispatches. The King bade me come in, received me with all sorts of kindness, and ordered me to remain at Saint-Hubert, as I was, in a travelling coat and boots. My curiosity to see the Angel in so different a state made me remain with pleasure: I waited in the saloon for the Council to finish; she was not long in appearing, came and embraced me in the most friendly fashion, and said with a laugh: "Who would ever have thought that we should meet again here?" The King, seeing that she appeared to be on the most familiar terms with me, asked her whether she knew me. "He has long," she

replied without embarrassment, "been one of my friends." M. le Duc de Choiseul was anxious to make his peace with me, and did so with such good grace, that I was touched by it, and vowed an attachment to him of which I have often given him proof since then, and which would never have altered, had he chosen. I was given the Cross of Saint-Louis as a reward for my tidings: this honour, flattering at my age, did no harm to anyone, and gave me great pleasure.

I accompanied the King to Compiègne,[54] and continued to be kindly treated by him, as well as by Madame du Barry. The King proposed to Marshal Biron[55] to give me the reversion of the Regiment of French Guards. Whether he thought that the King had been advised by M. le Duc de Choiseul, or because he felt the repugnance natural in old men to a successor, he raised the objection of my youth and refused. M. le Duc de Choiseul wished to give me the Corsican Legion which he was then raising, which tempted me greatly, or a regiment of four battalions: I refused, and remained in the Guards regiment out of deference to my father.

In the course of our progress from Compiègne, M. du Barry bade me meet him in the forest, and I joined him there on the following morning. He complained to me of the spite that M. le Duc de Choiseul was showing against Madame du Barry and himself; told me that she did justice to so great a Minister, and ardently desired to live on good terms with him, and that he should not force her to be his enemy; that she had more influence over the King than Madame de Pompadour had ever had, and that it would distress her greatly if he obliged her to employ it to his hurt. He begged me to make a report of this conversation to M. le Duc de Choiseul, and to make him all manner of protestations of attachment. I executed my commision. M. le Duc de Choiseul

received it with the arrogance of a Minister persecuted by the ladies, who imagines that he has nothing to fear. And so an implacable war was declared between him and the King's mistress; and Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, in her outrageous remarks, did not spare even the King himself.

I continued to be kindly treated by one and all; I could see that this state of things could not last, and gradually decreased my assiduity at court. M. Chardon obtained leave of absence for his private affairs, and brought to Paris his wife, driven to desperation by his harsh treatment, and desiring nothing better than to be parted from him. Her father, M. de Maupassant, had given 200,000 francs to Madame de Langeac[66] for the promise of the first vacant billet as farmer-general, which she had secured for someone else, without restoring his money to him, which was quite in her style. This unhappy man, who had borrowed the greater part of the sum, was ruined, and saw the prospect of passing the rest of his life in a prison. He was very far from being devoid of talent; he was gifted in many ways. I came to his rescue; went bail for him; lent him all the money that he required; spoke of him to M. de Choiseul, who promised me, for M. de Maupassant, a place as farmer-general of the posts, on condition that Madame Chardon separated from her husband, and that her father gave her a pension of 40,000 francs out of his place. M. Chardon agreed to everything. I was able to see her but rarely, and in a manner that was dangerous for her. M. Chardon had returned to Corsica, and had left his wife in Paris.

I went to Fontainebleau, where the King was; half an hour before the hunt, they came to inform me that there was a lady at the gate who was asking for me; I could not imagine who she might be. I went, and, greatly to my astonishment, found Madame

Chardon on her way to rejoin her husband in Corsica. A priest had turned her head, and had persuaded her that this was an indispensable duty; nothing could stop her. M. le Duc de Choiseul was extremely angry, and refused to give the place in the posts to M. de Maupassant, who died of grief. This cost me more than 100,000 crowns, which I had gone bail for him. I have since then had many opportunities of meeting Madame Chardon; I am bound in justice to her to say that she has never ceased to take the keenest interest in my fortunes.

Towards the end of 1769, a very pretty dancer at the Opera, named Mademoiselle Audinot,[67] reproached me with not having recognised her; I remembered that I had indeed acted in a play with her at l'Île-Adam,[68] when she was a mere child. It would be hard to find a more seductive person. We took a fancy to one another; but it did not, for some time, carry us any farther. She was being sumptuously maintained by Marshal Soubise,[69] closely guarded by her mother and by many other persons. She was living up two pair of stairs, in the Rue de Richelieu, in a fairly ancient house, which shook whenever a coach went past. An idea came to me which proved a complete success; I bribed a maidservant who had a key made for me, and found an English carriage which made a great noise; I made it pass beneath the windows, and, with this aid, entered and left the house so that the mother, who lay in the next room, did not hear me. This state of things continued almost throughout the winter. We were discovered at length, but they were obliged to permit what they could not prevent. The girl loved me dearly; she wished to leave M. de Soubise, but I restrained her; he heard of this and was grateful to me, and told her that she might keep me. He undertook the care of a child to which she gave birth, and which died shortly afterwards.

I was now leading a pleasant and quiet life. I was enjoying all the delights of a brilliant and clamorous society, and all the pleasures that can be afforded by a pretty mistress. The married women, hostile by nature to all girls, found fault with me for not attaching myself to one in good society. The image of Lady Sarah was not effaced from my heart. I had not been able to hear without great emotion that she had ruined herself for Lord William Gordon; I wished to avoid any serious attachment. I met nevertheless at l'Île-Adam Madame la Vicomtesse de Laval.[70] Her manners attracted me as greatly as did her figure. I paid great attention to her, and this did not seem to displease her. I made declarations, but she replied to them always as though they had been pleasantries. Her first lover had sickened her of men, and with some reason: M. le Duc de Luxembourg[71] had exposed her with an impudence and a want of honour which had bidden fair to ruin her. She began nevertheless to show a liking for myself and a pleasure in my company.

One day when, as we were about to leave l'Île-Adam and I was to go on horseback, it was raining in torrents; she said to me: "I should like to save you a drenching, but I dare not take you in my carriage before everyone; if you will leave l'Île-Adam and enter Paris on horseback, I will take you the rest of the way." I accepted with joy, but unfortunately we had been overheard by Madame de Cambis, who would have been very sorry to let slip this opportunity of thwarting my plans. She waited until the Vicomtesse was ready to step into her carriage, and asked her to take her home, on the pretext that she could not obtain post horses until late in the day. There was no way of refusing her. Madame de Laval appeared quite as impatient as myself, and set off. I accompanied them on horseback; presently, as we climbed a hill, I was on one side of the road and their carriage on the other; Madame

de Laval was gazing at me uneasily, and Madame de Cambis was speaking with warmth; it was easy to see that she was speaking evil of me, and I thanked her in an expressive manner for the services that she was rendering me. She was put to confusion: the Vicomtesse began to laugh, and we continued on our way. Madame de Laval, alarmed by her former choice, showed a liking for and an interest in me, but received me coldly as soon as I laid claim to something more.

The rage of M. de Choiseul and his ladies[72] against Madame du Barry was more violent than ever, and the impropriety of their criticisms of a Prince to whom they owed everything infinitely diminished the merit of a noble and courageous conduct. My father lived with Madame du Barry on the same terms as he had lived with all the other mistresses, a little less intimately, however, on account of M. de Choiseul. I visited them rarely, and was in their bad books for having declared that I would never allow Madame de Lauzun to visit them. I was not aware that proposals had been made to Madame de Luxembourg to go on one of the short excursions of the court, and that she had almost made up her mind. My firmness checked her, and she had not the courage to accept. M. le Duc d'Aiguillon and Marshal Richelieu[73] were forming a powerful cabal against M. le Duc de Choiseul. M. le Prince de Condé joined forces with them; in the end they carried the day, and M. le Duc de Choiseul was banished to Chanteloup,[74] on the 24th of December 1770. Never did favour make a Minister so famous as this disgrace. The consternation was general, and in every class of life there was no one who did not seek to show M. de Choiseul some token of attachment and veneration.

I had no hesitation in devoting myself to his cause. I took a large sum of money and letters of credit upon different places in Europe, and prepared to

accompany him in his flight. Everyone was convinced that there was a price upon his head, and that he would presently be obliged to leave the country to escape arrest. I received, before starting, two most generous offers from two persons of widely different condition. Mademoiselle Audinot sent me 4,000 louis, which were her whole fortune, and was positively in despair at my refusing them. Madame la Vicomtesse de Laval, who had as yet granted me no favour, wrote to me that she had heard of my decision and that I was going to Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, and begged me to spend the evening before my departure with her. "Your conduct," she told me, "shows me how worthy you are to be loved, and makes me long to be able to have still some part in your happiness." She made me as happy as a man can be, and nothing that has occurred since then could make me forget this charming action.

I stayed for three weeks at Chanteloup, after which I returned to mount guard at Versailles. A few leagues from Paris, I found a letter and horses sent by M. de Guéménée. He informed me that it had been proposed at the Council to clap me in the Bastille, and that Marshal Soubise alone had opposed the plan; that Madame du Barry insisted stoutly that I should be taught not to go to Chanteloup without leave, or to carry letters to M. de Choiseul. I knew very well that they would not dare arrest me in Paris; but I was afraid of the barrier. I made for that of Varennes, quite determined, should I see the slightest movement, to make a dash past the Invalides and swim across the river. I came through without mishap, and arrived at my own little house, in the Rue Saint-Pierre, where I found all the friends of M. le Duc de Choiseul awaiting me.

It appeared that evening at Versailles at Madame la Dauphine's[79] ball, where I caused a stir. Every-

one gathered round me to ask the latest news from Chanteloup, and everyone seemed to admire my courage. Never in my life had I a finer part to play. Madame la Dauphine came to me with that grace which was even then inseparable from her actions, and said to me: "How is M. de Choiseul? When you see him, tell him that I shall never forget what I owe to him, and that I shall always take the most sincere interest in him." I returned to Chanteloup after I had finished my guard, and spent there all the rest of my time when I was not on duty. I was moreover in the most open disgrace. The King no longer spoke to me, and I was never bidden to supper in the Royal private apartments.

Madame de Laval continued to behave in the most perfect manner towards me. Madame de Lauzun was beginning to repent of the sort of disdain with which she had treated me since our marriage. Madame la Princesse de Poix, that same Madame de Poix whom I had wished to marry,[76] inspired her with the desire to master a man whom she had rated too low, and who was now become a general favourite. Sentiment was the one simple way of retracing her steps, and the only one that called for no explanation. And so she played the card of passion, became or pretended to become jealous of Madame de Laval, tried to persuade Madame de Luxembourg to bar her door to her, and was so far successful that, but for M. de Guéménée and my own courageous coolness, the poor little woman must have been ruined for ever or sacrificed to the falsity of Madame de Lauzun's nature. The latter placed herself under the protection of Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, and presently Chanteloup, where I had some title to be left undisturbed, became intolerable to me because of the desperate efforts that were made there to make me fall in love with my wife and to speak evil to me of Madame de Laval.

About this time I came upon an old acquaintance at the moment when I least expected such a thing. One day when I was attending the first performance of a new piece at the Comédie Française, I saw in a box close to my own a woman of very presentable appearance, who was watching me with close attention. I observed that she asked my name, and then began to look at me curiously. As we were leaving the theatre, she came up to me. "May I venture to ask, sir, if your name is not the Comte de Biron?" "Yes, Madame, you never spoke a truer word." "And you do not know me?" "I cannot remember that I have ever had the honour of meeting you." "What! You do not recognise a little girl who treated you very ungratefully; you have forgotten Rosalie?" "Rosalie!" I exclaimed. "Can it be possible?" "If I still arouse in you any interest or any curiosity, come and discuss a bird with me: I am alone, and nothing shall prevent me from telling you all that has happened to me since I left you." I accepted with pleasure. "Dismiss your carriage and servants," she said to me, "and let me take you home." Rosalie had a neat carriage and servants in handsome livery. She took me to a house that was elegantly furnished. "You are now in my house," she told me; "I must begin by begging your pardon, for I have indeed behaved amiss towards you. You will remember doubtless that you were in the country when I deserted, and this is what led me astray. An American of great wealth had seen me several times in town and had desired to have me; he made proposals to me through my maid. I preferred yourself, and refused; finally he offered me an annual income of 10,000 livres if I would go with him to America. This fortune, which I could not expect from you, and my maid's advice made me decide. We sailed soon afterwards. I was distinctly fortunate in having fallen into the hands of an estimable

man: I devoted myself to securing his happiness and comfort. He was grateful to me: my care of him helped to save him from two terrible illnesses, when his life was in the greatest danger. Having no family, the sole artisan of his fortune, with no one to whom he need make account, he married me. The climate of San Domingo being bad for his health, which is still delicate, he decided to seek a recovery in Europe, and has brought with him a considerable fortune. We have been here for six months; his health is now perfectly restored, and he is gone to inspect a fine estate in Auvergne, which he intends to purchase and where he means to pass his summers. I have often asked for news of you since I came to Paris; but you had changed your name; and, besides, I see but few people, and those not capable of enlightening me. I was in despair of meeting you, when I happened just now to catch sight of you." An excellent little supper was served, after which I sought to re-establish my former rights. "Stop," she cried; "you must realise that it is impossible for Rosalie to refuse you if you insist: be so generous as not to interrupt my fidelity. I should like to tell my husband that I have found you again, and to tell him all." I did not insist; at midnight she sent me home. She has written to me several times; but I have never seen her again.

I was still in the habit of going to Chanteloup; but all danger to M. le Duc de Choiseul was passed. I no longer thought myself necessary to his safety, and people were teasing me there. I continued to make frequent excursions thither; but was no longer spending my whole time there, as before. I was more intimate than ever with M. le Prince de Guéménée, and we were almost always together. He took me to Madame de Rothes; and I discovered in Madame la Comtesse Dillon[77] that charming person whom I had mistaken for Mademoiselle de Boufflers, some years

earlier, at the ball given by Marshal Mirepoix's lady. There can be few women in whom such talent, beauty, and amiable and estimable qualities have been combined: kindly, noble, generous, still a true friend after ten years. I have pleasure in affirming that, granted the desire to attract, the means, and the certainty of doing so, nobody could accuse Madame Dillon of the least shadow of coquetry. A taste for sport and country pleasures made the tie of friendship closer, and I became as constant a visitor to her house as M. de Guéménée. It was not long before I noticed how precious Madame Dillon was to him, and how delicate and discreet was his manner of loving. I did not myself escape from so dangerous a snare. I saw with regret that I was in love with Madame Dillon, but, great God, how little did this love resemble the rest! I hoped for nothing from it; I saw no future prospect; I dared not even desire the possibility of success. I blamed myself, moreover, for such a sentiment, as for an act of betrayal, towards a woman to whom I could not doubt that M. de Guéménée had vowed a lifelong devotion. I furnished the strongest weapons against myself, under the pretext of confidence. I concealed nothing from Madame Dillon that was calculated to repel a woman from me. I displayed my character to her as being far lighter than it really was: I displayed to her my love of independence; I admitted that I was by nature inconstant. I never had girls to supper, I never gratified any fancy that I did not at once report to her; and the life that I was leading could not win the approval of a woman who took any interest in me, after the image that I sought to present.

When I was on guard at Versailles, one evening after supper, at Madame de Guéménée's,[78] the talk ran on sentiment, and I was arguing with Madame de Montesquiou,[79] with all the more eloquence, per-

haps, since I dared not avow the sentiment to which I myself was susceptible. Madame la Marquise de Fleury,[80] who had listened to me with an air of astonishment, said to me: "What! M. de Lauzun, you are a man of sentiment? It is inconceivable!" The party broke up. I retired to my quarters in the guard house. At four o'clock in the morning my servant wakened me and gave me a letter which, he said, had been brought by a footman of Madame la Comtesse de Provence.[81] This letter, written in a hand that was strange to me, contained a declaration of the clearest and most passionate kind. I recalled the conversation overnight. I had the bearer sent in, I asked him in whose service he was, and all was made clear, when I learned that he belonged to Madame la Marquise de Fleury. I replied that I would call upon her in the morning; nor did I fail her. I thanked her for the favour that she showed me, and informed her, in so many words, that my heart was pledged to an old attachment, which allowed no room for a new. She would not take this as final, but displayed, with the utmost shamelessness and publicity, her affection for myself, and the scant success with which it had met. She made scenes wherever she met me, and I took as great pains to avoid her as she to pursue me.

There was, about this time, the prospect of a tiresome scene. The Vicomtesse de Laval had her children inoculated at the Gros-Caillou. I went to see her one morning; she invited me to supper that evening; I declined, in fear of meeting Madame la Marquise de Fleury, who was often there, and of incurring a fresh scene. I was to find that I had not been mistaken. She assured me that there would be only herself, perhaps her husband, and two or three persons whom she named to me. I arrived there rather late in the evening, and a moment later the Marquise de Fleury entered, and examined us with

the most embarrassing attention. She refused to sit down to table, and wrote me, during supper, a long letter, in which she warned me of a terrible scene after supper, telling me that she could no longer doubt that the Vicomtesse de Laval was the true cause of my coldness towards herself, and that she was going, that very instant, to inform her husband. I had the greatest trouble in calming this fury; she took me home with her, where the whole night passed in tears, explanations, threats. She left a few days later for the country; and, fortunately for myself, a new passion banished the former, which had so greatly alarmed me.

Shortly after this we parted, Madame de Laval and I, without actually parting, and indeed without ceasing to see each other frequently. She did not provide me with a successor that could flatter my self-esteem, for he was the Marquis de Laval,[1] her brother-in-law, whose charms are too well known to require description.

My position began to alarm me: I had no longer a mistress; I had refused one woman, I had parted from the other; and, when I explored my heart, I could not conceal from myself that Madame Dillon was the guiding principle of my conduct. I felt then that it was my duty to warn M. de Guéménée, and to let him read all that was passing in my heart. He received me with that generous confidence to which only honourable hearts are susceptible, did not conceal from me that he adored Madame Dillon, but swore to me that he was still unaware that he had made any impression upon her. She treated us, indeed, with such perfect impartiality, that it was impossible to distinguish the slightest preference. "Let us each work for himself," he said to me, "and if Madame Dillon chooses a lover, let her not lose a friend." I told him that I had made up my mind to travel for a time; he sought in vain to dissuade me, but Madame

Dillon's approaching confinement delayed my departure. I doubt whether anyone has ever seen two rivals show more confidence in one another, or love one another more dearly.

Madame Dillon's confinement was dangerous, long and painful.[83] Our attentions, equally tender, equally untiring, lightened her burden a little; she appeared touched by my situation, and shared it without, however, showing me a preference that could in any way alter my plans. She recovered her health, and I fixed my departure for England for the 15th December 1772. I believed her to feel a strong liking for myself; but I knew that she did not wish to feel it; I did not even desire the greatest happiness that could exist for me on earth. The fifth of December drew round; we were riding through the forest of Compiègne, for the whole party from Hautefontaine[84] were returning that day to Paris. We made little use of the freedom in which the others left us to converse; everyone kept at a distance from us, but I had either nothing or too many things to say. When we reached the carriages, Madame Dillon embraced me, and we parted with tears in our eyes. Madame de Rothes had hitherto appeared neither to take sides nor to advise her daughter; but I fancied that her preference was for myself. My departure for England was an entire renunciation of my rights, or rather a formal admission that I had none, and that I could not honourably expect any.

I arrived in London on the 20th December 1772, and that same evening M. le Comte de Guines,[85] the French Ambassador, took me to the assembly at my Lady Harrington's.[86] I found there various old acquaintances. A woman better dressed both as to her costume and her hair than Englishwomen generally are entertained the room. I asked who she was; I was told that she was a Pole, and that her name was Madame la Princesse Czartoryska.[87] A figure of

middling size but perfect, the finest eyes, hair, teeth, a charming foot, very dark, heavily pitted with the smallpox and with no complexion, gentle in her manner, and showing an inimitable grace in every movement, Madame Czartoryska proved that without being beautiful a woman could still be charming. I learned that she had as lover a Russian named Prince Repnin,[88] a man of merit and distinction, formerly Ambassador at Warsaw, who adored her, and had left everything to follow her and to devote himself entirely to her. Madame Czartoryska seemed to me gay, coquettish and amiable; but anyone who told me then that she was to have so great an influence over the rest of my life would have astonished me greatly. Gloomily occupied with all that I regretted leaving behind me in France, I asked for nothing better than a distraction.

M. le Comte de Guines had at that time, with the greatest publicity possible, a very pretty little woman whom her fatuity and the calamities that she thought fit to bring about have made famous in England. Sweet, simple, loving, it was impossible to see Lady Craven[89] without feeling interested in her.

I went often to her house, and always met there one Mrs. Hampden,[90] step-daughter to my Lord Trevor, to whom the Ambassador advised me to pay court. This was a tall woman, straight and stiff, with a good enough figure, a good complexion, fair eyes, and good features; the whole was marred by the absence of a tooth in the front of her mouth, which forced everyone who saw her to exclaim: "What a pity that woman has not good teeth!" My homage was very kindly received; women, in England, love writing letters. I slipped a declaration into Mrs. Hampden's muff, and that evening, at a small dance at the Russian Envoy's, she gave me her answer. It was keen, tender, and promised great things. I had gone into another room to read it: Mrs. Hampden, who had

followed me, snatched the letter from my hands as soon as she saw that I had finished reading it, and flung it into the fire; this insulting want of confidence annoyed me, and caused a coolness. Mrs. Hampden made vain attempts afterwards at a reconciliation, but I replied only by sarcasm.

I could not resist the pleasure of seeing Lady Sarah again. I learned that she was occupying a small farm named Halnaker,[91] in the Duke of Richmond's park at Goodwood; that she was living there in the utmost solitude and would see nobody. I set out alone on horseback from London, and arrived after great difficulty at nine o'clock on a winter night at the door of Halnaker. I knocked several times, but no one came; at length a little girl came to inquire what was my errand; I replied that I was a servant of my Lady Holland, and that I had a letter to give to Lady Sarah. "Come in," she said. I went upstairs without any light; I passed through a room of some size which was very dark, and made for the door of a farther room, from which a light seemed to be shining. I opened a door to which Lady Sarah had her back turned; she was engaged in giving supper to a very pretty little girl, who was alarmed at the sight of me. Lady Sarah saw me, took the child in her arms, and came towards me. "Embrace my daughter, Lauzun, do not hate her, forgive her mother; and remember that if she were to lose her, she would have no protector left but yourself."

Lady Sarah, withdrawn from the world, dressed in a plain blue gown, her hair cut quite short and unpowdered, was more beautiful, more seductive than she had ever been. After six years, we were unable to meet without great emotion. I promised to take charge of her daughter whenever she chose. I made her no reproach; she thanked me, and we parted, after conversing for an hour or two together.

I returned to London, where, after renewing my acquaintance with Lady Harland,[92] I met her two daughters; I paid more attention at first to the elder, without however anything in particular occurring between us. One evening, at Lady Craven's, Miss Marianne Harland[93] (the younger) reproached me with being cross and bored. "And so you do not seek to please anyone, and there is nobody in this room who is capable of pleasing you?" she added with a boundless wealth of expression. I grasped her meaning entirely, but our conversation was interrupted. Miss Marianne Harland was not sixteen; she is small, fetching, has fine hair, beautiful eyes, charming teeth, a voice like the Gabrieli's,[94] of which she makes excellent use; a great fund of coquetry, always subordinated to the ambition of making a brilliant marriage—such is, I think, the exact description of the form and character of Miss Marianne Harland.

I approached her again after supper, and said to her in a whisper: "If I give you a little note to-morrow, will you take it?" "No; do nothing rash." I went to breakfast the next day at my Lady Harland's. I gave a note to Marianne, which she took very neatly, and a moment later vanished. As I was leaving the house, Miss Harland accosted me on the staircase, and said to me, blushing: "Marianne has given me this message for you: am I not most obliging?" The note contained the strongest recommendations of discretion and loyalty. I spent all my time at Lady Harland's: I was regarded and treated there as a son of the house. Marianne's self-esteem was highly flattered at the thought of a French lover: she had, moreover, at that time, a great regard for myself; I loved her for my part very tenderly. We wrote to each other incessantly, and handed each other our letters in front of her worthy ladyship, without her suspecting anything. I could not, however, conceal from myself that this intrigue

could not last, and that it might have the most tiresome and embarrassing consequences.

M. de Pezai[95] came frequently to the house: he supposed the two Misses Harland to be immensely rich; he spoke of marriage to the elder, and was refused; he fell back upon the younger, and was no better received. In his dismay at not finding adoration, he surmised that Marianne had a fancy for somebody, and, presently, that this was myself. He spoke of the matter to Lady Harland, and left for France. A lackey gave Marianne assurances of discretion and loyalty which beguiled her; she was so rash as to entrust her letters to him.

Lady Harland formed the plan of taking her elder daughter, whose health was greatly impaired, to drink the waters at Bristol. She invited me to spend a fortnight there with her. I accepted with joy, and set forth a few days after her. I went to spend a week at my Lord Pembroke's,[96] and from there made my way to Bath. I there found the Chevalier d'Oraison,[97] who had come from Bristol Hotwells, and informed me that all was discovered, and that Lady Harland was in a terrible rage with myself.

I made up my mind without hesitation: I went to Bristol. I asked my Lady Harland to receive me for a few minutes. After scolding me severely and heaping many reproaches upon me, she forgave me, on condition that I left England without delay. In the end, she could not bring herself to inflict upon me the grief of going without taking leave of Marianne; and, what was amusing, this terrible parent ended by suffering in her presence our assurances of the most tender affection.

Miss Harland recovered her health. The whole family left Bristol, and returned to a fine estate near Ipswich.[98] Marianne presently received the homage of the wealthiest and most disagreeable Baronet in the county of Suffolk. Despite all his grimness, she would

have married him, had she not discovered that it was his intention to live in the country, and never to take his wife to London; which made her decide to sacrifice him to me, and to write me the following letter:

"*Sproughton, the 4th of May*, 1773.

"You think yourself forgotten, doubtless, my dear Lauzun, because I have not written to you for a long time. I swear to you that it is not my fault: a girl whom you have honoured with your peculiar attention becomes the object of her parents' attention also and is kept under watch. Pen and ink are refused me: this is not from want of trust in me, according to my mother, but as a precaution. I write to you instead of going to sleep, and this is no sacrifice; for to whom can I give an account of my ridiculous situation, and who is capable of feeling it, but Lauzun? I have an admirer who has not, like yourself, made the mistake of getting married: Sir Marmaduke[19] lays at my feet an immense fortune, and, what is worse, an immense person. He wishes me to adore him; nothing could be fairer; but he wishes it to be in the country: I find that a little beyond my powers. Listen to the description of my new conquest, and see whether he resembles yourself. Sir Marmaduke is the height of one of the old armchairs that stood in our room at Bristol, that room in which you were so welcome a visitor. He is very stout: at present this is merely disagreeable; but he has only to grow a little stouter to become a curiosity. He is excessively fair; a pair of puny, swollen legs convey him with difficulty to my side, where, alas! they leave him all too long: this enormous mass of flesh drinks a quantity of port wine, hunts foxes, and breeds racehorses, like yourself. He assures me that all this will amuse me greatly: in short, he is very suitable, and, if he will live in London, I shall marry him. You will not be annoyed at this, and you

have nothing to lose by the comparison. If he must live in the country, I am Sir Marmaduke's humble servant, and remain faithful to you. And I, young, pretty, madly fond of everything pleasant, accustomed to the homage of all the most elegant and sought after men in London, the wife of a *fox-hunter*! doomed to spend my life between my husband and the old parson of the parish, and to be reduced, if I wish to talk, to conversing with the less tipsy of the two! Think of Marianne, her face, her form, her character, and see whether it is possible. My stout lover is preparing an entertainment for me worthy of himself. The Ipswich races are in a fortnight from now; he has ordered a gold cup, heavier than myself, which is to be won by a horse that cost him two thousand pounds, and which he begs the favour of laying at my feet. Why should not you come to the races? . . . No; when I think it over, do not come: you would be capable of killing the ugly brute; wait at least until I am his wife. Adieu; Fanny sends you a thousand greetings, and I, I love you, in truth, in a manner that would alarm any other girl less sure of her head."

I felt a longing for that big gold cup. I had some quite good horses at Newmarket.[100] I sent one of the best couriers down to Ipswich; his age, his name, ten guineas were sufficient to secure his admission. A little fellow, dressed in black, followed his instructions to the letter, remained modestly, throughout the length of the course, behind Sir Marmaduke's horse, and, within a hundred yards of the winning post, shot past like a flash of lightning. They gave him the cup, he slipped a note inside it and carried it to Marianne "Sir Marmaduke having come in a moment too late, permit me to follow his instructions, and to lay the cup at your feet." Marianne recognised my hand. "He is charming!" she said with a laugh. Lady Harland

herself guessed my identity, but without bearing me any malice. They laughed at the unfortunate fox-hunter, who disappeared never to return.

The marriage broken off, Lady Harland returned to London. I managed to make my peace with her, and to gain admission once more to the house. We behaved with more circumspection, and the poor little woman was not a difficult prey. All went wonderfully well for some weeks. A letter which Marianne foolishly mislaid gave us away again; her mother at once left London with her daughters, without saying where she was going. Marianne, whose cleverness always made amends for her folly, wrote upon one of her gloves with a scrap of charcoal: "They are taking me off, Heaven knows where! I shall write upon the windows of the first inn at which we stop: search for it. If we were not, both of us, the most intelligent creatures that exist in the world, we should now be parted for ever." On the outside of the missive was written: "For M. de Lauzun, care of the French Ambassador; he will give the bearer five guineas."

I mounted my horse as soon as I received this pleasant note, which reached me by a lucky chance; and, on the fourth day of my search, I found the window from which I was to learn the fate of my pretty little mistress. She informed me that she was going for three weeks to the country, to a friend of her mother's, and would then return to Ipswich, passing through Winchester; that she awaited a letter from myself, by some means which she could not imagine, but which I would certainly discover. She was not mistaken. I addressed myself to Mr. Sexton, my English master, a poor devil like Don Basilio, ready to undertake anything for a crown. I sent him to Winchester, in a post chaise, with his wife and their three children, to avert suspicion; he performed his errand very skilfully. He waited upon Lady Harland; and, as

she entered the room, intercepted Miss Marianne Harland, and said to her: "I have a letter from M. de Lauzun for you: it is in the pocket of that child's pinafore; you can take it when you like." She was not long in going to find it; but she wrote upon a scrap of paper these few words: "I have received the letter; the whole family have done their errand to perfection; I love to distraction the most adroit and most intelligent of men." But, alas! a piece of folly on Marianne's part ruined everything. We were corresponding regularly; she carried her letters herself, and went without subterfuge, when out walking, to collect my letters at the post office. The post office was changed; there was some talk of this at the breakfast table at Sproughton. Marianne foolishly said where the new post office was. Lady Harland asked her how she knew; she replied, slightly embarrassed, that a young lady, their neighbour, with whom she had been out walking that morning, had taken a letter there. Lady Harland left the room and inquired, with more cleverness than she seemed to possess, of the servant who had accompanied her daughter, whether she had forgotten to post a letter which she had entrusted to her. The lackey replied in all innocence that he could testify to her having remembered it. My lady ordered her carriage without another word, drove to the post office, made them give up the letter, and put it in her pocket. You could not imagine anything equal to the anger, the confusion, the rage of Miss Marianne. She was obliged to bow to the storm, and to give me up; she was distressed by this, but even more distressed, however, when she saw that she had brought about her own ruin by a clumsy piece of stupidity. She wrote to me without mentioning any detail, told me that she loved me still, but gave me my dismissal, nevertheless, in the clearest and most absolute form. I was annoyed; but I knew that this intrigue was bound to end badly,

and I felt that it was indeed fortunate that its ending was no worse.

And so I was left in London without an occupation; but the notoriety of the affair between the French Ambassador and Lady Craven soon gave me one that was serious. The fatuity of M. le Comte de Guines, and the young woman's imprudence, of necessity brought about a scandal. M. de Guines sought to persuade Lady Craven to procure a separation from her husband, and to yoke herself to his chariot. He urged her with such extravagance that he was involved in legal proceedings with my Lord Craven and sentenced to pay him 10,000 pounds sterling, the most disagreeable and serious trouble that any ambassador could incur: this, combined with the terrible lawsuit that he had with Tort,[1v1] his secretary, meant his irremediable downfall. I served him with zeal and with success; but everything turned upon the answers made by Lady Craven, who had been carried off and shut up in the country by her husband, with no chance of communicating with anyone.

Princess Czartoryska had the courage to go down and force the door of her retreat and to dictate her course of action, the sole method of saving her as well as her lover. This occurrence enlightened me as to the sensibility and generosity of Madame Czartoryska. She happened by chance to discover all the details of my affair with Lady Sarah, and learned how capable I was of constancy and honourable conduct towards a person whom I had loved. The time fixed for Madame Czartoryska's departure, as it approached, enlightened me as to the sensibility and generosity of her heart; I grew attached to her almost unawares.

A few days before her departure for Spa, the Ambassador gave a dinner for her at Vauxhall, at which were a number of ladies of her acquaintance. She told me that she was sending off her children and

servants in advance, and would join them at Calais, but that she was a little afraid to take this journey by herself; I eagerly offered to accompany her. She thanked me, telling me that she was charmed by my offer; and was only afraid that it might not be thought proper. All the ladies assured her that there was no harm in it: the Ambassador appeared slightly annoyed.

I called the next morning upon the Princess, and spoke of our journey. She told me that she was extremely sensible of my honourable intentions, but that she had changed her mind in view of the talk to which it might give rise. I pleaded my cause with so much warmth that I persuaded her; she promised that we should travel together, and appeared conscious of the importance that I attached to escorting her. M. de Guines saw her during the day, and alarmed her once again as to my attentions. I entered the house as he was leaving it, and could easily discern what was passing in her mind. "I no longer insist," I told her; "persecution is proving too much for your courage. I shall regret all my life long an opportunity which I shall never again find of enlightening you as to the truth of many strange events, and proving to you that my conduct is less inconsequent than you perhaps think." I could see in her eyes curiosity, interest, a sort of affection. "You need not be afraid any longer," she told me, "you are too glad to be coming with me, and I should lose too much, were I to prevent you; there will be no further change." She held out her hand to me; I kissed it; and, from that moment, had she chosen, she could not have doubted that she was adored. Our departure was fixed for the following day at noon.

I was punctual in calling upon the Princess. "My trunks," she told me, "will not be ready until five o'clock. Come with me to bid good-bye to Madame Pushkin,[102] who is leaving for Bristol." This lady parted from the Princess with regret, and shed copious

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at Sittingbourne. I learned that the Princess was but six miles ahead of me and that she had joined her children and servants. I was afraid of compromising her: I wrote her a letter the confusion of which well depicted my love and desperation. I returned to London in haste; I arrived in time to play at a club for such high stakes as to be remarked, and to let it be supposed that I had never left town. On the following day I received a sad and touching reply from Madame Czartoryska; she assured me of her most tender interest, and seemed distressed by the thought of the ties that attached me to her.

After some days I received a letter from the Chevalier d'Oraison; he had seen the Princess on her way to Brussels; she was sick, devoured by some secret sorrow. I remained for more than a month still in England. I went to Portsmouth[105] with the King. I felt at length that I might leave for Spa without comment. We parted somewhat coldly, the Ambassador and I: I had read his secret; henceforth I was only a source of annoyance to him.

At length I arrived at Spa. The Princess received me somewhat coldly, and appeared to me more closely attached than ever to Prince Repnin. M. de Guines had left no stone unturned since her departure from London to persuade me that she was in love with him; that she had given him her portrait, and all the other proofs that a woman can give. I decided accordingly to detach myself from her at all costs, and to treat her with complete indifference. I succeeded famously with Prince Repnin, who never suspected that I was in love. The Princess spoke of the Ambassador with an interest which pained me sufficiently to make me wish her to suppose me attached to someone else; but no object could succeed in detaching me from her.

The routs and assemblies caused me, nevertheless, to make the acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss St. Leger,

a pair of Irish ladies. Mrs. St. Leger was between forty and forty-five; she had been a beauty, and, beneath a reserved demeanour, retained a taste for pleasure. Her daughter, aged eighteen, was pretty and attractive. I danced and rode with her: both ladies took a fancy to me. The mother, albeit jealous of her daughter, did justice to her own shortcomings, and felt that she would lose me for ever if she prevented me from seeing her daughter: I therefore became a constant visitor at their house. The Princess teased me about them. "It was your own doing," she told me with a laugh, "and with a word you could put an end to it." My attentions to Miss St. Leger were soon common knowledge. A quarrel which I had with M. Branieski[106] showed the Princess, however, that I had by no means ceased to take an interest in herself.

M. Branieski, who had long been in love with the Princess, and had always been coldly received, spoke of her in a manner which I could not endure; I told him so openly, and we spoke with all the heat of men who are not on good terms. This quarrel would have gone farther but for Lady Spencer.[107] The Princess heard how warmly I had defended her, and was grateful to me. There was a race that was won by one of my horses: I made an offering of the prize to Miss St. Leger. At that very moment, Princess Czartoryska swooned, and was taken home. I was far from suspecting the reason, and barely gave it a thought. A long and dangerous illness followed this swoon. I never left her side, and paid her all the attentions that my heart dictated. I began to withdraw as her health returned, and I felt them to be less necessary.

Everyone was leaving Spa; and I was arranging to go with Mrs. and Miss St. Leger, when Prince Repnin, who had no reason not to trust me, told me that he was obliged to remain for about a fortnight longer, and

to escort Madame Chernichef,[108] and that it would certainly please the Princess if I offered to return to Paris with her. I did not wait to be asked twice: the Princess was far dearer to me than he knew. And so we set off, and Prince Repnin accompanied us for several posts. We travelled in short stages, and I was riding my own horses. Madame Czartoryska was still very feeble, and when we reached Brussels was dead tired; she refused supper and went to bed. I remained to keep her company. We talked of England, and the conversation soon turned to the Comte de Guines and Lady Craven. I told her in detail all that I had suffered at her departure: her eyes filled with tears. "Stop," she said, "and let us never return to so dangerous a topic." It was too late, and our destiny must now run its course. The Princess loved me and told me so. This great happiness was poisoned by the alarm that her sentiment caused her, and by the horrible consequences that it could not but entail. She sought to deprive herself of all the means of yielding to it: we parted, and passed the most agitated of nights.

The Prince suggested that we should go the next day to Antwerp, to see a collection of pictures which he wished to buy. It was arranged, without any room for opposition on her part, that she should go with me in a little phaeton, which I had brought from England, with horses which she had often amused herself by driving at Spa. We were no sooner at liberty than the following conversation began:

"It would be futile, M. de Lauzun, to seek to conceal from you how deeply I love you; but I owe it to that very sentiment, which is dearer to me than life, to set before your eyes all the irreparable misfortunes that it will entail for us both, if we do not have the courage to separate promptly. Listen without interrupting me; you shall judge by the avowals that I am about to make what it must cost me to make them.

"Born with certain advantages of station, not to say charms, I began while very young to receive the attentions of men. They flattered my self-esteem; and now that I have come to know myself, I know that I am a coquette. I married my husband without love, and felt no more for him than a very tender affection, of which he becomes more deserving every day. Among all those who have paid court to me, the King of Poland was the most assiduous. The gratification of triumphing over the most beautiful women in Warsaw made me receive his overtures kindly: I did not, however, yield to them.

"Prince Repnin came to Warsaw as Russian Ambassador. He fell in love with me, and was coldly received. The troubles that were rending my unhappy country soon gave him an opportunity of proving to me how dear I was to him. My relatives and my husband greatly annoyed the Empress by always opposing her wishes.[109] Prince Repnin received the most severe orders with regard to them. The Princes Czartoryski continued to offend, and to escape scot-free. The Empress, furious that her orders had not been carried out, commanded Prince Repnin to have the Princes arrested and to confiscate their property. She informed him that his life hung upon his obedience. The Princes were ruined, had not Prince Repnin had the generous courage to disobey her. I felt that I must be the reward of so great an affection: not only that, even when I was giving myself out of gratitude, I believed that I was yielding to love.

"I was soon the only possession that remained to Prince Repnin. He lost his embassy, his pensions, the Empress's favour,[110] and, because he had shown an interest in myself, a bare thousand ducats were left as the sole income of a man who had dazzled all Poland with his splendour. He could not return to Russia; he invited me to travel and to accept his escort:

I had no hesitation in forsaking everything for him. Count Panin,[111] his uncle, made his peace with the Empress, who sent orders to him to take command of a considerable corps in Marshal Rumianzoff's[112] army. He refused, and thereby brought her anger to a head.

"We lived together in perfect happiness until he became jealous of the Comte de Guines; and his jealousy was so violent, so unjustified, that I was offended by it: I felt that I deserved greater confidence from the man for whom I had done everything. I endured his ill humour, nevertheless, in patience; but it made the Ambassador seem to me all the more attractive: I must frankly admit, I was flattered by finding favour with him, and I should certainly have loved him, had he been less exclusively in love with himself. I tore myself from the affection that I felt for him: that which you have formed for me has destroyed it. My heart has only too plainly felt the difference. I am certain, henceforth, that I shall live and die unhappy; but I shall not cause the man to die of grief who has sacrificed everything for me, and to whom I am all that is left now in the world.

"Fly, forget a woman who, were she to follow her inclination, can do nothing for your happiness. Believe me, love which is not based upon confidence is nothing but a torment; and what right have I to yours? Can you have any in a woman who has betrayed Prince Repnin, and who feels affection for M. de Guines? Every token of love that you receive from me will prove to you, will prove to myself, that I am capable of loving twice over: the woman who has changed once may change again; and do you suppose that she who has abandoned without compunction Prince Repnin, to whom she owed everything, will spare you any the more, you whose rights must end with the end of her sentiment for you? You are unaware, moreover, with what excess I am capable

of loving you, and of all the misfortunes that may follow such a passion, and all the remorse that will devour me without ceasing: a veil spread between the rest of the universe and my lover will prevent me from seeing everything that is not yourself; the entire oblivion of my own position, of what I owe to my husband, to my children, to my family, to myself, the reasonable jealousy of Prince Repnin; every day will be marked by fears or by untoward events: can such a life endure for long ?"

" You owe too much to Prince Repnin," I told her. " Of the two of us, it is not he who should die of grief ! Let me but see you for a few days longer, let me but enjoy a few hours of the last happiness that can exist for me, and I will part from you for ever ! Remember now and again that I shall adore you so long as I draw breath, and that I have lost you; that I have loved you sufficiently to fly you: perhaps I should have done more for you than Prince Repnin. O most tender, most honourable of all living creatures ! It is to your love that I shall be indebted, if I am not to be a monster of ingratitude; it is to your generosity that I shall owe my honour; this at least is a consolation for us both."

We spoke in good faith; but we did not ourselves know to what an extent we were in love. The two most tender, most ardent hearts, perhaps, in the universe, had met. We did not find at Antwerp the collection for which the Prince had gone there; it was sold: he was told of another that he might have at Amsterdam, which would be more to his taste. This made him decide to take the opportunity for a visit to Holland. I refused courageously to join the party, and held out until the eve of their departure. A look from the Princess made me forget all my intentions; I accepted the Prince's invitation, and the next day we set out together.

The happiness, the danger of being together had filled our heads with an agitation, a confusion that are indescribable. Our travelling companions were all asleep, fortunately for us, and our disturbance passed unobserved: the night came, and we restrained ourselves no longer. The Princess's tears began to flow: I mingled mine with them. Everything to fear, everything to suffer, nothing to hope; our grief overwhelmed us, and did not leave us the strength to think clearly.

We arrived at eleven o'clock in the evening at a wretched hut, where we were obliged to spend the night. The Princess and Bokhdanowicz (her old Polish maid) lay in one chamber, and all the men in the other.

A few hours later, Bokhdanowicz uttered piercing cries which awakened nobody; but I was not asleep; I hastened to see what was the matter: a man, who had been hiding in the room, had nearly made her die of fright. I expelled him with considerable difficulty.

The Princess had been awakened; she called to me. I fell on my knees by her bedside: my eyes were incapable of expressing all the love that was in my heart; but they showed a great deal. "Your sufferings," she said to me, "rend my soul; but they are dear to me; it is so sweet to me to see you sharing mine. If we cannot be happy, let us at least be constant and irreproachable." We promised mutually a courage and a prudence far beyond our power.

We set off again slightly calmer, and with a passable control: we arrived at the Moerdick, which we crossed at once. I remained in the cabin of the yacht with the Princess, while all the rest, afraid of sickness, sat on deck. I read her a charming novel by Dorat, which had just appeared, entitled *The Sacrifices of Love*.[113] Some of the situations bore upon our position: we could not read it without deep interest and

emotion. What charms were combined in the person of Madame Czartoryska ! Years of misery and regret have failed to efface their image. We halted at Rotterdam, and arrived on the next day at the Hague, where the Prince and Princess were received with the utmost joy by M. de Lachernéria, the Spanish Ambassador. I had no fault to find with him, and can say nothing that is not to his credit. Madame de Lachernéria, a tall, vigorous, ardent, keen Peruvian, noticed me and, in ten minutes, was like an acquaintance of ten years' standing; she ceased to question the Princess about me only to question myself, and equally embarrassed us both.

We had been but a few hours at the Hague when, at two o'clock in the morning, Bokhdanowicz, who did not speak a word of French, knocked at my door and said to me in bad German: " Come down, the Princess is dying." (The Prince was not at the Hague, having gone to visit the Prince of Orange in the country.) I came downstairs in haste, and found that she was indeed unconscious. It was only after some hours that I succeeded in restoring her to her senses. She held out her hand to me as soon as she saw that I was by her. " I am glad," she said, " I am dying in the arms of the man I love, without having any cause to reproach myself." She had frequent and violent attacks of nerves during the day, and often fainted.

I knew by repute the celebrated Gaubius,[114] Professor of Medicine. I went to consult him at Leyden, starting at daybreak. I explained to Dr. Gaubius, in the fullest detail, the malady that the Princess had had at Spa, and that from which she was now suffering, without mentioning her name; he asked me if she was my wife; I replied that she was not, but that she was my sister. He next asked me if I was a physician or a surgeon; I replied that I was not. " Then," he told me, " you are the most loving and intelligent

brother in the world." He reassured me as to the Princess's state, told me that it was not dangerous; adding that he was too old and too gouty for his health to permit him to visit her. He ordered me a treatment for her, the success of which he guaranteed, bade me send him a report of its effect, and told me that he would be very glad to see the patient when she was less weak. I returned to the Hague. The Princess learned with pleasure and gratitude what I had done.

We decided that I should escort her back as far as Brussels, after prolonging the journey from Holland as far as might be possible, and that I should then leave for Italy. Lovers are like children, only at odd moments do they feel a distant grief, and they sacrifice much to the present hour. Ten or twelve days of happiness seemed to us a sufficient ransom for our whole lives. This short respite calmed us. The Princess recovered her health. I did not think of asking her for anything of which she might ever repent. During this time, however, I was jealous without having any object for my jealousy, and it took so extravagant a form, that I cannot refrain from describing it.

I had met in London a young Prince Poniatowski,[115] nephew to the King of Poland, and cousin to the Prince, who had been bred up in England, and to whom I had never paid much attention. Madame Czartoryska told me that he was expected at the Hague. The sole effect upon me of this news was to make me fear the importunity of a third party. One evening when I was at the play with the Prince and Princess, someone came and whispered to him that Prince Poniatowski had arrived, and he rose and left us. I cannot describe the revolution that this created in me. All the attractions of Prince Poniatowski, all the advantages that he possessed for winning the favour of his cousin, in whose society he was destined to live,

presented themselves to my mind, and turned my head. I left the theatre, and returned home. I was full of bitter reflexions: the Princess seemed lost to me, and lost from that moment. I was so dismayed, that I decided to flee, and to set off at once for Italy.

I sent out for post horses, and ordered my carriage. It was past ten o'clock. The Princess, astonished that I did not appear at Madame de Lachernéria's, where she was supping, left the house without saying a word, took the first carriage that she saw in the courtyard, and came to our inn. She was greatly surprised to find my post chaise at the door, horsed and loaded. She inquired where I was, and came upstairs to my room. "What does this mean?" she asked me; "where are you going?" "To die remote from yourself," I replied in a tone of despair, "to flee from troubles even greater than that of separation from them." "I do not understand; explain yourself; you are out of your mind; do you suppose that I can live and behold you in the state in which you are?" The Princess's eyes showed me the extent of my error, and how many reasons I had for keeping calm. I was ashamed of my extravagance, and embarrassed how to confess it; I must do so, nevertheless. The Princess neither reproached nor teased me; she took me in her arms. "Never be afraid of losing my heart; I am vexed that you should have suffered so; but how greatly I appreciate the value of so much love. Let us not lose any time; they are expecting us at the Spanish Ambassador's; the slightest pretext will be sufficient to excuse us." She said to my valet as she went downstairs: "He is not leaving, he is never leaving!" with an inexpressible charm. We set off for Amsterdam, and stopped at Leyden to see Dr. Gaubius. He talked at great length with the Princess. "It is," he told her, "one of those maladies which are seldom dangerous to women, and which physicians cannot

cure. Your brother," he added with a smile, "knows more about it perhaps than I do "(the Princess blushed); "be constant and prudent, and you will be happy. I have never seen a woman better loved." He spoke to her of our conversation with interest. Nothing was lost upon so tender a spirit. No one could have been more pleasant to love.

We set off late in the day for Amsterdam. The night was dark. I was in the shelter of a large gondola with the Princess; I pressed her hands to my heart, I clasped her in my arms without her offering the least resistance. She retired to bed without supper; and, according to my custom, I remained by her bedside. We embraced tenderly as soon as we were by ourselves; I could not repress desires which she appeared to share; I ventured greatly, and was speedily punished. "I would never have believed," she said to me with pain and indignation, "that the being who is so dear to me would so soon have forgotten his promises and resolutions; or that he would deliberately sacrifice the whole happiness of my life to an instant's pleasure. It was so sweet to me to owe to your love my very honour and tranquillity!" Her maid entered the room; she announced that she wished to sleep, and dismissed me.

There is no more terrible position than to have merited the wrath of one whom we love to excess. I spent the night in grief and penitence. Next morning, M. Onieski called at eight o'clock to fetch me, and, do what I might, took me out to see all that was noteworthy in Amsterdam and its environs, until eight o'clock at night. The Princess treated me with a coldness which dismayed me; she loved me too well not to be moved to pity by my distress. She drew near to me, and murmured: "See how wretched I am, and I am sure that you will not offend again; that I should punish you, that I should distress you,

I cannot bear to think of it." These few words restored me to life. We supped merrily, and fixed our departure for the next day. It was suggested that we should return in little two-seated cabriolets which one drives oneself, and which travel extremely fast. I was appointed to take the Princess, as being the best whip. She began by refusing; but she read so much misery in my eyes that she consented. We set off. I found her serious during the journey, and asked her what was the matter. "I do not wish to scold you," was her reply; "I have forgiven you with my whole heart, but so forcible an impression is not easily obliterated; and it is not with you, it is with myself that I am displeased, and if I have done wrong in reposing a blind confidence in you, I am indeed to blame, I have furious reproaches to make myself." I found it easy to dispel her fears; the tenderest of tears were my reward. We remained for a week longer at the Hague.

At length we were obliged to return to Brussels, where we honestly supposed that we should have to part for ever. We thought that we would die of grief: I drenched several handkerchiefs daily with blood. The Princess was in no better plight than myself; she thought that she would die on the day when we crossed the Moerdick. I spent the night by her side. "We have pledged ourselves," she told me, "to more than we can perform: the excess of your love and of your courage might yet preserve my life. Were you but capable (my only love) of not being jealous of Prince Repnin, of contenting yourself with my love, of laying no claim to anything besides!" A new scheme of life was arranged, in as great good faith as the rest, and, as we shall see in due course, without any greater measure of success. We stopped but a day at Brussels, and returned to Paris.

I left the Princess at Senlis, and went to spend the

night at Hautefontaine, a very different man from when I had left it. I arrived the next evening at nine o'clock in Paris; I stopped at the Hôtel de Chartres where the Princess was staying. I found there Prince Repnin. He received me courteously, but had a cold and constrained air. Madame Czartoryska was in bed; she was feeling unwell, said that she wished to sleep, and dismissed us both. She had only time to give me a little packet in which were a very loving note and a lock of her hair, which I had ardently desired. About eleven o'clock that night, d'Oraison came into my room. "I have just left a madman," he told me, "and have promised to go to him and reassure him to-morrow morning early. This is what brings me to you at such an hour: Prince Repnin has taken it into his head that you are in love with the Princess and that she loves you. I told him that I was sure of the contrary, that I knew you to have an attachment elsewhere, and to make more certain, I have come to speak to you about it." My dismay and confusion showed the Chevalier that he had been mistaken. "You are," he said to me, "the oddest and most fickle of men. And the fair Marianne, are you no longer in love with her?" I told him all that had happened since his departure from London; he blamed me less, pitied me, but gave me no reassurance as to the future.

Distressing thoughts consumed the whole night for me. I went on the next day to inquire after the Princess, and found her no better. Prince Repnin, whom I met, appeared to me fairly tranquil. The Princess received me coldly; I had no wish to complain of this, and suffered in silence. Several days passed in this fashion, without Prince Repnin's allowing me to speak to her alone for one minute. He wore a satisfied and calm air. I could neither sleep nor eat. I spat a quantity of blood; anxious as I was to

conceal my state, my handkerchief steeped in blood betrayed me. "What do I see!" she said as she passed by me. "Come at seven o'clock, I shall be alone; I positively must speak to you." I arrived punctually. "My friend," she said to me, as she entered the room, "you are seriously ill; it is doubtless my fault; so, of two people who are dear to me, one must die of grief! What is amiss? Open your heart to me, I wish it, I insist upon it, I beg you upon my knees." "It is nothing" (I clasped her in my arms); "I need only courage, and it rests with yourself alone to supply it. Tell me that you love me, I need to hear it." "Yes, my friend, my dearest friend, I love you, I adore you; there is no power on earth that can prevent me from telling you so. Arm yourself with patience; persist in a line of conduct which makes me add to so much affection the most merited esteem. Your behaviour towards Prince Repnin is more than friendly; he cannot accuse you of rudeness, nor of falsehood. I blame myself most severely for the pain that I am causing you. I spare him, however, as far as it is possible for me; it costs me twice the pain not to be frank, and to treat you in his presence in so different a manner. It is to these precautions, nevertheless, that I owe the security which, I hope, he still enjoys, and the loss of which would involve us all in the most serious consequences. Do not vex yourself, my friend; the mind always pleads, but love commands; and when it speaks, it always prevails. Be sparing with a life which is my sole treasure; be sparing with the blood which I would redeem with all my own." "Oh! my love, you shed a balm on it, a calm which I thought lost for ever. My heart is by no means unworthy of your own; it is capable too of generosity. I do Prince Repnin all the justice that he deserves. Pray God, he may never be made unhappy by my fault! Let every attention, all respect

be his! A glance will console me, will remind me that I am dearer to you than any, if I was unjust. My dear friend, I should never suffer so much as if I knew that you had reason to reproach yourself."

Prince Repnin arrived when we least expected him; we were embarrassed, and, notwithstanding our efforts, he perceived it; for, from that moment, it was impossible for him to contain his jealousy; it was such as might be expected in a man at once violent, generous and sensitive. He knew that a scene would be bad for the Princess, he was anxious to spare her one; he left the room when he became afraid that he would be able to control himself no longer. He appeared one evening at Madame l'Huillier's.[116] "I must expire," he said to her, "I can no longer endure the constraint that I have imposed upon myself; I must unbosom myself to you. M. de Lauzun adores the Princess, and is adored by her. He is as proud and as jealous as myself; he cannot but hate me. The honesty and modesty of his conduct is the strongest proof of the power that your friend has over him, a power which she has purchased, doubtless, with the gift of her heart and person. Any base quarrel is beneath the dignity of two men who claim to be worthy of her. One of us must perish, or neither of us can ever be at rest; he is wresting from me the one treasure in which my happiness has dwelt, I shall defend it." It was in vain that Madame l'Huillier sought to calm him. The next morning I received the note which follows:

"My esteem and my hatred are known to you: let us fight for a treasure which we cannot share; one of us must fall by the hand of the other. I leave confidently to yourself the choice of time, place and weapons.

"Nicolas Vassilievitch Repnin."

I made him the following reply:

"Prince Repnin will not suppose me to be capable of fear. I esteem him sufficiently to decline the honour that he offers me. I will on no account agree to a combat which would compromise a person whom I respect and would deprive her of one of her most faithful friends. If the Prince attacks me, I shall defend my life in such a way as will prove to him that I do not wish to shed the blood of a man to whom Princess Czartoryska is so greatly indebted.

"LAUZUN."

After receiving my reply, he sent word begging me to expect him at my house early the next day. He came, sure enough, to the Rue Saint-Pierre, where I was living; the door was shut upon us, and the following conversation began:

PRINCE REPNIN: "Listen, sir, to what I have to say, and you will not refuse me the favour that I have asked of you. It is my rival, it is my enemy that I appoint as judge of what remains for me to do in the dreadful position in which I find myself. I was appointed Russian Ambassador in Poland, at the beginning of the troubles. I saw and adored the Princess; I sacrificed everything to the happiness of proving my adoration. Her family used frequently to offend the Empress. I received the most rigorous orders to punish her relatives: they were not carried out; I was sharply reprimanded for this; my head became the pledge of their good conduct. The Princes Czartoryski never ceased to be culpable, and were never punished. I lost the favour and the confidence of my Sovereign. I saw melt away the most astounding fortune that is recorded in the annals of the Russian Empire.

"I was recalled to justify myself. The influence

of Count Panin, my uncle, saved my life. The Empress appointed another to the Embassy at Warsaw, and I resigned myself to living there as a private citizen. Generous and tender-hearted, Princess Czartoryska felt that she owed me a debt of gratitude; as a reward for such loyal service, I was made happy.

"The Empress ordered me to join Rumianzoff's army: I refused to obey. All her favours were withdrawn from me; there remained only a modest pension, sufficient to maintain life, to the man who had dazzled Poland with his splendour. The Princess was kind enough to leave Warsaw, where I could not remain without danger. She travelled, I accompanied her; everywhere she received attentions, which never deceived her for long. She easily distinguished the vanity, the fatuity, the insincerity of those who paid court to her. She left for London a few weeks later, with myself: I met you at Calais; we crossed the water together. The Chevalier d'Oraison, whom I knew of old, had often spoken to me of you; your attachment to the fair Lady Sarah was known to all England, and made you an object of interest. My first impulse was to fear you. I was speedily reassured when I saw you fix your attention, and begin to pay court to a young and amiable person. The fatuity of your Ambassador caused me no real uneasiness. I set out for Spa, where you came to join us. The Princess was unhappy, out of sorts, all the time there; but I saw you occupied with Miss St. Leger, and never guessed the cause.

"Being pledged, beyond the possibility of withdrawal, to escort Madame de Chernichef to Paris, I carried my feeling of confidence to the pitch of being very glad that you should accompany the Princess. The interest that you had shown in myself, the manner in which we had lived together at Spa, had given me a liking for you: my inclination would have led me on

to love you, had not fate compelled me to hate you. I received no news of the Princess throughout her journey from Holland. Terror seized my spirit, the future spread itself before me, I was certain of my calamity before I had any proof of it. Everything has confirmed my suspicion since our arrival in Paris: the Princess loves you. I know her too well not to be aware that she is tormented by remorse; she will not see me without embarrassment, without repugnance. She will suffer inconceivably: but for you, I should still be everything to her. If she loses neither of us, she loses us both. I have no hope of an asylum in my own country, which I have left for her sake. So long as I exist, you will not be the tranquil possessor of a heart whose value you know: so long as you are alive, it will be more yours than mine, and every instant will be marked by fresh uneasiness and fresh rage."

Lauzun: "Your hatred is reasonable, sir, nor is it deliberately criminal, I deserve it all: my heart is, nevertheless, not unworthy of yourself, nor of the homage that it pays to the Princess. I have long fought against a passion the only consequence of which must be the most fearful calamities. I have reckoned as one of the greatest the disturbance of your peace of mind. Carried away in spite of myself by this senseless passion, I have incessantly before my eyes the frightful thought that I may inspire nothing but remorse: ready myself to make any sacrifice, I can never claim any. I know all your advantages over myself, I can but disturb your happiness; but, since I am a foreigner, parted from her of necessity by circumstances, you would speedily destroy the whole of mine, could I hope for any. I will not, however, dishonour, by disputing it, a conquest which, all glorious though it be, must remain secret. I do not

wish that the Princess shall be able to reproach me with having cut short the days of one to whom she owes such a debt of gratitude. Were I to perish, my death would easily be avenged; and, after having caused your own, the Princess would not long survive you. I shall go away, sir; I shall seek dangers which will bring me no stain of guilt. I pity you, I esteem you, I hate you; but never of my own free will can I fight with you, and I warn you that I am, and have chosen to be, here unarmed."

Prince Repnin: "That is enough, sir; I must be frank with so generous an enemy. I shall pay regard to Madame Czartoryska's sensibility. I shall in no way compromise her good name, but I am going to employ what influence I have left over her to make her speedily leave a country in which she cannot be happy. I warn you of this, sir, and I ask for your word of honour that you will not follow her."

Lauzun: "I have no need to promise you anything, sir; I shall never hesitate over doing what I may consider necessary to the Princess's welfare, nor shall I allow anyone but myself to be the judge of my actions."

Prince Repnin left my house and returned to the Princess; I did not see her alone during the rest of the day. She seemed to me to be painfully and profoundly affected. She was unwell, shut herself up at an early hour in her own room, and refused to see either Prince Repnin or myself. There are painful situations that transcend our courage and our strength, that make the most reasonable resolutions vain. It is not in sacrificing everything to the beloved that merit lies, all hearts sincerely touched are capable of that; it is the way in which we endure the sacrifice that gives it its value; by showing too plainly what it is costing

us and what we are suffering, we make it impossible. It was at this time that I was carried away by the excess of my passion. I worshipped the Princess, thought absolutely nothing of myself, everything of her, the most frightful calamities seemed to me preferable to that of afflicting her with trouble and remorse; she read what was in my heart; love and despair were depicted in her eyes; she was in love with me and yielded, in spite of herself, to her affection for me; but I wished to be, I felt that I could be generous; I was aware of all the power that I wielded over her; I made use of it to defend her against myself. I inspired her with confidence: sure of me, she no longer sought to avoid me: her tranquillity alarmed me, I became jealous, distrustful, I no longer saw any merit in her conduct, I thought her prudent only because her heart had become more calm; I ventured to show her what I felt; she could withstand anything, except the misery of not seeing me. Fully convinced of her love, she no longer concealed from me the keenness of her affection, nor that of her desires; she no longer sought to put a check to mine; to bring about my own ruin was nothing, I must be certain that I was adored. I was on the point of absenting myself for a week, and the effort was beyond my courage; I was still in the regiment of the French Guards, and nothing could excuse me from mounting guard at Fontainebleau. The Princess felt no other necessity save that of reassuring me by yielding herself to me. Terrible moments recur to me; I shudder as I write, but a solemn vow binds me to this terrible task.

It was the 5th of November. I was to leave two days later for Fontainebleau. Departing from her normal habit, the Princess had barred her door to everyone, even Prince Repnin himself. I was alone with her; I reproached her with being gloomy and serious with me. " I cannot love myself: I am yours,"

she said to me; "enjoy all your privileges, you must, it is my wish." I flung myself into her arms; I found my happiness, or rather the crime was committed. You may judge of the horror of my lot, even while possessing the woman that I worshipped. She had not an instant's pleasure; the tears flooded her cheeks, she thrust me from her. "That is enough," she said to me, "there is no limit now to my wrongdoing, there will be none to my miseries; leave me!" I sought to remain, she fell at my feet: "Leave me! In God's name, leave me!" Thunderstruck, I did not venture to reply; I returned home. My night was a torment which I alone am capable still of imagining. I returned to her side early the next morning; her curtains were drawn close; I trembled as I parted them. She was unconscious; blood trickled from her lips over her bosom; a little box, lying open upon her bed, told me that she had taken poison. I supposed that she was dead and greedily swallowed what remained in the box. I do not know what happened to me; I vomited a quantity of blood; I suffered throughout that day and the night that followed from violent nervous attacks. I do not know what happened to me during the next twenty-four hours, and can say only that I did not leave my bed, and that I vomited a quantity of blood, which, in all probability, saved my life.

Madame de Lauzun came to fetch me, and to carry me to Fontainebleau, where we were to go together. I was in a feeble and stupefied condition which did not allow me to think of remaining. I begged Madame de Lauzun to wait for me a moment. I rose and dressed myself with great care, and went to inquire for news of the Princess. She was still in a dying state. I set off notwithstanding; I arrived at Fontainebleau like a madman. Except while I was on duty I spoke to nobody. I was really ill. I

received there a letter from the Princess, which I feel that I must here transcribe:

"O my friend, my lover! You whom I adore, you in whom all the affections of my heart are united, you are no longer by my side! You have left me, it was my wish. Why did you obey me? Have I then been obliged to pay a penalty for the violation of all my duties? Of the horrors that surround me, those of death are the least fearful; if you knew what a future opens before me! I have lost all hope, every right to happiness. I no longer dare promise anything, I have betrayed my vows. May your love at least, your happiness, take the place of what I have lost. But, alas, I am speaking of the future, and I am dying! I shall not have the barbaric courage to command you to live; I do not know what is happening in me, impulses hitherto unknown. I feel my last breath passing from lips that burn still with your kisses. Come, do not lose a minute; let us die in each other's arms: let happiness and pleasure be our last sensation! No; do not heed my insensate desires. May my remorse, at least, expiate my offence. May the courage to be no longer blameworthy restore to me, at the cost of my life and of my happiness, some spark of self-esteem!"

This letter, written in a tremulous hand, soaked with her tears, drove me altogether out of my senses. I set off by myself for Paris, as soon as night had fallen. I told the Princess of a place where we could meet in safety. Her weakness was extreme, she kept on fainting away. I was but little stronger. I shall not abuse the patience of my readers: if they have never been in love, perhaps even if they are not in love at the moment when they read these pages, they will find me extremely tedious. I shall content myself therefore with saying that this conversation did us

great good and great harm. I went back to Fontainebleau; finished my tour of duty, which seemed to me to last for ages, and returned. We were circumspect in our conduct for some weeks. Prince Repnin behaved generously. The fearful change of which I was the cause, the certainty that I was not seeing the Princess in private, the hope that she would soon be leaving, calmed him; he was sorry for me, and recovered his tranquillity.

He was mistaken nevertheless. I saw Madame Czartoryska alone, now and again, out of her own house; the prudence of my conduct, my moderation, seemed to have banished the dangers which she had so prodigiously dreaded. Love and nature have claims which it would be impossible to deny. How can a woman refuse anything to the lover whom she adores, especially when he asks nothing! The Princess was at my disposal, prepared to suffer anything.

As for the future, the rest of our days seemed to us paid for by so much happiness! Incapable of attending to anything else, I would meet the Princess, or would wait for her, and when the hour struck at which I lost all hope of seeing her before the next day, I would go to bed; my body was unable to endure the strain of being absent from her. Prince Repnin became suspicious. The Princess observed that he was having her followed; anything seemed to her preferable to the horror of infidelity. She took the terrible course of confessing everything to him; this confession, made by a generous nature, was received by one no less generous. Prince Repnin allowed himself not one word of complaint or of reproach. "Enjoy your happiness," he bade her; "I do not flatter myself that I possess the courage to witness it. I shall go away in a fortnight; I shall join the Russian army." We felt that we ought not to present before the eyes of this generous man the object and cause of all his sufferings;

I made an effort which I thought to be beyond my ſtrength; I consented to go and ſtay with M. le Duc de Choiseul, at Chanteloup, until after Prince Repnin's departure.

I went away; I received news of the Princess daily; I suffered, and could not live, apart from her. I returned, and found that Prince Repnin had left. He who has not felt himself in durance vile cannot eſtimate the full worth of liberty. My happiness was impaired now only by dread of the future, by the horrible certainty of seeing it shortly come to an end. We discussed incessantly how we might avoid any further parting. At times we were hopeful; but the thought of her charming children and their future always checked us. Her intereſt in them was so touching, they were so necessary to her, they were shaping so well! Accuſtomed to love everything that belonged to my miſtress, I became warmly attached to her children. I felt that ought I to share in their mother's devotion to them: my eyes filled with tears as I caressed them. I preferred to anticipate all the troubles that were gathering to crush me rather than to deprive them of a mother with whom no other could for a moment be compared. She interpreted the sentiments that filled my heart; they ſtrengthened my claim upon her. She knew that I would gladly sacrifice half my life to retain one of her precious children, to whom I felt like a father. We were never apart; we went riding twice daily to escape the tiresome visitors of whom there was no other way of ridding ourselves.

The time for her departure for Poland drew round: her husband was ſtaying behind for a lawsuit.[117] I decided to escort her as secretly and as far as I might: I did not, indeed, take leave of her, until we were within a couple of leagues of Warsaw. The journey had been charming, and the Princess more loving and lovable every day. The moment of our parting was

terrible. "My dear," she said to me, "I must at length disclose a secret which I have had great difficulty in concealing from you. You have longed so for one of my children, you shall have one: I am going to leave you the dearest, the best part of myself; I am with child, and I have never lived with my husband since I gave myself to you. I shall have the courage to confess everything to my husband, to arrange that the dearest pledge of our ardent passion shall be sent to you." The reader must know my heart if he would judge of the impression that this speech made upon me. It exhausted my strength in an instant: I fainted, and, when I recovered consciousness, I could find no trace of the Princess. Her father-in-law,[118] who had come to meet her, had obliged her to forsake me; she had left one of her servants to look after me. I was in a state of depression from which nothing could rouse me. I let myself be taken back as far as Breslau, without tasting food or drink, or uttering a single word; there I halted, and waited for tidings of the Princess. These, when they came, restored my balance somewhat, and I continued on my way to Frankfort, where I learned that the King was dangerously ill of the small-pox.

I heard of his death[119] as I passed the Deux-Ponts, and this upset all my plans: I was not in a condition to pay my court to the new King, and I went to join the Royal Legion,[120] of which I was Colonel, at Mouzon in Champagne. I lived there in the strictest retirement, and saw absolutely no one but the officers of my regiment. My time was divided between my military duties and the Princess. I knew that she was sick and unhappy; but she wrote by every post. Then, for several posts, she failed to write: I dispatched a courier who went with the utmost speed. I learned on his return that the Princess had been dangerously ill, and had not had with her the one person who could

give me news of her. Her strength had succumbed to the terrible confession which she had made to her husband. He had received it with affection and generosity; but vapours, nervous attacks, a deadly melancholy, combined with the discomforts of her condition, had placed her in the most deplorable situation. She desired anxiously to see me, and did not hope for the possibility. I asked M. de Conflans,[121] under whose command I was, whether he could grant me leave of absence for three weeks, which I should like to spend in the country near Frankfort.

I set off alone, and with all possible secrecy. On the last day of my journey I lost myself and went to ask my way at a house in which I saw a light. I was greatly surprised to find an English family, and learned that I was in the house of the Princess's gardener. I knew that it was not difficult to make a way into the park, but I did not wish to be recognised; I was afraid of being arrested by the Cossack patrols and of not being able to obtain access to her without disclosing who I was. It was eleven o'clock at night; I saw the various pickets come in after going their rounds, and slipped into the garden, where I was at once attacked by two big dogs which were set loose there at night. One of them I had given the Princess in England. I called him by his name; Cæsar recognised me, and came and fawned upon me; the other dog withdrew, and I approached the house: I saw two women strolling together; one went indoors and the other advanced towards me; I recognised Madame Parisot, a maid whom I had placed with the Princess. "Come," she said to me, "neither obstacles nor distance can deceive her heart; she has been expecting you." The Princess clasped me to her bosom. "The necessities of my heart enable me always to divine your actions; it was impossible that you should leave me to the frightful contemplation of all that separates us;

that you should not come to impart fresh charms to my retreat, my sole consolation." Twice I spent twenty-four hours at Powonski:[122] everything there was of interest to me; I was obliged to tear myself away. I had taken steps to be present, without fail, at her confinement, or at least to be close at hand.

I returned slightly more at ease than on the former occasion. After joining my regiment, I procured all the volumes that treated of the affairs of Poland, Prussia and Russia; and upon a great number of works, good and bad, which I had the patience to read, founded a political survey of the interests of those three powers. I drew up a long memorial which I addressed to Prince Adam. He communicated it to M. de Stackelberg,[123] the Russian Minister at Warsaw, who sent it to Moscow without my knowledge. The hope of becoming French Ambassador or Minister at Warsaw gave me an untiring zeal for work. The Princess approved of my plan, and every post brought me fresh encouragement.

She informed me, in the month of September, that she was less pleased with her husband; that the report of my last visit had reached him, and that she feared that the visit which I proposed to make for her confinement might have serious consequences; but that she would die of grief if I did not come. I set off about the end of September, and found at Strasbourg a letter from the Princess, sent by express messenger, begging me urgently to postpone my departure. I found another at Frankfort, even more calculated to alarm me as to the Prince's hostile intentions. Nothing could reconcile me to the thought of being separated from the Princess at the time of her delivery. I sent her a Pole named Miaskowski, whom I had brought with me, and went to wait for him in a little free town situated upon the Vistula and known as Thorn.

Here I received the Princess's reply. She told me that she could not be so near to me without longing to see me, however great the danger; that it was important that I should not let anyone see me; that Madame l'Huillier would conceal me in her house, and that she would come and see me there. I did not lose an instant in getting there; anxiety, agitation, fatigue had so altered me as to make me quite unrecognisable. "You will not see your Princess this evening," said the compassionate Huillier, as she embraced me, "she is in considerable pain and has been ordered to keep her bed; the pain will pass away probably during the night, and she will be here tomorrow morning early."

The next day, on the contrary, her pain increased, and I contrived, with great difficulty, to secure admission to the blue palace,[124] where Madame Parisot shut me up in a large cupboard used as a wardrobe, behind the Princess's bed. She had a painful delivery, which lasted for about thirty-six hours. I could hear her cries, and felt that each of them must be her last. I shall not attempt to describe all that passed in my heart, my misfortunes were the fruit of my crimes; she whom I most loved upon earth was their victim. This torment ended at length, I was released from my prison, and admitted to Madame Czartoryska's chamber. I bathed her face with my tears, but could not utter a single word. "You have saved my life," she told me. "I knew that you were there. I owed my strength only to the courage with which I was inspired by the certainty that you were so near at hand; could my courage fail, when I knew that you would receive my last breath? Kiss this child,[125] which is dearer to me already than all the rest: it would be in such danger, were you discovered! Begone, take up your abode four miles from here, in a farm which is at my disposal. This note will secure you a

welcome from the good folk who occupy it; we shall meet again soon; you shall have news of me every day." Once again I was obliged to leave her.

I made a leisurely progress to my new quarters. I found a simple dwelling, but so spotlessly clean that it might be called elegant. I was received by a man of about sixty, of venerable appearance; his wife, slightly younger than himself, looked as though she had once been beautiful. Two young women of agreeable appearance, one of whom was about to become a mother, and a little girl, composed this honest household: I delivered my letter; it was conceived in these terms:

"M. Dembowski, I beg that you will receive into your household the bearer of this note; I am entrusting to you the dearest treasure that I have in the world, and my confidence in your care and discretion is unbounded.

"I. Czartoryska."

"You may make yourself at home here," the good M. Dembowski told me; "you may dispose even of our persons, for we belong to the Princess, far more from our own gratitude than on account of her benefactions to us, vast as they have been."

I retired to my room, finding it impossible to take any supper. Next day I received news of the Princess; she was as well as could be hoped.

I took a stroll in what was quite a large garden with M. Dembowski. He told me his story: he had been born to a fortune that satisfied his ambition. He had married for love a young lady of quality from Kamieniecz, and had had by her several children. There was no situation happier than his, when Prince Radziwill,[126] to whom he had long been attached, obliged him to join the Bar confederacy. Two young Poles, who were passionately in love with his two daughters,

thought that they could not prove their devotion better than by accompanying the father. They were wounded, taken, and sent, all three of them, to Siberia; their house burned, their lands laid waste by the Russians, and all their property confiscated by the Empress. Madame Dembowska, who came from Kamieniecz, a territory belonging to the Princess, whom she had known as a child in the house of the Comte de Flemming, her father, went and cast herself at her feet, with her daughters; she had no difficulty in melting so generous and compassionate a heart. The Princess eagerly set to work to repair the wrongs suffered by this unfortunate family; she obtained their pardon, had the men brought back from Siberia, married the two daughters to their suitors, for whom she procured two considerable posts in Lithuania, and gave M. Dembowski and his wife a charming property on which they all lived, and where they never ceased to bless their benefactress. During my life among men, I have never seen any who were more conscious of their good fortune, or for whom gratitude had greater charms.

I received news of Madame Czartoryska daily, and the attentions of my hosts made my stay among them pleasant. I heard incessant prayers for her who was keeping me there. I spent a month without impatience in this tranquil spot. One day when I was uneasy at not having received any letter from the Princess, I saw her arrive in close disguise. A deity descending upon that house would have received less adoration there. We were left to ourselves. "My friend," she said to me, "I owe you a full explanation; I have had the courage to make to my husband the confession which I had planned; he took pity upon the distressing state in which I was when I spoke to him, and offered me no reproach. 'I shall let you have this child,' he told me, 'if you wish;

but you must bind yourself by the most solemn oaths never to see its father.' My tears were my only answer; could I promise to abandon you? You know my husband: stirred up by mischief-makers, he may be for a moment out of temper; but at the core he is kindly and indulgent. He is not at all jealous, and will soon be able to meet you without repugnance. Spend some time in Dresden and Berlin; let it appear that Warsaw is not the only goal of your travels, and I shall soon be able to clasp you once again in my arms." M. Dembowski's elder daughter was brought to bed during this conversation. We stood by the font, and named the child, which was a girl, Isabelle-Armance-Fortunée, after the Princess, myself, and the accident that had given her her godfather and godmother. The Princess returned to Warsaw, and I myself set off, the following morning, for Dresden.

The city and the Elector are as gloomy as the Electress is gay.[127] I was presently in high favour with her; the circumspection with which I received the marks of distinction that she heaped upon me won me great success with the Elector. The Electress decided that she must express herself more clearly. One day at court she took me into the embrasure of a window. "For a Frenchman," she said, "you are neither gallant nor discerning." And, as I made no reply: "Must I then ply you with questions to extract a few words from you? Is it possible that there is not at this court a woman to whom you could pay attention?"—"Nothing could be more true, Ma'am." "And why, may I ask?" "The old women do not tempt me, and all the young ones have lovers." "All? You know nothing about them: I know some who have no lover, and who would perhaps desire your homage, could they believe it to be sincere. Guess!" she added, gazing at me with a wealth of expression. The

approach of the Elector interrupted this conversation, which was beginning to be remarked. I did not think that I ought to expose the Electress to a second, and left Dresden for Berlin.

I received news of the Princess regularly; but she would not allow me yet to go to Warsaw. I was giving close study to the military and internal government of Prussia. I sent a number of memorials to Marshal de Muy and to M. de Vergennes,[128] in the absence of M. de Pons, the King's Minister at Berlin. Fräulein von Hatzfeld, maid of honour to the Queen of Prussia, who had previously had a strong passion for the Comte de Guines, knowing that I had married his niece,[129] felt herself obliged to offer me the most cordial treatment. We were soon upon terms of confidence; she confided to me all the details of her attachment to M. de Guines, and ended by taking a fancy to me. The Princess's letters became no more infrequent; but they were colder, and were all aimed at postponing the date of my return to Poland.

I became very intimate with Mr. Harris,[130] the English Minister, whose society formed the chief pleasure of my stay in Berlin. He took me everywhere, and I was soon as well established there as I could have been in Paris. The King[131] returned from Potsdam; I often had the honour of paying court to him; Prince Henry treated me with the greatest friendliness. I was constantly in his company, and heard him speak of war and martial topics with an unwonted admiration. He was so kind as to tell me that the King desired that I should consider becoming the French Minister at his court, and had permitted him to inform me that he would with pleasure take all the steps that might help me to secure the appointment: this accorded in no way with my views; I thanked him and declined, giving as my reason that I was strongly attached to a military career, and I did not feel that I had any talent

for politics. Prince Henry was so kind as to repeat his offer several times with insistence; but without making me change my mind.

During this time, Fräulein von Hatzfeld, whom I saw often, acquired a keen liking for myself; to which I was very far from responding. Indeed, I did not conceal from her that I loved another. Such an avowal did not diminish her attachment. I was grateful and touched; I felt that I owed her the warmest friendship. I consoled her, I pitied her, but I did not become her lover, nor did I cease for a minute to adore the Princess. People judged by appearances, and presently there was no doubt in Berlin that I was the lover of Fräulein von Hatzfeld: someone informed Madame Czartoryska; she believed the tale, wrote me a very cold letter, in which she told me that all correspondence between us must be broken off, and begged me insistently not to come to Warsaw.

Abandoned by the Princess, I thought that I would die of grief; I would have given my life to be able to talk to her for a quarter of an hour. A score of projects, each one more extravagant than the last, presented themselves to my mind. The Princess was too precious to me for me not to be swayed by the fear of compromising her. I obeyed therefore, and resolved to set off for France. On the eve of the day fixed for my departure, M. de Rullecour, a French officer who had transferred to the Polish service, came to me with a letter from Prince Adam, who begged me, as the greatest token of friendship that I could give him, to come and spend twenty-four hours at Warsaw, upon affairs of the highest importance, adding that I could easily conceal myself, if I did not wish my presence there to be known. I did not hesitate for an instant, and set off that same evening. I sent all my servants back to Leipsic, and kept with me only a single Polish horseman whom I had engaged at Berlin. I pre-

ferred an open carriage to any other, as being the lightest. I was barely conscious of the intense cold, of which many poor wretches died. The hope of seeing the Princess had absorbed all my physical and moral sensations; I arrived, and concealed myself in Marieville,[152] at M. de Rullecour's.

Prince Adam came there immediately to see me. He told me that he had communicated to M. de Stackelberg the memorial relating to the affairs of Poland and Russia which I had previously addressed to him; that this Minister had sent it to his court, where it had made such an impression that he had desired to confer with me about it, and had no doubt that, if France could but lend herself to the task, a rearrangement might be effected of the partition of Poland, restoring to that Power the greater part of the independence which she had lost. I replied to the Prince that I would be pleased to meet M. de Stackelberg; but that I had no authority, and that it was difficult for me to guess the intentions of a Minister whom I scarcely knew. M. de Stackelberg called during the might: we conversed at great length. The result of our conversation was a memorial which I sent to Versailles, and he to Moscow. It was impossible for me to remain in hiding until our couriers returned: I had myself, therefore, presented at court, and went about everywhere.

Madame Czartoryska was in the country, and did not return until a day or two later; she made her appearance at the play. I cannot describe the emotion that I felt in her presence. I went to her box; she received me most coldly. I had difficulty in obtaining permission to see her alone. On the following day she would not listen to a word of my excuses; she insisted that I should give back her letters and her portrait. I did all that she asked, and shut myself up at home, a prey to the blackest despair. She sent

for me the next morning: I found her calmer and less severe. She asked me for all the details of what had passed between Fräulein von Hatzfeld and myself. I burned her portrait and her letters in front of the other, and promised not to reply to any that she might afterwards write me, a promise which I have faithfully kept. Fräulein von Hatzfeld is the only woman that I have ever treated in an ungentlemanly fashion, which she certainly did not deserve: and so I have often and severely reproached myself for my treatment of her.

The Princess forgave me with that grace which is inseparable from all her actions. I sought to enter into possession of my former rights; but she refused absolutely. "You would distress me," she said, "you would lose all, if, in your arms, something else occurred to disturb my happiness." M. Branieski, High Constable of the Crown, was more enamoured than ever, and proved his love daily by fresh extravagances. The Princess treated him coldly, and seldom received him in her house; but the whole of the Lady Palatine of Polosk's circle, in which Madame Czartoryska moved, was devoted to him. This was the only house in Warsaw to which no attempt was made to attract me. Princess Poniatowska[133] joined the opposition; and the Princess was so obsessed by all this that the precautions which she found herself obliged to take occupied much of the time that we might otherwise have spent together.

I was annoyed at this, I felt that she was partly to blame, and complained to her Lulli. "She loves you," I was told, "but you are a treasure of which she is over-thrifty. A little jealousy will make her more affectionate than ever, and will give her the courage to thrust aside anything that threatens to stand between her and yourself. Go about more in society; do not appear to be so completely indifferent to all the ladies; you will find it to your advantage." I rashly followed

Lulli's advice. The lover of Madame Czartoryska could not fail to arouse the curiosity of the other ladies; several of them made quite marked overtures to me, among others a young Countess Potoska Tlomocza,[134] who was niece to the High Constable Oginski's lady, whose house I constantly visited, and never failed to find her there. I pretended to be greatly taken up with her; the Princess observed this, and said nothing to me about it. The little lady was a great coquette, especially with myself.

I gave her my arm at a masked ball, where she spoke to me of the conditions upon which she would consent to yield herself to me, and even to accompany me to France. I had not supposed myself so far advanced, and had no wish that matters should go farther. I therefore evaded the question, making no definite reply. A little mask, who was sitting near me, rose quickly and vanished among the crowd. I paid no attention and left the ball-room a moment later. I went the next day, as was my custom, to take the air at Powonski. This was my chief amusement. The Princess arrived there a moment after myself, but as soon as she saw me, turned her carriage. I tried to overtake her; but she told her coachman to drive back to Warsaw as fast as possible. I was unable to conceive the meaning of this behaviour. I called upon her three times during the day without seeing her; I wrote to her that I could not for the life of me understand her behaviour, and that my head was reeling. She replied: "I have seen, I have heard what I could never have believed; you are betraying me for Madame Tlomocza." "You have undone me," I said to Lulli.

I returned home; I was seized by a violent fever, and had the most alarming attack. Lulli went to the Princess. "What have you done!" she said to her; "Lauzun is dying, and it is your work." Madame Czartoryska came to me, spent that day and the whole

of the following night beside me, without my recognising her. I saw her at length on her knees by my bedside, in floods of tears. So sudden a transition from desperation to joy nearly cost me my life; I recovered with difficulty; the tender and touching attentions of the Princess made me prefer my extreme weakness to the strength which I had lost, and was beginning to regain. M. Branieski was jealous, complained in public, went so far as to threaten my life. "I am not in love with you," she said to him; "do not force me to hate you." "That is enough, Madame," he replied with fury; "I shall see whether M. de Lauzun is worthy to possess a treasure which I would purchase with all my blood." "Yes, Sir," the Princess answered haughtily; "he knows that my life is attached to his own; he will be capable of defending it; I require nothing more of you." M. Branieski grew calm, and nothing further happened. I was warned, however, that the High Constable would stick at nothing; that I had everything to fear from the mob of cut-throats by whom he was constantly surrounded. I was advised not to go about without an escort; I took no other precaution than that of being well-armed; and nothing happened to me.

I began to go more into society; the manner in which the Princess was treating me enhanced the curiosity that I inspired in all the ladies of Warsaw, who were eager to see me. A review of the hussars was an occasion that brought a great number of them together. They returned afterwards to an assembly given by the High Constable's lady. The Princess appeared to be asking them what they thought of her choice, with a grace that touched me; I let fall the plume from my bonnet as I stooped to pick up something. Madame Tlomocza, whom I had not met since the scene that had cost me so dear, offered me a fine heron's plume which was in her hair. "I beg your pardon," I replied

coldly; "I am attached to my own singed plume." Madame Czartoryska, who had heard me, said to me with a charming glance: "Give me your bonnet, and let me put mine in it. I now prefer the singed plume." M. Branieski rose in a temper, and left the room.

That evening, at the masked ball at the Opera, he appeared to be seeking a quarrel with me. "Let us make an end of this, my Lord High Constable," I said to him; "five minutes' conversation at the Wola[135] will suffice. That will be far more worthy of yourself, and of me, than a dispute in a ballroom." He accepted, and we made an appointment for the following morning at eight o'clock. The whole of Warsaw soon knew of this and prepared to act as our seconds. The King was greatly annoyed, and sent, at six o'clock in the morning, for M. Branieski, with whom he held a long conversation, after which the High Constable called upon me with a numerous following, to tell me that he publicly disavowed all the remarks at which I might have taken offence, and that he begged me for my friendship, which he had earned by his esteem and consideration for myself. I had nothing more to say: I was obliged to give in, and Prince Casimir Poniatowski, the King's brother, made us embrace and make friends; Madame Oginska had sent me that morning a superb Turkish horse with a brace of pistols and a sabre, with the message that she hoped that they would bring me good luck.

That evening, our couriers from Versailles and Moscow arrived. The Empress approved my suggestions, wrote me the kindest of letters, and gave me the most ample authority. M. de Vergennes bade me return to court as quickly as possible. I fixed my departure for the evening of the next day but one. I dined at Powonski with the Princess. I clasped her for a long time in my arms; at last I was obliged to leave her. I could not tear myself from Powonski

without a pang which the hope of seeing her again presently was powerless to assuage, and which was a genuine presentiment that we should never meet again.

I reached Versailles towards the end of the month of March 1775. M. de Vergennes, with whom I was not acquainted, received me with all the interest that would naturally be aroused by the important errand with which I was charged. He commended my action, and told me to start within a few days for St. Petersburgh, but he soon changed his mind; it did not suit him that the treaty should be made for my sake, and that I should remain there as the King's Minister to the Empress of the Russias, who seemed greatly to desire my appointment. M. de Juigné,[136] his intimate friend, had just been given the post. M. de Vergennes continued to raise absurd difficulties day after day, dragged out the negotiations, and sought to have them broken off, while evading the responsibility for a breach. During this time I lost a lawsuit involving an annual revenue of eighty thousand livres; this affected me little; my fortune was what interested me least of all.

I had on my return found the Queen on the most intimate terms with Madame la Princesse de Guéménée and Madame Dillon; they had spoken to her now and again about myself, and had filled her with curiosity to know me better. She received me kindly; I often had occasion to meet her at Madame de Guéménée's, where she treated me with distinction; I rode out with her regularly, and, in less than two months, became a sort of favourite. My favour was interrupted however by the necessity of joining my regiment. The corn riots in the villages near Paris had led to a concentration of troops. The Queen was anxious that my corps should come there, and that I should not leave the court; I did not feel that I ought to consent, and took my leave of her. She appeared to be genuinely

distressed, and came that afternoon to Montreuil,[137] to Madame de Guéménée's, to bid me good-bye, and with an offer to ask the King's leave to summon me back for the Coronation, which I declined.

The Russian matter appeared to have been forgotten. I urged M. de Vergennes in vain to delay no further, but to give me a definite answer: he assured me that he had the treaty more at heart than ever, and that he hoped to conclude his negotiations in the course of the summer; adding that the King would recall me from my regiment, should that prove necessary.

On the very evening of my departure, the Queen sent word to me to wait for a few hours longer, and to meet her the next day at Montreuil. "Do not leave us yet," she said to me most kindly; "the grain riots are obliging us to assemble troops, we shall bring your regiment here." I replied that, if it was not necessary, I did not wish for a movement which would be inconvenient for my legion. "You are a fool," she answered, laughing. Baron de Vioménil,[138] to whom Marshal de Muy had entrusted the movements of troops, entered the room. "Baron," she said to him, "tell the Royal Legion to march, and bring them near enough for this foolish fellow not to leave us, as he proposes." The Baron replied that he would carry out her orders, and appeared surprised. I begged him to make no alteration of his plans. I went hunting again in the Bois de Boulogne with the Queen; she talked to me without ceasing, and from that moment my favour was so widely remarked that it was as well for me, perhaps, that I left that same night.

The Princess's letters became shorter and less frequent; I had word from Warsaw that she was entirely dominated by the Lady Palatine of Polosk and her circle and that M. Branieski never left her side; I wrote to her about this in strong terms; my representations were not well received. Wild with

grief, I replied with despair and indignation. I made bold to ask for my child; "I would not have it," I said, "brought up among my enemies;" I was unsuccessful. We broke off relations and ceased to correspond. A profound sadness overwhelmed me. I remained faithful to the Princess and absolutely insensible to all the overtures that were made to me by a pretty little Madame de Monglas, who had been abducted by M. le Prince de Nassau,[139] and was living in retirement near Les Deux-Ponts, where I went frequently. I sought to find some attachment, or rather some distraction; but nothing appealed to me. I was on military duty at Sarreguemines, near Les Deux-Ponts. I was lodging with the mother of an officer of my regiment, and placed him under arrest for foolish conduct; his sister, who was young and pretty, came to me to beg for his release; I refused her. That night, when everyone was gone to bed, Mademoiselle Plunkett came into my room: "Are you really, Sir," she said to me with a smile, "as severe, as strict as you were before everybody this morning?" We conversed; she was merry and impulsive, and made me laugh. I promised to release her brother from his confinement on the following day; she embraced me by way of thanks, and filled me with desires which she shared more fully than she appeared willing to satisfy them. We had another conversation of this sort. She then left for Strasbourg with one of her aunts, and took leave of me in the merriest mood, the pleasure of going to visit a big town overriding any kind of regret.

I was obliged, upon some business relating to my regiment, to go to dinner at a house near Sarreguemines, with M. le Comte de la Leyen.[140] The tone of this household was friendly and polite in the German manner, which was not suited to my tastes. Madame la Baronne Dalberg, Madame de la Leyen's sister-

in-law, seemed to me, however, to have a frank and merry nature, very different from the rest of the company. After a few hours, we were on as familiar terms as though we had been acquainted for years. I met her again some days later at Les Deux-Ponts. She confided to me that she had had a lover whom she had loved dearly; that he had behaved ill; that circumstances had separated them; that she no longer loved anybody or anything; that this was a sad plight, but that we must order our lives; that her sole interest lay in the education of her children, and in showing respect for her husband,[111] who was a good enough creature, but incapable of inspiring any respect by his own qualities. I offered myself in all sincerity; I was accepted in a similar spirit, and we agreed that, during the week following, I was to enter upon my new calling, in the huge and ugly castle of Hernsheim, right in the heart of the Palatinate, while the Baron was performing his week of service as Chamberlain to the Elector Palatine. I was given the warmest of welcomes, and, on the first night, made the Baron a cuckold, in the bed in which, for centuries past, the heirs of the house of Dalberg had lain.

The husband returned with his father, and several friends of the same water. I talked politics with some; I drank copiously with the others. I made them expound to me all the genealogical trees of the family: I addressed one and all as Excellency; I assured the old Burgrave that he would live for ever, the Baron that he would one day be a great Palatine Minister, and the Bailiff that the French armies would never again enter the Palatinate. In short, I was brilliantly successful, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Baroness's choice declared good and generally approved.

People have a fancy, in foreign countries, for making the most of their possessions. The Baroness took me to a party given by the Electress Palatine at Ockersheim,

where she was by no means loath to display me, as well as a little cream pony which had been sent to her from Mecklenburgh, and which had arrived at the same time as myself. We were both examined with a careful scrutiny.

Four days later I was presented at Schwetzingen, where I was inspected as I had been at Ockersheim.

We returned from there to sup at Mannheim with M. O'Dunn,[142] the French Minister, and I was tempted to behave very badly there. Mademoiselle O'Dunn, a pretty young person, of a coquettish and mocking spirit, sat opposite to me at table and went into fits of laughter whenever she caught my eye. We went for a stroll together after supper: I asked her why she had laughed at me. "I beg your pardon," she said, "seeing that I know you so slightly; but it is because it is too funny and too ridiculous to see you become a lover in Germany. Are you aware that it is an office quite as important as that of Bailiff, and that you will have to appear upon all state occasions?" We teased one another merrily: I offered myself as lover extraordinary, without pretensions, without titles and without rights, but not without desires. Our walk ended, I escorted Mademoiselle home; I went up to her room where we would doubtless have continued moralising for ever, and perhaps have done worse, had not an old servant officiously proposed to light me on my way home. Heaven knows what would have happened, had I gone home in the dark; for Mademoiselle O'Dunn appeared to regard me with the best will in the world.

We set off early the next morning for Hernsheim, and I returned shortly afterwards to my regiment. Madame la Marquise de Chamborant,[143] a fat and foolish woman, whose husband was in command at Sarreguemines, took it into her head to perform a tragedy in society, and to make me take part in it.

As soon as she knew one part, I made her study another, persuading her that she would be infinitely better in it. I discovered every day some fresh difficulty in fixing that of the performance. She gave me to understand that, since she could not appear on the stage, she would gladly play some other part with myself. She was a very worthy woman whom her husband often punished with a hundred blows without any reason, and to whom, had there been the slightest occasion, he would have given a thousand. I felt myself bound to tell her frankly that I was not suited to her, and that what she required was, in every respect, a lover more stalwart than myself. She was not annoyed, thanked me, embraced me, and we continued to live on the best of terms together.

I went back to Paris, and my return to court was quite as brilliant as my departure had been. A race for French horses, which mine, ridden by a boy, won, brought me to the height of fashion.[141] The Queen appeared most anxious to see a race, and a great number were arranged for the following spring. I went to Fontainebleau, where the favour shown me began to have the publicity which has won me so many enemies since.

M. de Vergennes had entirely broken off the treaty with Russia, and, albeit she was offended, the Empress could not abandon it without regret. I became sincerely attached to the Queen, being touched by her kindness and confidence. I was anxious to make her govern a great Empire, to make her play, at twenty, the most brilliant part, which would make her illustrious for all time. I was anxious, in short, that she should become the arbiter of Europe; but the more I longed to cover her with glory, the more it seemed to me that I ought to make straight the road that was to lead her to immortality. I ventured to address myself to the Empress of Russia, and to ask her whether she was

willing to let the Empire of the World pass, after herself, into the hands of a woman. I indicated the means of securing this with ease. All that was required was that a treaty advantageous to France, and for which Russia should have no cause to blush, signed by the Empress, and invested with the necessary formalities, should be placed in the hands of the Queen of France, and that, thus armed, she should have the courage to plead before the King and his Council a cause to which there could be no opposition. I had not been mistaken in relying upon the Empress: she received my proposals with avidity, honoured me with unlimited powers, and gave me no other instructions than that I was to ally through the Queen, at all costs, her Empire to ours. The Queen listened to me not without astonishment. The development of so vast a plan impressed her. She asked me to give her time for reflexion, and I saw that all was lost. There was, however, nothing that I would not rather have risked than to have the slightest cause for reproaching myself with negligence or impatience, and so I waited.

I appeared, meanwhile, to have risen to the highest pinnacle of favour. The Queen felt that she could not do too much for a man who wished to do so much for her. Perhaps indeed she was yielding as much to a personal fancy (inspired more by the strangeness of my life than by any other motive) as to what she felt to be her duty towards me. She rarely went out without me, would not allow me to leave the court, which was then at Fontainebleau, always made a place for me by her side at the tables, talked to me incessantly, came every evening to Madame de Guéménée's, and showed resentment if the party there was large enough to interfere with the attention which she almost invariably devoted to myself. It was impossible that such conduct should not be remarked; however, as my manner was not familiar, as I was not an intriguer,

as I never asked for anything either for myself or for anyone else, the greedy swarm of courtiers, before declaring themselves for or against me, sought whether they could not derive some advantage from my influence.

Madame la Princesse de Lamballe,[145] Superintendent of the Queen's Household, and her intimate friend at the time, came to Fontainebleau, gave a supper to the people whom the Queen treated with most favour, and did not invite me. The Queen bade me be there. I knew Madame de Lamballe too well to take this command seriously, and did not go. The Queen took me to her the next day, and said, in presenting me to her: "I ask you to love as a brother, the man whom I love best in the world, and to whom I owe most: let your confidence in him be as unbounded as my own." Madame de Lamballe was entitled to regard this presentation as the most important of confidences, and to suppose me to be infinitely dearer to the Queen than I really was. Her behaviour towards me conformed to this idea, and it was not long before our intimacy became noticed.

About this time M. le Chevalier de Luxembourg, to whom the Queen had at one time shown favour, and who was still a sort of favourite of M. le Comte d'Artois,[146] asked her for a private audience in order to lay before her the plan he had devised for setting M. le Comte d'Artois upon the throne of Poland. The Queen listened with embarrassment and dismay, and replied coldly that she did not wish to meddle in any way with affairs of state. She sent for me and repeated to me the conversation that she had had with him: I seized the opportunity to press her strongly to make a statement about the Russian Treaty, and saw with unspeakable grief how far this was beyond either her courage or her power; she showed such alarm and so little strength of character, that for the future I could rely upon her no more.

The Queen felt however that she ought to take an interest in my career, and, a few days later, suggested to me, at Madame de Guéménée's, that she should obtain for me, from the King, the reversion of M. le Duc de Villeroy's command of the bodyguard. I thanked her, and replied that upon no consideration would I accept a post at court; she asked me why. "Because, Madame," I replied, "I wish to be at liberty to retire from the court when I cease to be treated well there, when Your Majesty no longer shows the same kindness for me." "Your pretext is outrageous," she said sharply; "do you say this to me?" "Yes, Madame, I know the unfailing force of intrigue; I must expect to become its victim, to see the Queen withhold from me both her confidence and the protection with which she honours me, and I do not wish that any favour, any benefit, any reward for my services may ever give my enemies an excuse for saying that I have been ungrateful!" This conversation was interrupted but was resumed shortly afterwards before the end of the week.

Madame la Princesse de Bouillon[117] reproached me at Madame de Guéménée's with being gloomy and preoccupied, and told me, with a smile, that I was nursing a great passion in my heart. "If that is so," I jestingly replied, "it is an unhappy one; for you must admit that I rarely set eyes upon its object." "That is not what people are saying," replied Madame de Bouillon, "and I am assured that you are very kindly received." "At least, tell me the name of my passion, it is only fair that I too should know it." "It is too exalted a personage for me to venture to name her; there are, however, so few people in the room that I do not mind admitting to you that it is the Queen." Madame de Guéménée blushed and became embarrassed. "Then," I remarked in the coldest tone possible, "she must be informed of the good news, and

I shall go at once and tell her, without, of course, mentioning any names;" with this I gazed sternly at Madame de Bouillon, who seemed to me to be utterly disconcerted, and left the room.

I went to the Queen's apartments and met her on her way to Benediction: I begged her to grant me half-an-hour's audience after Benediction. She told me to wait, took me into her cabinet as soon as she returned, and said: "What is the news?" "I have felt it my duty to inform Your Majesty that people have ventured to misinterpret my unbounded attachment to her person, and have carried their audacity so far as to condemn the favour with which she honours me. I venture to implore her to modify the most striking proof of that favour, and to permit me to present myself less frequently before her." "You think so?" she replied with heat; "am I to give way to insolent gossip which I have never had any reason to fear? And could I be excused if I sacrificed to it the man upon whom, of all the men in the world, I most rely, and whose attachment is most necessary to me?" "Yes, your Majesty must, and I can expect nothing else; terrible as it is for me to forego the pleasure of consecrating to her my service and my life, I must make up my mind to do so, take advantage, since circumstances so require, of the asylum that is offered me by a great Princess, and flee from the persecutions that are being prepared for me everywhere in my native land." "You think then that I shall not defend you?" "I make bold to implore Your Majesty, I make bold indeed to demand, as the sole reward of my absolute devotion, that she shall not compromise herself in supporting me; I am sufficient for my own defence." "What! You wish me to be so cowardly. . . . No, M. de Lauzun, our cause is indivisible, they shall not destroy you without destroying me!" "Oh, Madame, can the private interests of a subject be compared to

the great interests of the Queen?" "Of such a subject as yourself, Lauzun? Do not forsake me, I beg of you. What will become of me, if you forsake me?" Her eyes were filled with tears. Touched myself to the bottom of my heart, I threw myself at her feet: "Oh that I could repay such kindness with my life! So generous a sensibility!" She gave me her hand, I kissed it many times with ardour, without changing my posture. She bent over me with great tenderness; she was in my arms when I rose, I pressed her to my heart, which was throbbing violently; she blushed; but I could see no anger in her eyes.

"Well!" she went on, drawing back a little, "am I to obtain nothing?" "Do you think so?" I retorted hotly, "am I my own master? Are not you everything to me? It is you alone whom I wish to serve, you are my only Sovereign! Yes!" I continued more sadly, "you are my Queen, you are the Queen of France!" Her eyes seemed to be asking me to give her yet another title, I was tempted to enjoy the good fortune which appeared to be offered me. Two reasons restrained me; I have never cared to owe the surrender of a woman to a moment of which she might afterwards repent, and I could not have borne the thought that Madame Czartoryska might suppose herself sacrificed to my ambition; I therefore recovered myself fairly promptly: "I shall not take any step," I said gravely, "without Your Majesty's orders; she shall dispose of my fate." "Go," she said to me; "this conversation has lasted long enough, and has perhaps been too widely remarked already." I made a profound reverence, and withdrew. Closeted in my own room, all the dangers that I had just been incurring presented themselves to my mind, and, although my conduct had been highly imprudent, I thought myself fortunate that it had been no worse. The Queen had been neither courageous nor discreet. The King's Minister's

were no longer unaware of the part that I had intended her to play, and were seeking zealously to collect sufficient evidence to have me sent to the Bastille, and to treat me as a state criminal.

I received, during the same week, a reply from the Empress of Russia, who, without entering into great detail as to the negotiations that had been begun, spoke of them as of a matter to which she no longer gave any thought; she made me the most tempting proposals to enter her service. I wrote to the Queen, asking her to hear me at Madame de Guéménée's, and in that lady's presence. She came there that evening. I did not conceal from her that in France I might be arrested at any moment, and that in Russia I was offered the most exalted position to which any subject might aspire: she repeated several times: "The Empress of Russia is very fortunate, and I am very unfortunate;" she then added: "M. de Lauzun, you are lost to us, I have long foreseen it." "Madame," I replied, "as I have already had the honour of saying more than once to Your Majesty, so long as I retain the good opinion and esteem with which Your Majesty honours me, nothing can alarm me; I am afraid of nothing. I shall not leave France like a criminal, I shall not leave the King's service without his permission, and he will not condemn me unheard. If I am attacked, my papers are in a safe place, and my correspondence with his Ministers will justify my conduct. I shall then be free to transfer my services to the Powers that do not disdain them." "They will not attack you, M. de Lauzun; they will not dare; people know that it is the same as attacking myself, and I am very glad that they should know it; but what answer will you send to Russia?" "I shall accept, Madame, the Empress's offers, on condition that I do not place myself at her disposal until I can leave France in a befitting manner; not for six months, shall I say?"

"Give me a year; that will be time enough; I hope that I shall find some way of keeping you; there is already one way of attaching you to my person; do not refuse it. M. de Tessé[148] will shortly be resigning his post, and I could make an arrangement that would be agreeable to him; would you not like to be Master of my Horse?" "Overpowered by so much kindness, I am fully conscious of its value without being able to profit by it. Would not this choice seem to justify the insolent remarks that have already been made; and Your Majesty must not be offended if I venture to repeat to her that I never wish to receive any benefactions the inevitable result of which would be first of all to make my disinterestedness suspect and afterwards to make me be accused of ingratitude. I shall wait for one year, since the Queen desires it, but without disguising from myself the impossibility of remaining in the service of France. This period moreover will perhaps be more than sufficient to enable Your Majesty to see me depart without feeling any resentment." Tears streamed from her eyes. "You are treating me very harshly, M. de Lauzun," she said to me, "I do not deserve it;" and, turning to Mme. de Guéménée: "Princess, join with me in making your friend promise that he will not abandon me; and if I should have a son," she continued, blushing, "could I remain happy, seeing him brought up by anyone but yourself!" "To serve him, Madame, as faithfully as yourself, would be all that my zeal could perform: I do not feel that I possess the talents necessary for bringing up, for forming the character of a great King." "There are few men like you, and I should certainly not wish him in better hands: the Princess, I am sure, will be of my opinion." "I should be suspect, Madame: Your Majesty is aware that nobody in the world is dearer to me than M. de Lauzun, and I believe him capable of anything; but

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE
AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN

(From the portrait by Drouais (1727-75). Jones Bequest, Victoria and Albert Museum)

[*face* p. 128

it appears to me as difficult as to himself for him to refuse the glorious position that is offered him, to remain in a country where people are so little conscious of his worth."

The conversation continued for some time longer; afterwards the Queen spoke in a whisper to Madame de Guéménée, who came up to me with a smile and murmured: "Are you greatly attached to my white heron plume which was in your hat when you took leave of me; the Queen is dying to have it, will you refuse it to her?" I replied that I should not dare offer it to her, but that I should be very happy if she would receive it from the hands of Madame de Guéménée. I sent a courier to fetch it from Paris, and Madame de Guéménée took it to her the following evening. She wore it the day after, and, when I appeared at her dinner table, asked me what I thought of her headdress; I replied: "Very fine!" "Never," she replied with infinite charm, "have I worn such an ornament, I feel that I possess inestimable treasures!" She would certainly have done better not to mention it, for the Duc de Coigny[149] remarked the plume and her speech and asked from where the plume came; she said with some embarrassment that I had brought it back from my travels for Madame de Guéménée, who had given it to her. The Duc de Coigny spoke of it during the evening to Madame de Guéménée with considerable temper, told her that nothing could be more ridiculous or more indecent than my behaviour with the Queen, that it was unheard of to play the lover so in public, and incredible that she should appear not to mind. He was none too well received, and began to think of ways of getting rid of me.[150]

My intention, and it was the wisest course, was to spend a great part of the winter in Italy; but the Queen would never agree to such a plan; and so as

to absent myself for some days at least from the court, towards the end of the residence at Fontainebleau, I paid a visit to Chanteloup, where I found them all greatly taken up with the favour that I was enjoying. Madame la Duchesse de Gramont in particular was founding the highest hopes upon my influence with the Queen. She was not long in speaking to me on the subject, and saying that the fancy which the Queen had for me made everything easy for me with her. I told her that she treated me with distinction, it was true, but that laying claim to no influence, and being determined never to ask for anything, I could not judge what the extent of my influence was. Madame de Gramont replied that she did not wish to press me to confide my secret to her, if that was not my intention, but that nobody could doubt that the Queen's fancy for me would have the consequences which it must naturally have, or that I was her lover; accordingly, she did not offer me the insult of supposing that I would not make every effort to bring the Duc de Choiseul back at the head of the Ministry. I assured Madame de Gramont that she could not have more misjudged the nature of my connexion with the Queen; that it was by no means within my power to intrigue or to offer her advice; and that, even if I had an influence over her which I had not, I was too deeply attached to her ever to lead her to interfere with the King's Ministry; that everyone knew how devoted I was to M. le Duc de Choiseul; and that, even were it in my power, I felt that I should be doing him a very ill service in placing him at the head of affairs. "And why?" replied Madame de Gramont, with great vivacity. Because, I explained to her, M. le Duc de Choiseul could only suffer by it; that the object of the most ambitious men could be merely to combine a great reputation and general respect with high office and a considerable fortune; that it appeared to me

that M. de Choiseul had nothing more to wish for in any of these respects; there was no Minister in Europe who had enjoyed so vast a reputation and such wide respect; that he was perhaps the only person who had seen the Prince who had banished him abandoned by his own courtiers for his sake; that were he to become Minister again, he would perhaps be made responsible for unfortunate events brought about by the mistakes of his predecessors. M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul were of my opinion; but Madame de Gramont continued to repeat angrily that everyone who cared for M. de Choiseul ought to wish to see him once again governing a great realm, and increasing his fortune in every way. I would not let myself be persuaded; notwithstanding his devotion to the Queen, I could not blind myself to all the inconvenience that must accrue to her from a M. de Choiseul dominated by so imperious a woman as his sister. They continued to treat me very kindly at Chanteloup, where I remained for some days longer; but Madame de Gramont vowed me an undying hatred.

I returned to Paris, and nothing astonished me more than to find at my door a note from my Lady Harland informing me that she was in Paris and would be charmed to see me. Sir Robert Harland, newly arrived from London, was come to spend a few weeks in France in order to see his son,[151] who was at school in Paris. My behaviour towards Marianne was so circumspect that her poor Ladyship recovered all her confidence in myself, and allowed us plentiful opportunities for conversation.

Marianne, as great a coquette and as amusing as ever, admitted that during my absence she had scarcely given me a thought, and had been more occupied in finding a husband to her liking than a lover; but, in truth, she said, she could not find words to express her pleasure at seeing me again, and how I gained in

comparison with everyone who had sought to win her favour. Miss Harland, who could not endure life in England and was unhappy at home, obtained leave from her father to spend some years in Paris in a convent, and chose that of the Assumption. As soon as she was installed there, her parents returned home, and on this occasion Marianne parted from me with the most genuine grief.

I had always been tenderly attached to Fanny, who had constantly shown so friendly and active an interest in my affairs; I was much taken up with her. I saw her frequently, and the unhappy Fanny, who had a quick head and a tender heart, and had taken a fancy to me from the first, now took so strong a fancy to me that I was as much embarrassed by it as pained. With any other girl as pretty and charming as Fanny I would have satisfied without attempting to repress the desires that she aroused in me; but, when I had been honourable enough to refuse to ruin Marianne, could I have been forgiven for ruining Fanny, who loved me in far better faith? And so I took the course of making my visits much less frequent, and saw that it was necessary to suppress them altogether. Fanny wrote to me, lamented her plight without offering me any reproach, and contented herself with informing me that in doing an honourable action I was making her extremely wretched, after which she kept the most profound silence.

The Queen had for some time shown a strong liking for the Comtesse Jules de Polignac.[152] A pretty face, a sweet and natural air strengthened this liking daily. It was to her that M. le Duc de Coigny turned to form a party against myself. Madame de Gramont hastened to join the band, and established in this group as her representative the Baron de Besenval,[153] who had formerly been attached to M. le Duc de Choiseul, and had been very kindly treated by the

Queen. The Baron attempted to quiz me; but a bad tone and a want of restraint are a great disadvantage at court. Comtesse Jules made a similar attempt, but with great gallantry, courtesy, and never a trace of ill humour. I very soon tired her of it.

I was still as greatly in favour as before. The Queen confided everything in me, and would scarcely ever allow me to leave Versailles. My behaviour was most circumspect; it was only with an extreme reserve that I allowed myself to give way to a preference which might be remarked. The Queen on the contrary seemed to be making a boast as well of the favour with which she honoured me as of the influence that I had over her. People again began to talk, and it was openly said at court that I was or was about to become the Queen's lover. Madame de Guéménée, who saw us together incessantly, was more convinced of this than anybody, and her extreme indulgence towards myself made her regard the Queen as fortunate in giving herself to a man whose detachment and disinterestedness could lead her only to what was worthy of her.

The Queen indeed showed the most tender affection for Madame de Guéménée and an unbounded confidence in her. She seemed at every moment to be anxious to confide some secret to her and to stop short with embarrassment. She spoke to her incessantly of myself with an interest and enjoyment which she made no attempt to conceal. Many people came to me seeking my protection and support. I received them politely, and assured them that I had no influence, and did not give myself the air of protecting anyone. M. le Comte d'Artois, a certain thermometer of the degree of the Queen's favour, was not content with treating me with the greatest distinction; he positively showed a respect for me, could not get on without me, and was so anxious to have me with him that it became most annoying and often unendurable.

The Queen liked to gamble, and knew that this was displeasing to the King. This obliged her to make some secret of her play, and to select from a very small number of people upon whose discretion she could rely. I represented to her that this was most unwise, and gave rise to gossip that was positively harmful to her. I exhorted her to play in the Royal apartments a game which she could play with anybody, and in front of anybody, adding that, at Madame de Guéménée's, she might do what she chose. This, and the advice that she should pay more attention to the King, are all that I have ever given her. She received them with that grace and that affectionate regard which accompanied all her behaviour towards me.

As I did not wish to appear to be paying court to her alone, I would quite often go hunting with the King; an exercise which bored me to death, as she very well knew. And so she never failed to ride with the hunt on those days, or to drive out in search of the party. The King always sent me to her and told me to stay by her side. He appeared to approve of this attitude towards me, and deserves all the more credit, in that the remarks that were being made in public had come to his ears; he had not been content with replying coldly to such as had ventured to repeat them to him, but from that moment had begun to treat me infinitely better, and to behave as handsomely to me as his nature allowed. He heard one day, during the winter, that M. le Comte d'Artois had ridden out that morning very early; he was greatly disturbed by this, and feared that he might have had some quarrel. They told him that I was with him, and he greatly astonished the people who were in his presence by saying quite calmly: " If M. de Lauzun is with him, I am not alarmed; he will not allow him to do anything foolish, and he would have warned the

Queen had he expected any action which he himself could not prevent."

Such was my position at the beginning of 1776. The reader will see presently the intrigues and vexations of all sorts that followed my rise to favour, and accompanied it for about a year before finishing it altogether.

At the end of 1775 I met at the play my Lady Barrymore,[154] one of my oldest acquaintances in England, although as it happened I had seen very little of her on the different visits that I had paid to that country. She was good-looking, full of wit and charm: I knew that she had a reputation for being impulsive: she appealed to me, and could not be dangerous for me. I went to see her many times. The Vicomte de Pons[155] had established himself in her house, where he gave himself airs of possession which appeared to be not without foundation. I have never cared to take another man's leavings, and I was prepared to withdraw, when M. de Saint-Blancard,[156] my cousin, told me that Lady Barrymore was charming; that I must not allow M. de Pons to boast of a conquest that he had not won, and ought either to make certain of his rights or to make her dismiss him.

This was not at all my habit. However, as she appealed to me, and, so far from any awkwardness, the publicity of our intrigue might have certain advantages, at a moment when the comment upon my attachment to the Queen was becoming too loud; I determined to ask Lady Barrymore what were her relations with the Vicomte de Pons. She swore to me that there was nothing between them. I offered myself: "And the Queen?" she said with a laugh; I told her how absurd and unfounded was anything that she might suppose in that direction.

"Listen," she said to me, "I am prettier than the Queen, and still too young to serve as a cloak for anyone else." I had some difficulty in persuading her

that I had never dreamed of making her play any such part; she believed me in the end, as a proof of it applied her lips to mine, and did not postpone my happiness until another occasion; indicated, next day, to M. de Pons that he was free to continue to come to her house as a friend, but that her fondness for myself did not allow her to let him show himself there with any pretensions; and, in less than twenty-four hours, I had a mistress more authentically than it had ever been my lot to have one before.

This made me none too popular at Versailles. Madame de Guéménée was in despair at seeing me tied to a woman's apron-strings, and sought to persuade me that the Queen was greatly distressed. The Queen, indeed, spoke harshly of Lady Barrymore and did not treat her with courtesy when she met her, and, without any great consideration for myself, has always done me the honour of taking an aversion to the women to whom I have been supposed to be attached. I myself, in the meantime, was more in favour than ever, and was going with great regularity to Versailles, since the Queen and M. le Comte d'Artois could not take a step without me. Then the little vexations began: the first of them was as follows.

I had gone to the ball with my Lady Barrymore, who never missed one. I did not know that the Queen was to be there. I met her; she took my arm, talked to me at great length, and this was observed. Some days later, when I was keeping my room, having taken a severe cold, M. d'Esterhazy[137] came to see me, and told me that he had been too good a friend to me, for ten years past, not to warn me that the Queen was displeased with my conduct; that my manner towards her was too sedulous; that I had the appearance of following her about and of being in love with her; that only the other evening, at the ball at the Opera, it had been remarked how greatly I was taken up with

her, and that this had embarrassed her. I asked M. d'Esterhazy what made him suppose so. He replied that M. de Lamballe, to whom the Queen herself had spoken about it, had told him. He implored me not to betray him. "I can make no promise," was my answer; "the Queen owes it to my attachment to herself not to leave me to be informed by a third person, when I have the misfortune to provoke her displeasure." M. d'Esterhazy appeared to me quite disconcerted, and greatly alarmed at seeing me determined to write to the Queen; he dared not protest further, and left me.

I at once wrote to the Queen, and gave her an account of our conversation. She was extremely cold to M. d'Esterhazy, informed me that she had asked him very curtly not to force her to speak, and that I must have seen that what he had told me was plainly nonsense.

A great ball at the Palais-Royal[158] which Madame la Duchesse de Chartres gave for the Queen was, I think, the occasion of Lady Barrymore's first infidelity to me, which was followed by many others. From the Palais-Royal we went to look on at the Opera ball. Lady Barrymore went up to the Duc de Chartres's[159] box with M. le Comte d'Artois, and heaven only knows what happened there. M. le Duc de Chartres, who knew of my relations with Lady Barrymore, told me about it the next day. I mentioned it to her; she replied with an air of veracity that it was true that she had gone upstairs with M. le Comte d'Artois, to have a better view of the ball, that this might have been foolish, might have been scarcely proper, but that there had been no question of anything else, and that she had come down again after a few minutes. I am not suspicious by nature: I was not jealous; I believed her. I discovered in her daily more wit and charm, and she was capable of method, application and serious thought.

I attached myself to her, I was on the point of falling in love with her; but her frivolity, her obstinacy, her absolute want of principles, restrained me: I had, however, no fault to find with her conduct, until one of M. le Comte d'Artois' servants, who had been for a long time one of mine and had been greatly devoted to me, thought to do me a service, and to prevent vexatious consequences, by informing me that M. le Comte d'Artois was enjoying my Lady Barrymore as well as myself, and furnished me with proofs. Shocked at her infidelity, I began to reproach her; she listened to me with a calm which left me speechless. "I do not deny it," she said, "and in truth, I would have told you, had I not feared your hot and sudden temper." I decided to break with her altogether. "Lauzun," she said, "you do wrong to leave me. I like you, you suit me, I am very fond of you, but my freedom is dearer to me than you. I will not sacrifice it to you. I will not allow my lover to be a jealous, interfering, bullying husband, teasing me about my fidelity; I care little for M. le Comte d'Artois; I would give him up without regret, but I do not intend to make sacrifices, let me tell you. I shall keep him without making any ado about him, and I am very far from feeling for him the sentiments that you have inspired in me. Look," she went on, pointing to a portfolio upon the table, "there are all his letters, take them, keep them, do with them what you please; I swear to you, that I shall never make any such use of yours." I was astonished, and made no reply. She continued: "Do not let us quarrel, Lauzun, over so small a matter; the attentions of the King's brother amuse me, flatter my self-esteem, perhaps, and my vanity, what would you have? It is a child's plaything that I do not wish to have snatched from me. But this need not prevent you from finding in me always the most tender devotion, the most genuine interest.

My inclination draws me to you, I have the highest opinion of you, I promise you that you shall never be bothered by my little Prince, that he shall never have a single one of those moments which I have such pleasure in bestowing upon you. I have never taken so true, so keen an interest in anyone as in yourself; I have no wish to be your slave, I should be very sorry were I no longer your mistress."

As she spoke these words, my Lady Barrymore, carelessly reclining upon an ottoman, fairer than the dawn, only partly dressed, aroused desires in me, as she was well aware; passing her arms round my neck she drew me down towards her, and I was soon intoxicated with pleasure. "You find me intelligent," she said, as she showered upon me the most passionate caresses; "you are far more so. I feel that I should be a great deal happier if you converted me, if you won me over to your principles; but I dare not hope for such a thing." The reader can easily imagine that we came to an understanding.

As to M. le Comte d'Artois, she kept her word; I never found him with her. Her conduct was what she had told me that it would be: she was not exacting; and every moment that I could spare from Versailles she desired me to spend on herself, with an infinite grace, and I went to her almost every night. The assignations that she gave M. le Comte d'Artois did not disturb me. In one of the coldest winters that I have ever seen in Paris, she amused herself by making him wait four or five hours in his cabriolet, in the middle of the Place Louis-Quinze, and I did not leave her a moment before my time. As a rule I was not aware of this, and when I appeared to suspect it, she would do everything in her power to make me stay longer: and so the poor Prince began coughing in the most terrible fashion. He knew quite well that he was indebted to me for

his treatment; only he never imagined that I was in the secret.

At the beginning of 1776, M. de Saint-Germain[160] decided to reduce all the legions at the moment when it was supposed that he was about to add prodigiously to their strength. The Queen heard of this before it was made public, and came to Madame de Guéménée's greatly embarrassed to know how she should convey the news to me. I could see that something was tormenting her ; but I did not know what it was. The Duc d'Harcourt[161] came in. "I congratulate you," he said to me in the course of conversation; "for it appears certain that M. de Saint-Germain is going to increase the strength of the legions, and raise them to two thousand men." The Queen uttered a cry and left the room. Madame de Guéménée, greatly alarmed, followed her. "I am in despair," she said to her; "you heard what was said about the legions ? Very well, they are being reduced. Your friend will be furious, and nothing can prevent him from leaving us." "He is indeed," said Madame de Guéménée, "greatly attached to his legion ; but if anything could hold him back it would be the interest that your Majesty deigns to take in him, and to learn the news from her lips." She summoned me. "Am I not wretched enough!" the Queen said to me. "The legions are reduced." "This event, Madame," I replied, "will give me back my liberty. I hope that the Queen will not allow the old and gallant officers of the Royal Legion to be harshly treated." She interrupted me. "They are to have excellent pensions; I have already seen to that. And you, what will you do ?" "I, Madame ? If I continue to serve, it will not be in France." "And so," said she, "it has been left to M. de Saint-Germain to rob us of the man upon whom I most relied." I could see the tears in her eyes, and was touched by them. "No," I said to her, "my

attachment will never be dependent upon events; you shall dispose once again of my lot: it is no longer the King that I serve, it is the Queen; let her judge whether I am anxious to leave her service!" She gave me her hand without answering me. I kissed it again and again with ardour. She said to Madame de Guéménée, with her eyes upon myself: "I entered your house wretched, and leave it happy;" and away she went.

M. de Saint-Germain attended her orders, and told her that he had never had any intention of depriving me of the means of serving with distinction, by reducing the Royal Legion; that he was anxious, on the contrary, that I should benefit by the change, and that he was proposing to the King to give me a corps of 1,200 mounted chasseurs. He sent Baron Wimpfen,[162] in whom he had full confidence, orders to announce this to me, and to give me his word for it, assuring me that all that would happen was that I should retain the Royal Legion under another name and considerably strengthened. I had no complaint to make, and the Queen was highly pleased.

About a fortnight later, M. de Saint-Germain sent Baron Wimpfen to me again to tell me that, the corps of 1,200 mounted chasseurs which he had intended to raise having come to nothing, he had made an arrangement by which M. de Schomberg was to surrender to me the command of his foreign regiment of dragoons.[163] This arrangement was made, except that nothing had been said about it to M. de Schomberg, who, as was natural, refused to listen to a single word.

M. de Saint-Germain was the first to announce this to the Queen, with evidence of a desire to treat me very well. He said that some way out of the difficulty would be found; he was quite certain that M. de Chamborant would retire with pleasure from

his regiment of hussars; whatever conditions he made, they must be granted, and his regiment given to me. M. de Saint-Germain advised me to convey in person to M. de Chamborant, at Sarreguemines, a most advantageous offer, and to try to bring his resignation back with me; which, he said, would be quite easy. This charmed the Queen; she liked the hussars, and nothing could have pleased her more than to see me in command of a Hungarian regiment.

I repaired to Sarreguemines with the greatest promptitude. So far from accepting conditions which were far beyond anything that he could have hoped, M. de Chamborant took offence, and replied to M. de Saint-Germain in a letter full of stupid maxims, in which he declared that he would never retire from his regiment. The failure of my negotiation caused great surprise at Versailles. The Queen, charming as ever, gracious in all her actions, gave me, on my arrival, a superb sabre, and was in despair when she heard that I had not secured Chamborant's regiment. She then decided to ask the King to approve of the Emperor's giving him a Hungarian Noble Guard, the command of which she intended for myself. I pointed out to her that, flattering as this honour might be, I should be obliged to refuse it, since its drawbacks were fully as great as those of an appointment in her household. I said nothing more about my military career, and several months went by without any further activity in the matter.

The affair of Comte de Guines attracted everyone's attention; this is what happened, and the part that I had in the business. Madame de Guéménée was giving a ball for the Queen every Saturday during carnival. Her guests danced in two of the rooms, and played in the rest. This was the time when the most terrible rhymes and songs were being made about the Queen. Fortunately, I had not yet been named;

but the comments upon the favour that was shown me became more disturbing every day, and I could not doubt that my enemies hoped to make use of them to bring about my downfall. I was playing at quinze with M. le Comte d'Artois, M. le Duc de Chartres and two other persons. Madame de Guéménée entered the room with the air of a person who has just received bad news, came up to me, and said: "Finish your game at once, I have something important and urgent to say to you."

I was convinced that the order for my arrest had been issued, and that I was going to be clapped in the Bastille. I rose and followed her. She told me that the Comte de Guines had been recalled from his Embassy in England in the most humiliating fashion; that he was accused of having acted contrary to his instructions, and of having deeply compromised the court of France in regard to the Family Pact.[164] M. de Choiseul, who had taken a strong interest in the Comte de Guines, said that there could be no excuse for him, and that were he his own son, he would ask for no other clemency than an assurance that he would not be brought to trial, and would readily consent to his being sent for a long term to the Bastille.

It seemed impossible to me that the Comte de Guines could have behaved so foolishly, and I decided to serve his interests once again, without expecting any gratitude on his part. The Queen and the Duc de Coigny arrived; and it was decided that she would abandon the Comte de Guines, and would have no hand in the matter whatsoever. I ventured to argue forcibly against such a course, pointing out that the Queen ought not to abandon so light-heartedly a man in whom she had shown so marked an interest. The Duc de Coigny insisted strongly that the Queen should not have any hand in the matter, and I made bold to reply more strongly still. I said that I was

certainly not of the opinion that the Queen ought to plead for pardon for the Comte de Guines; but that I did think that the Queen should obtain for him that he should be heard before being sentenced. I added that, without this favour, it would be impossible for the Queen's most loyal servants to count upon her bounty and interest, and that I could judge from my own feelings the effect that this would have upon the rest. "That is enough," said the Queen, "I am convinced, and have made up my mind. I shall follow M. de Lauzun's advice; yes," she repeated in a charming fashion, "I shall gladly do what you consider proper in this affair." She went into the ball-room. Madame de Guéménée had come round to my opinion from the start of the conversation; but the Duc de Coigny left us, mortally offended.

The Comte de Guines returned from London; he obtained a hearing, and was acquitted of the extreme charge. The Queen prevailed upon the King to write to him saying that he was satisfied with his conduct and would raise him to a Dukedom. She sent for him for the first time (for he had never waited upon her until then), about nine o'clock in the morning, to announce this good news to him, and hand him the King's warrant; she said to him: "Be off with this, without losing a moment, to M. de Lauzun, for you owe your good fortune to him more than to anybody. Ask him, at the same time, to come at once to me."

I had been gambling half the night and was still in bed. M. de Guines made them wake me, and showed me the liveliest gratitude. I dressed in haste, and went to the Queen. "Well," she said to me, "are you satisfied, and have I followed your advice?" "How can I not be enchanted," I replied, "to see you just and beneficent!" "Will you employ me," she continued, "always for other people? and shall I never be permitted to do anything for you?" "No,

Madame; you know my profession of faith; I adhere to it more strongly than ever." "Strange pride! It tries my patience, I am more vexed than ever; extraordinary creature!" And she left the room.

Spring came and brought with it the races; I had a number of horses entered, which the Queen always backed, although in society this was not approved. At the beginning of April, I matched a horse against one belonging to M. le Duc de Chartres, for a very considerable sum, far too much no doubt. The Queen was greatly interested, came to the course, and a moment before the start, said to me: "I am so afraid, that if you lose, I think I shall burst into tears." This was overheard and condemned. My horse won with great ease, and the crowd, who preferred me to the Duc de Chartres, cheered me loud and long: the Queen appeared to be transported with joy. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her from acquiring racehorses, and from riding in the English fashion. This was, I believe, the severest test of my influence over her.

A few days later, when we were out hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, the Queen observed a very neat horse carrying an English groom who was following me, and to whom she often spoke; she asked him whether the horse was quiet, and suited to a lady. The groom replied that he knew no better or nicer horse. The Queen said to me that she would like to have it. I whispered to her teasingly, that I would not give her the horse; she called my groom, bade him change to one of her own horses, and said to me: "Since you will not give it to me, I am taking it." The Duc de Coigny drew near us in time to overhear these last words, which "scandalised him prodigiously" —to borrow his own expression.

My sun appeared now to have reached its zenith, whereas it was presently about to set. The King was

beginning also to treat me with great kindness, when M. de Saint-Germain, who had failed to keep one after another of his promises to me, offered me finally the command of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons which at that time was considered the worst and most insubordinate in the service. I refused coldly and without resentment.

The King sent for me to Marly, spoke to me still with a kindness and interest by which it was impossible for me not to be moved; he requested me to take command of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons, promised to make me a gift of the first foreign regiment of horse or foot that should fall vacant or be created, and said, as he left me, to M. de Saint-Germain: "Everything is settled, Lauzun is taking the Royal Regiment." M. de Saint-Germain promised to allow me to choose my station, to do everything that I might think proper, and added that, although the price of this regiment was 40,000 crowns, the King would give it to me without payment.

Towards the end of that week, the Queen heard at Marly that Madame de Lamballe, still her dearest friend, was sick of the measles at Plombières. She was greatly distressed by this, and thought that they were concealing from her her friend's dangerous condition. Nothing could reassure her: I offered to go to Plombières before joining my regiment, and to send her a more exact report. She accepted gratefully, spent the following day writing, and gave me a large packet in which she told me that she had said a great deal about myself. I set off at once, and arrived at Plombières, where I found Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, who, convinced that I must be in higher favour than ever, made me the most marked advances of every sort and did everything in her power to discover whether my visit had not some secret purpose.

Madame de Lamballe, who was doing well, wrote

with her own hand to the Queen, to whom I sent her letter by a courier, and I set off for Sarreguemines, where I was to assist in the disbandment of the Royal Legion, before joining the Royal Regiment. I could not part from those brave fellows, upon whose devotion I could so entirely depend, without the greatest distress. Our parting was truly touching.

I repaired to Sarre-Louis, where my new regiment was quartered, and was greatly astonished, on my arrival, to learn that M. le Comte de Saint-Germain, in addition to all his previous treatment of me, was making me pay 40,000 crowns for the regiment which he had given me for nothing. The Royal Regiment, which had been neglected by its commanding officers for thirty years, and was a stranger to any form of discipline, saw me arrive with an extreme alarm; but we were soon upon the best of terms together; I have never seen in any corps a better spirit, nor so great an anxiety to do good service.

I cannot pass in silence over a rather amusing adventure which befell me while I was stationed at Sarre-Louis. There was, half a league from the town, a chapter of canonesses called Loutre. The Abbess was a lady of quality from Germany, and her chapter was on the whole select. It included a number of pretty young people. Among them was a tall and handsome Mademoiselle de Surin whom the most graceful innocence rendered charming. There was no other society; I went frequently to the chapter, and Mademoiselle de Surin appealed to me more every day. She showed a marked preference for myself, which in any other girl I should have regarded as deliberate provocation; at table her knee often came in contact with mine; she kept treading upon my foot at every moment, and, whenever we were alone for a little, would kiss me in the most affectionate manner. I was greatly tempted to make the most of my oppor-

tunity. I was held back by the manner in which the Abbess, Madame de Warstensleben, continually spoke to me of Mademoiselle de Surin's innocence and the purity of her heart. I felt that it would be horrible in me to take advantage of the inexperience of a young lady of quality, and to imperil her honour. I continued therefore to use the same circumspection: I yielded without scruple to the allurements of a little Madame Dupresle, with a husband in Luxembourg, who was plain, but pleasant and gay. I learned in the month of October, as I was leaving Sarre-Louis, that five or six officers of my regiment had enjoyed this innocent Mademoiselle de Surin, and that she had not been afraid to leave the proof of this in their hands in the form of letters that could have but one meaning.

I received at Sarre-Louis a courier from Madame de Guéménée, who wrote to me on behalf of the Queen, and informed me that Madame Jules de Polignac had asked the Queen for the reversion of M. de Tessé's place as Master of the Queen's Horse for her husband; that albeit such an arrangement was possible only upon conditions which must certainly be against my interest, the Queen, who regarded herself as pledged to me, was unwilling to terminate this affair without my consent, and without knowing whether I made any objection: I replied, as I was bound, to the Queen and to Madame de Guéménée, that I had never made the slightest claim to the post in question and that I was enchanted that she should dispose of it to her friend's advantage. I did everything in my power to make my letter convey, in plain and cheerful terms, that the arrangement proposed by the Queen did not offend me in any way.

I returned to Paris at the beginning of October. I went the next day to Choisy, where the King was; the Queen received me most kindly, showed great joy at seeing me again, and talked to me aside for

a long time. I left the room, and when I returned to it was in time to hear the Duc de Coigny saying: "You have not kept your word: you promised that you would not say much to him, and would treat him like everybody else." It was not difficult for me to guess that he was referring to myself. A minute later, the Queen came up to me to speak to me, and I said to her: "Take care, or you will get another scolding." She was embarrassed, but ended, however, by admitting the fact and joking with me about it.

The imminent prospect of war turned our attention to the need to put our house in order in India. A report had been called for from M. de Bussy,[165] who had spent many years in that country. This was tempting to me. I had my name mentioned to him by M. de Voyer,[166] who had been the most affectionate friend to me for the last ten years, and M. de Bussy was kind enough to wish to have me as his assistant. I told the Queen, who was strongly opposed to the plan, showed intense grief and annoyance, told me that she would never give her consent, and refused flatly to speak of the matter to the King. I had no other resource, for I had never met M. de Maurepas, whom the Queen disliked and had never allowed me to visit.

During the removal to Fontainebleau, I enjoyed the most absurd degree of favour imaginable; for the Queen was fonder of me than ever, was frightened to death of her own circle, who detested me, appeared to be exclusively taken up with myself, when she was not under observation, and, when people were watching her, often dared not utter a word to me, as she would admit with the greatest good humour. I pressed her to allow me to go to India; this would be the solution of all our troubles; she continued to refuse with the same obstinacy. Her circle supposed my influence to be greatly diminished, at which they rejoiced.

There occurred in the month of November a famous race between two horses owned by M. le Comte d'Artois and M. le Duc de Chartres. The Queen wagered against M. le Duc de Chartres and I against M. le Comte d'Artois. He lost, and, as we came away from the course, the Queen said to me: "Oh! Monster! You were bound to win!" She was overheard. This familiar mode of address alarmed people: they were afraid lest they had been mistaken. Their intrigues became more intense. The Queen's circle and that of the Duc de Choiseul, which clung to it from beneath, foresaw their own ruin if they failed to secure mine.

I had at this time considerable debts, and, whatever people may have said about it, this was in no way surprising. Madame de Lauzun had brought me an income of no more than 150,000 livres. I wished her to live in luxury. Each of us expected to inherit a considerable fortune, and the future could cause us no anxiety. My affairs had been badly administered during my minority. My trustees had made impossible bargains on my behalf by which I had suffered enormous losses. Considerable negligence, a far stronger inclination to extravagance than to method, had, in the ten or twelve years since I had entered society, plunged my estate in confusion. I owed about 1,500,000 livres, against a fortune of more than four millions. My creditors were not pressing, and readily consented to wait until I should be able to pay them without inconvenience. I had seen them all on my return from Fontainebleau, when I was in hopes of going to India.

They had all been satisfied with the arrangements that I had proposed to them; and I was as easy in my mind as if I had had no debts, when some officious persons purchased from my creditors the greater part of their claims. They were so anxious to acquire

these titles, that they paid some of my creditors ten per cent. more than was owed them. Writs were served for all of these debts at one time upon the porter at Madame de Luxembourg's house, where I had never lived, and where it was perfectly well known that I was not living. I was then served with a bill for 100,000 livres payable that day se'nnight; it was with this object that the lender had suggested that I should accept liability for that sum, and had fixed the date of payment in the bill.

When all these matters were more or less settled, Madame de Luxembourg sent for me, tried to frighten me, and told me that I had not a farthing left: I replied that this was not true; she was embarrassed by the discovery that I knew more about my affairs than she had supposed. They told me, to frighten me, that my family might have me declared incapable, or even perhaps have me shut up. I assured the Marshal's lady most respectfully that I was afraid of neither of these calamities; she told me that they would come and seize Madame de Lauzun's furniture as security for the 100,000 francs which had to be paid within a week, and that the only recourse left me was to abandon my fortune and person altogether to my family, who would kindly dispose of both. I declined, assuring the Marshal's lady that the 100,000 francs would be paid and that her granddaughter's furniture would not be seized. I bade her good-bye and left her in none too friendly a disposition towards myself.

As for Madame de Lauzun, she was in a plight which nearly made me laugh on more than one occasion, though I was in no laughing mood. She would have liked to appear both responsive and generous, but she did not wish this display to cost her anything or to bind her to any promise. This seriously handicapped all the kind and touching speeches that she meant to make me; and so she decided to seek safety in silence.

I went to see my father, told him what had been happening, and begged him not to take any hand in it, asking him only to inform me, if anyone should suggest to him to have me locked up or declared incapable; this course, which did not compromise him, and would cost him nothing, suited him to perfection.

I went, upon leaving him, to my man of the hundred thousand francs, and reproached him bitterly for his unfriendly action. He agreed, and told me that he had been offered so high a price for the bill payable within a week, that he could not refuse so advantageous a bargain. I did not conceal from him how awkward the consequences of his action had been to myself. He was anxious to repair the damage that he had unintentionally done. He offered very honourably to lend me 100,000 francs for as long a term as I pleased, to enable me to redeem this important bill, an arrangement which was immediately carried out.

I busied myself the next day with assembling all my creditors, whom I found quite prepared to do anything that would be convenient to me, with the exception of those who had recently made themselves my creditors by the purchase of outstanding obligations. They were few in number, and I had, fortunately, enough money to pay them. My plan was to sell my land as soon as possible, to pay my debts, to travel with great economy, and to purchase annuities for myself and Madame de Lauzun, so that she need not in any way diminish her expenditure.

M. de Voyer came to see me, and said with his customary simplicity: "People say that you are ruined beyond remedy: I find it hard to believe; still, it may be so, and this is what I have to suggest. I have an estate which is called La Guerche, four leagues from Les Ormes;[167] the house is quite comfortable, and decently furnished. I offer you the estate and the rental for as long as you may choose to have it: I can

do so without inconvenience to myself. If the price of the estate suits you better, I am offered a million for it, I shall give it to you and you shall make use of it: I do not wish to listen to any details. I have no better head, perhaps, for business than yourself." I was deeply grateful for what M. de Voyer was proposing to do for me. I refused his offer, having no need of it, and assured him that I should apply to him rather than to any of my family. The sacrifice was not great; for none of them asked me whether he could be of any use to me. I was afraid that the King might be put on his guard against me and receive an impression which it would be difficult to destroy; I determined to write to him, and to furnish him with an account of my fortune and of my debts.

I went to Versailles to beg the Queen to convey my letter to the King. She received me with an air of constraint and embarrassment, told me that Madame de Lauzun was greatly to be pitied, and that her conduct was very noble and showed great feeling. I replied that, certainly, I never doubted that Madame de Lauzun would show nobility and feeling on every occasion on which that might be necessary, but that I should never put her to the proof on a matter of money. The Queen inquired, blushing, what she could do for me, and offered me her protection, speaking rather more as a Queen that the occasion demanded. This made me decide to cut short the conversation. I begged pardon for having bothered her with the trivialities of my private affairs. I left her in a state of embarrassment for which I could hardly help feeling sorry.

I waited upon M. de Maurepas,[168] to whom I had never yet spoken. I explained my situation to him in a few words, and begged him to convey my letter to the King. He replied, with great kindness: "There is no time to lose; I am going at once to the King;

wait for me." He returned after a quarter of an hour, and told me that the King had been touched by my confidence in him and had bidden him assure me that I might count upon his protection and his interest, of which he intended to furnish me before long with proofs. M. de Maurepas assured me that, since part of my fortune had been employed in the King's service, His Majesty had decided to give me a considerable sum of money and a good pension. I told him that I should decline to accept either; that I had no need of money, what remained of my fortune being more than sufficient to my ambition. I attended the retirement of His Majesty, who treated me with the greatest courtesy.

I returned to Paris. I learned that M. de Guines had accused me, quite undeservedly, of every misdemeanour that could evoke sympathy for Madame de Lauzun. I allowed myself to make fun of him. He called upon me; he wrote to me, but I treated all his overtures with the contempt that they deserved.

I was far more sorry to hear that M. le Duc de Choiseul, to whose interest my constant attachment had given me a certain claim, was speaking of me in the most shocking fashion. As for Madame la Duchesse de Gramont, she said with moderation that I was a liar and a wretch. I felt that my presence was henceforth superfluous to the society of M. le Duc de Choiseul and of Madame, his sister, and ceased entirely to see them. I was sorry because of Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul, of whom I was tenderly fond and for whom I had nothing but praise; but, having ceased to meet M. le Duc de Choiseul, I could no longer call upon Madame de Choiseul. M. le Duc de Choiseul and Madame de Gramont said that I was an ungrateful wretch. M. le Duc de Choiseul had never done anything for me; I had shown the strongest proofs of attachment to him. He had squandered the fortune

of Madame de Choiseul, which would eventually have come to me; he persecuted me at a time when I was in distress. It was not difficult to decide between us.

The rumour went about that I had squandered the whole of Madame de Lauzun's fortune and sold her diamonds, that I had given notes of hand and obtained credit on the lives of my father, Marshal Biron, Madame de Choiseul and Madame de Luxembourg. It was important for me to prove the falsehood of all these imputations. This was not difficult. I sold my estates to M. le Prince de Guéménée, charging him to pay certain of my creditors, whom this arrangement suited. I sold a number of drafts upon the King, forfeiting half their value. I settled everything within six weeks. I secured a legal separation from Madame de Lauzun, and proved quite clearly that she had never been asked to sign any document in my favour since the day of our marriage.

After depositing the funds necessary to guarantee all the conditions included in our marriage-contract, I was left with an annuity of 80,000 livres drawn from M. de Guéménée, a floating balance of about 500,000 francs, and a decent enough house in which, to tell the truth, I had but a life interest.

I offered to share what I had left with Madame de Lauzun, but she refused. Madame de Luxembourg insisted upon taking her back, would not allow her to keep even the diamonds that I had given her: they were sent back to me, I refused to take them. They were deposited with a lawyer.

The Queen continued to treat me kindly; it was not difficult, however, to see that I had absolutely fallen from favour. People had already taken care to inform her that I had joined M. de Maurepas in intriguing against her. It was true that this Minister had welcomed me in the most friendly manner, and was beginning to repose confidence in me.

Such was my situation at the beginning of 1777. There was nothing to keep me at home, and I had not lost the desire to visit India, although M. de Maurepas tried to make me abandon the plan. I attached myself to M. de Bussy. I revised his reports, which were useful, but not well written. There could be no question of the advantageous nature of his proposal, but the discussion was endless.

Lady Barrymore, whom I had resigned to a mob of lovers, had returned to England. The report of my ruin brought her back to Paris: she sent for me. "Listen," she said, "and do not interrupt me. People say you are ruined. I am wealthy, young, independent, I have come to propose that I share your fate and you dispose of my fortune; I will travel with you, where you please and for as long as you please. Do not be afraid of the fickleness of my character: nothing promises me so much pleasure and happiness as this plan. I wish you to adopt the authority of the most absolute and severe of husbands; I feel certain that I shall never seek to escape from it." I embraced and thanked Lady Barrymore, who was greatly distressed by my refusal.

It was about this time that Madame de Genlis[169] and Madame Potoczka sought to establish in France, upon the remains of a Polish Order, the Order of Perseverance.

I had furnished too many proofs of my romantic nature, and actually in Poland itself, not to be admitted without scrutiny.[170] The statutes of the Order were charming. It became very numerous, very fashionable, very select. Men of distinction, years and intellect made it a point of honour to secure election. A large wooden shed that stood in my garden became the temple of the Order. The Queen, always athirst for novelty, longed to visit it: they tried to keep her away; and, as was natural, her curiosity increased.

She was on the point of sending us a proposal to have our Order acknowledged by the King, and to make him grant us permission to wear, with our uniform, even when in attendance upon his person, the violet riband of our Order. The whole of her circle trembled at the thought of the Queen in an Order of Knighthood of which I was at the head, which seemed to them the greatest of all perils.

Our Grand Master had not been appointed. Our first rule stated that this must be a prince or sovereign of a reigning house, distinguished above the rest by some famous deed. Monsieur, the King's brother, then took upon himself to offer his candidature. It was rejected. We replied that we were making no appointment to this post, though we had no doubt that Monsieur would at once fulfil the conditions prescribed by our rules. Monsieur took offence. People began to make merry at the expense of our Order, it was turned to ridicule, and the Queen thought no more about it.

A young Madame de Faudouas, sister of the Baronne de Crussol,[171] who as yet was credited with no lover beyond M. de Nassau, whom she had lost, began to show an interest in me at our gatherings. A fine skin, good eyes and hair, simplicity rather than wit made her at this time not unattractive. We soon came to an understanding; but it could not last for long. M. de Faudouas was so jealous, she was so imprudent, that, for fear of a scandal which there was no other way of preventing, I was obliged to break with her.

Fanny Harland, as soon as she heard that I was persecuted, ruined, wrote to me: "Come and see me, I have a lover, give me back a friend." I hastened to her side, and Fanny received me with that tender affection which she retained for me to the end of her life. She told me that M. Edouard Dillon[172] was very

much in love with her and that she loved him. I saw Fanny daily; I was sad, worried, surrounded by unpleasantness, and Fanny's attentions charmed away my sorrows and were a great consolation to me. M. Edouard Dillon was very anxious to marry her; he had no fortune. Miss Harland was bound, in any event, to have quite a considerable fortune, and the death of her brother, who was nine or ten years old, might make her one of the greatest matches in England. Marianne had a great influence over Sir Robert Harland, her father, an austere man with whom it was not easy to live. I wrote to Marianne, telling her that she must bring her father and mother to Paris, so that we might decide among us what was to be done to marry Fanny to M. Edouard Dillon. Marianne, who had a heart of gold, and was genuinely fond of her sister, replied that she would do everything that lay in her power, and that she hoped to arrive presently in Paris with the whole family. Lady Harland did come a fortnight later with Marianne; Sir Robert was detained in London upon business.

The good mother made the acquaintance of M. Dillon, who won her favour also; she took him under her wing and wrote to her husband supporting his suit. Marianne wrote to her father, who showed considerably less repugnance to a penniless lover than we had feared. It was impossible to obtain anything from the King to assist M. Dillon's marriage; but M. de Maurepas promised me that he would attend to the matter, and would obtain for him one of the first vacancies that he was qualified to fill. During this time my conduct towards Marianne was the last word in circumspection, and we had nothing to conceal from her lady mother.

Fanny's marriage was well in prospect when I was obliged to join my regiment at Vaucouleurs, the dreariest spot in all Champagne, which is to say in

all the world. A month later, I received a letter from Fanny, who informed me that everything was settled, and that she was to be married, in a few days' time, at Haute-Fontaine. I went to Nancy to ask leave of M. de Stainville, under whose command I then was, to spend a few days at Haute-Fontaine. I arrived there two days after the marriage and found that Fanny had already achieved a triumph with Madame de Roth and Madame Dillon. I did not find her in the best of health; but she seemed happy, and showed the greatest delight at seeing me again. She was to spend the autumn in England; she made me promise to go and join her there in the month of October. Marianne was charming to me; since it was supposed that we were no longer interested in one another, we were allowed plenty of liberty.

One day, when I was riding in the Forest of Compiègne, at some distance from the rest of the party, she said to me: "Lauzun, now that my sister is married, we can talk about ourselves. Do you know that I love you more than ever, and that I believe that I shall always love you?" I shall spare her for whose sake I am continuing these Memoirs the rest of the conversation, which was very long and very tender. I shall say merely that we promised to write to one another with the utmost regularity, and that we never failed to keep our promise. Lady Harland returned to England and I to my regiment.

I was leading a life that was easy enough; quiet rather than pleasant, and suited to myself above all men. M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse de Salles,[173] who lived during the summer on a fine estate a quarter of a league from Vaucouleurs, arrived there. I went, according to the custom, to pay them a formal visit. M. de Gouy, brother to Madame de Salles, was a captain on the unattached list of my regiment. I received the warmest of welcomes.

They gave great dinners, balls and entertainments. Madame de Salles came to return my call on horseback, in a dragoon's uniform, with leather breeches. This was quite enough to disgust me with a woman for ever. It did not however prevent me from enjoying this one, who was neither good-looking nor attractive, and had an appalling manner. I repented at once of my action, and cannot forgive myself even now. Our intimacy became intolerable. I began to seek desperately for some way of breaking it off.

M. de Stainville came to see my regiment, found it already trained according to the new regulations which he had helped to draft, was pleased, urged me to attend the garrison manœuvres at Nancy, an invitation which I accepted. I found at Nancy a number of Englishwomen. One Lady Blower,[174] with whom M. de Liancourt[175] was very much in love, and whose lover he was endeavouring to appear; and a little Mrs. Brown, extremely pretty, like a highly flattering portrait of the Queen, with whom M. de Stainville was greatly taken up; but unfortunately she did not speak a word of French, nor he of English. I was almost the only man in the garrison with whom she was able to converse; this created a close bond between us, and, to provide her with amusement, M. de Stainville would scarcely allow me to stir from Nancy. I fell in love with this charming little lady: but I was prudent and honourable enough to refuse to say anything to her, knowing all the dangers that a French lover might spell for her. She guessed my secret, told me so with a candour the like of which I have scarcely ever seen; she added that she loved me in return. My virtue could hold out no longer; I took advantage of her liking and of her sincerity: we both of us succumbed; but I was so prudent, I kept so close a guard over my conduct, that nobody in the world had the least suspicion of what was afoot. I did not

long enjoy this pleasant intercourse. Poor little Mrs. Brown took a malignant fever of which she died, and left me plunged in the keenest and most genuine grief.

I returned to my regiment. As good luck would have it, Madame de Salles was no longer on her country estate. Madame E. Dillon had left for England in very poor health; she wrote to me fairly often; Marianne wrote by every post without fail. She appeared to have no other pleasure left. Before the end of September, her letters became alarming. She informed me, finally, that her sister was in the greatest danger; that the doctors were beginning to despair of her life, and that I had no time to lose if I wished to see her again. M. de Stainville allowed me to leave at once, and I reached London upon the first of October.

I found there a letter from Madame Edouard, written some time back, in which she expressed an ardent desire to see me before she died, and said that she wished to confide in me important secrets, which could be entrusted to no one else but me. I was to receive, after her death, she told me, a box full of papers which would serve at least to justify her whole life. I was about to start for the county of Suffolk, where Madame Dillon was lying ill in her father's house, when I received a latter from Lady Harland, who informed me that her daughter was better, that the doctors had ordered her the Bristol waters, that the whole family would set out at once and would pick me up in London on their way. I decided therefore to wait for them. Towards the end of the week Edouard wrote to me that the improvement was being maintained, and that within a few days they would both be in London. Two days later, I had a letter from Marianne, announcing the death of her sister.[176] I received at the same time an almost illegible letter from poor Madame Edouard, written on the eve of her death. She was distressed that she had not seen me, and spoke

again of the box that was to be sent to me after her decease.

Marianne told me that they were plunged in the deepeſt sorrow, that they could not bring themselves to remain at Sproughton, and were setting off in search of a friend, whose name she did not mention; on their return, which would be in three weeks' time, she would expect me in Suffolk. I had been tenderly attached to Fanny; I was deeply grieved. London became intolerable to me. I went to spend a couple of months at Bath, where there was scarcely anyone; I lived there in great retirement. I took the opportunity to learn English a little more thoroughly; I took a lodging with an intelligent family who did not speak French: I made some progress.

During my ſtay at Bath, I received some letters from M. de Maurepas, by a special messenger. He told me that there was no longer any thought of M. de Bussy's expedition to India; he asked me to write to him regularly from London. War appeared at that time inevitable between Russia and Turkey. I begged M. de Maurepas to obtain the King's permission for me to go and serve as a volunteer in the Russian army. He replied that he did not think that the Empress would be willing to take French officers in her army; that, if she made an exception in my favour, the King would be charmed; that he would give me the ſtrongeſt letters of recommendation, and would permit me to accept employment, were it offered me.

I wrote to the Empress: I received from her, by return of poſt, the moſt amiable reply. She offered me the command of a corps of light horse, which I accepted. I informed M. de Maurepas of this, and prepared to ſtart for St. Petersburg about the middle of December.

On my return to London, I found that Sir Robert

Harland and his family had arrived two days before me. Edouard came to see me: we went together to dine with his family; they gave me the warmest welcome. I observed that Marianne seemed less at her ease with me than usual. A few days later they left me alone with her, and, with the utmost embarrassment, she asked me to return her letters. I sent them back to her at once; and it was not hard to see that, by his wife's sickbed, Edouard had fallen in love with his sister-in-law, and that he had been led by a touch of jealousy to do everything in his power to keep me away from Sproughton, where he felt that I would have seen too much of Marianne.

I thought only of obtaining the box that Madame E. Dillon had bequeathed to me. Edouard denied all knowledge of it. I plied Madame E. Dillon's maid with questions. She told me that her mistress had given her this box, which was to be delivered to no one but myself; that she had entrusted it to Edouard, who had undertaken to have it conveyed to me. Edouard said that this was not true; that the maid was a senseless creature; and I did not get the box.

I received letters from Madame Dillon in which she referred to poor Madame Edouard as an abominable creature. I was shocked at this, and did not hide my feelings from Madame Dillon, assuring her that I would never allow my friend's memory to be attacked in my hearing.

The news of the defeat of the British Army, under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga,[177] made France decide to support America; and, a few days before my departure for Russia, M. de Maurepas wrote bidding me abandon all thought of going there, since I should presently be employed in the King's service, and bidding me remain in England in the meantime.

One day when I was out riding by myself, in low spirits, on the Richmond road, a woman was carried

past me on a runaway horse, in great alarm, and uttering loud cries. I sprang to the saddle, easily overtook her, and stopped her horse before she could meet with any accident. I invited her to mount my horse, which was quieter than her own: she accepted, and two men of a certain age, with the grooms who were riding some way behind her, joined her after a few minutes.

This woman, who might have been about twenty years old, was one of the most charming persons that I have ever seen. I inquired who she was; she told me that she was called Miss Stanton, and that she was niece to one of the Governors of the East India Company. I met her fairly often at the play, at the Pantheon, at Ranelagh, always with the same two men; she always invited me to take tea with her. I found her abounding in wit and charm. The two men appeared pleasant and intelligent, all three of them always had the appearance of being delighted to see me; she never invited me to call at her house, and I did not choose to ask her permission.

One morning when I was taking the air at an early hour, some miles from Chelsea, there came a heavy shower of rain. A passing carriage drew up; and Miss Stanton, who was alone in it, and had recognised me, offered to take me back to Chelsea, where she told me that she had a house. She was alone, I accepted; I took breakfast with her, and we were undisturbed. She plied me with questions which I answered without evasion; she asked me if I was carrying on an intrigue in London, I replied that I was not; she made me swear that I had no mistress, and then told me that it was only fair that I should know also who she was.

She explained that she was not the niece, but the mistress of the elder of the two men with whom I had seen her; that this man, who was honest and respectable in every sense, had an immense fortune, and that she believed that it rested with her to marry

him. She never saw anybody but himself and his friend, who also was interested in Indian affairs; otherwise she went out when she chose, went where she chose with one of the two, and generally with both; this life, she said, suited her well enough; but ever since the day when I had stopped her horse, she had taken so strong a fancy to myself, that she would not have concealed it from me but for the fear of distressing a man whom she loved and respected. He had left for Ireland a day or two before this with his friend, his business would detain him there for about six weeks: she ceased speaking. I asked her to let me have those six weeks, of which she might dispose without danger. She consented with pleasure, and I may say that I have never spent six weeks more pleasantly, quietly or happily.

Miss Juliet (for this was her real name) was romantic, frank, sensible, occupied solely with the object of her affection. Her education had not been neglected, she spoke French and Italian well, was a good musician, had a charming voice and played well upon various instruments; she was extremely small, and the best idea that I can give of her appearance is that she closely resembled Madame de Champcenetz,[178] when that lady was at her best.

We took the air together every morning, on horseback or in a phaeton, on the most unfrequented roads. We watched the play from private boxes, and went home together afterwards. Barely once a week did I go into society; every day attached me to her more closely.

Our union had lasted for five weeks when one day I found her in deep mourning and in the greatest distress. "What has happened?" I asked her. "I have lost," she told me, "either my lover, or the man whom I regard as my benefactor and my father. Mr. Stanton returns to-morrow; fulfil your destiny, go to the wars, forget me, be happy. I shall long mourn

for you. Do not return here even though I should implore you. I hope to see you again." I could not but feel regret at parting with this amiable creature. I met her two or three times at Ranelagh; she received me in a charming fashion. Mr. Stanton invited me to supper; with a glance she warned me not to accept, and I obeyed. Shortly after this, she went away with Mr. Stanton to an estate which he had purchased in the north of England. I believe that she went back to India with him: she has never written to me.

Living now much more in society than I had since my arrival in England, I began to meet people of all parties who conversed freely before me, and without having to take any trouble I was soon well acquainted with all the public affairs of the time; and I learned many interesting things of which the Marquis de Noailles, our Ambassador, could not have any knowledge. He was intelligent and respected, and, but for the fault of living in too great retirement, I think that he would have been a good Ambassador. I believe that he would have gone far more into society, but for the unimaginable stupidity of his wife, who was a constant source of embarrassment to him, by the incredible things that she used to say and could not be prevented from saying:[179] I cannot refrain from giving an instance.

At a large dinner-party in her own house, all of a sudden she said that she could not conceive why so much was said of the modesty of English women; that there were no women in Europe whose morals were more depraved, and that they spent their time in houses of ill fame. You may imagine the despair and consternation of the Marquis de Noailles. "But, Madame de Noailles, but really . . . just think . . . do you know what you are saying?" She paid no attention, but went on: "Yes, Sir, I am certain of it; and, during the last masked ball, the Duchess of Devon-

shire and my Lady Granby[180] were seen in a house of ill fame near by." The Ambassador nearly died of confusion, and the rest of us of laughter.

Mention of the Ambassadress has prevented me from saying that when I heard things of which I supposed the Marquis de Noailles not to be informed, I told him them, although I was far from intimate with him, and never thought of reporting them to M. de Maurepas.

Chance having put in my hands Lord North's conciliatory Bill with regard to America, long before he read it in Parliament,[181] I went to the Marquis de Noailles to ask whether he had seen it; he assumed the most important, ministerial air, and told me that he had. I knew that this was impossible: I changed the subject. He tried to question me about the Bill, I made no answer, and took my leave of him. I did not write to M. de Vergennes, with whom I had quarrelled; but I dispatched a courier at once to M. de Maurepas. He showed my letter to the King, and the Marquis de Noailles was unable to furnish a report until a fortnight later. This gave the King and all his Ministers the most exalted idea of the manner in which I learned everything that was going on in England. M. de Vergennes wrote to me, begging me to communicate to him my opinions of everything that I might see or hear. I replied with frigid politeness that I had quite given up any interest in politics and no longer held any political opinions. I continued nevertheless to send M. de Voyer and M. de Maurepas various reports upon matters not generally known, in which the French Ambassadors had taken no interest. My correspondence became very full, and began to occupy much of my time. I went less into society. I became bored with living alone: I adopted a girl who had little intelligence, but was pretty, gentle, neat, and suited me to perfection.

Madame de Lauzun did me the honour, about

this time, to send me a note drawn up by her attorney, concerning the possible effect of our judicial separation in the future, when she inherited the estate of one of her relatives, and dealing especially with the precautions that she would have to take so that I should not interfere with her disposal of her fortune. Madame de Lauzun's attorney had apparently no good opinion of myself, and did not conceal this: his language was absurd and insolent. He repeated incessantly: "Madame de Lauzun's attorney does not know why M. de Lauzun should lay claim. . . . Madame de Lauzun's attorney would be astonished if M. de Lauzun, after the way in which he has behaved, should suppose. . . ." I replied lightly and without resentment to Madame de Lauzun. My reply to her attorney began: "M. de Lauzun informs Madame de Lauzun's attorney, first, that he is an impertinent fellow, secondly that he does not know what he is taking about, and, so as to have done with him, that he whole-heartedly agrees to anything that may be convenient to Madame de Lauzun, whatever it may be."

At the beginning of March 1778, I sent M. de Maurepas a report[182] at great length and in great detail upon the state of the defences of England and of all the English possessions in the four quarters of the globe. He read my report to the Council; it created sufficient effect there for them to consider it necessary to send for me and to consult me about various points in it. M. de Maurepas sent me a courier, informing me that the King desired that I should come to Versailles as promptly and as secretly as possible.

I went to Versailles, I had several private conversations with the King, at the house of M. de Maurepas, who presented me to him with an affection that was positively paternal. M. de Maurepas, distressed

that I should have quarrelled with M. de Vergennes, was most anxious to bring about a reconciliation; I had no desire for one. I could not however resist his urgent entreaties. We made friends again without any explanation, and I believe that M. de Vergennes was as sincere as myself, for I have never since had any fault to find with him, and he seems to have sought for opportunities to show his interest in and friendship for myself.

The King's Ministers now showed far greater confidence in me; and, by the measures that I saw adopted, I began to regard war as inevitable. I ventured to propose a great and superb enterprise: I suggested that, before declaring war, we should make the Bank of England bankrupt, and that this would not be difficult. I had managed to ascertain the funds in its possession, which were not considerable, and the resources from which it might derive help in a case of urgency, which were even less. A simple banking operation, the result of which would be to draw, for large sums in gold, from all the important cities of Europe, upon the largest commercial houses in London, in the same week, would force all the bankers immediately to withdraw all their funds from the Bank. The anxiety of the public would increase the loss of credit, and nothing could prevent the Bank from closing its doors.

This proposal was received with the greatest applause by the committee to which I mentioned it. M. de Necker, who was not present, but to whom it was communicated on the following day, was entirely opposed to it. He said that it would ruin all the banking houses in Paris. I did not believe him; I went to Paris to get information; I brought back a statement from all the bankers that they had nothing to lose by the bankruptcy of the Bank of England, except from MM. Germain, a firm which existed as

a cover for M. Necker, who had a large interest in the Bank of England. He prevented my proposal from being carried into effect. He did more, he sent to England an immense quantity of gold in specie, to assist the Bank, should there be any attempt to interfere with it.

The King had the intention of beginning the war with an invasion of England at several points. I was too much in the fashion not to be employed in a brilliant capacity, and for the next six months no one could plan any expedition without thinking of making me commander-in-chief or second in command. All of a sudden they changed their minds, and ended with the ridiculous declaration[158] of March 1778, by which England was given a salutary warning to prepare for war.

I did not wish to return to England. M. de Maurepas wished me to do so. He was positive that the King of England would begin by recalling his Ambassador and sending the French Ambassador home, and would shortly afterwards wish to enter into negotiations. He knew that the King of England would rather treat with myself than with anyone else; and so he told me to remain in London as long as I conveniently could; he hoped that a good understanding would be re-established between the two courts; that, once peace was assured, the Baron de Breteuil would return from Vienna, the Marquis de Noailles succeed him there, and I myself be given the Embassy to England. M. de Maurepas urged me above all things to conceal from the Marquis de Noailles the object of my mission, and to find some pretext for remaining in London after his departure. I arranged my arrival two or three days after the declaration. I went at once to call upon the French Ambassador, who was prodigiously astonished to see me. He evidently thought that I had deserted. "Charmed to see you, of course

. . . but by what chance . . . ? Haven't you heard ?" " I beg your pardon . . ." " Then you have not seen M. de Maurepas ? . . ." " Indeed, here are letters from him and from M. de Vergennes." The latter bade him communicate to me his dispatches and anything of interest that he might learn.

While I was with him, he received a letter from my Lord Weymouth, in reply to the notification of the declaration. He told him that, out of personal consideration for M. le Marquis de Noailles, the King of England permitted him to inform him that he was recalling his Ambassador at the court of France.

M. le Marquis de Noailles told me that he was going at once to send a courier to Versailles, on whose return he was sure to receive orders to leave England immediately. He proposed that we should arrange to cross the Channel together. I told him that this would be impossible for me, and that, so far as I could see, my business would detain me for some weeks after his departure; he replied that he felt it his duty to inform me that this would not be proper, either for France or for England; I assured him that no one in England would take offence at my remaining, and that I hoped that the King of France would see no harm in it. He could not, in reality, fail to agree with me; in case my business were concerned with money, he offered me, with the greatest pleasure in the world, any that I might require.

I suppose that he thought that I was in love; for he suddenly assumed the ministerial air, and told me that it would be his duty to forbid me, in the King's name, to remain in England. I replied coldly that I did not consider that he had the right to do so, that in consequence my plans would remain unaltered; I should merely be sorry that he should do something that would probably incur disapproval. The Ambassador became speechless, while the Ambassadress flew

into a passion which made her a hundred times more fatuous and absurd, so that it was all that I could do not to burst out laughing. The Marquis de Noailles's courier returned. He set off for France,[184] leaving me in England.

The Marquis de Noailles's courier brought me letters from M. de Maurepas with instructions at greater length than before, urging me to remain in England as long as I conveniently could. I had an inquiry made of the King by Sir Charles Thompson,[185] one of the men to whom he is most attached, whether my stay in London was offensive to him. He sent word to me with great kindness, that I might remain as long as I chose, and that if I wished to see and speak to him I should find him the following Wednesday, riding along the Richmond road, at eight o'clock in the morning. I was punctually on the spot; he came towards me, and informed me that he was very glad to assure me of his interest and goodwill, before I left England; that it rested with myself to remain there, or to return, whenever it suited me, if I was not afraid of being compromised in my own country; for in England I was too well known ever to be suspected. He personally was offended by France's action; and, accusing her of perfidy, he spoke of her with such warmth, that I was obliged to remind him that I was French. He ended the conversation by saying that no one would be more agreeable to him than myself in treating for peace, or as Ambassador, when circumstances should permit, and that he would then have great pleasure in taking any action that I might deem necessary.

I could not honourably remain any longer in England. I sent a report of this conversation to M. de Maurepas; I asked to be instantly recalled, and warned him that if I did not receive orders from him, I should leave London in a month's time. The month went by

without my receiving an answer; I was about to start; the carriage was at my door, when I received by a courier from Spain a letter from M. de Maurepas, who begged me with the most solemn entreaties to remain for six weeks longer. This did not stop me, and off I went. On my arrival at Calais, I explained to M. de Maurepas the reasons that had prevented me from doing as he wished;[186] he was annoyed, but bore me no ill will.

My regiment was lying at Ardres, near Calais; I stopped there instead of going to Paris. I had brought with me a young lady from England. I rented a small mansion a quarter of a league from Ardres. I was greatly taken up with my regiment, and found the time pass pleasantly enough. The pious Duc de Croÿ,[187] under whose command I was, became so friendly towards me that he forgave me for having a mistress and even came to my house to drink tea with her. Miss Paddock had brought from England a young sister far prettier and more agreeable than herself, whom her extreme poverty seemed to destine to the same calling. I felt a scruple about this, respected her innocence, placed her in a convent at Calais, provided her with teachers, and have since been so fortunate as to procure for her an advantageous marriage to a man whom she liked.

Even in my absence, the King's Ministers, whom M. de Voyer never ceased to assure that I was fitted to any task, appointed me to all the expeditions that they were planning in rapid succession, and M. de Voyer proposed that I should undertake the conquest of Jersey and Guernsey; he wrote asking me to try to procure information with regard to these islands and to say how many troops I should want to attack them. Chance had placed in my hands certain reports very well written and in great detail upon Jersey and Guernsey; I sent these to M. de Voyer, and informed

him that, given three thousand picked men and entire secrecy, I thought that I could guarantee success. At Versailles the decision was in favour of this expedition, to which they appeared to attach great importance: its success would indeed have made a great difference to our trade; it was necessary however to consult Marshal Broglie,[188] who was in command of His Majesty's troops assembled at the camp of Vaucieux; he was absolutely opposed to the plan, without knowing anything about it; he insisted that it would require at least ten thousand men and several general officers; this upset the Ministers; they preferred to think no more about the matter rather than to dispute it.

M. de Voyer proposed a surprise attack upon the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, with the complete destruction of the finest establishments of the English Navy; he was to carry out his project himself, and to give me the command of all the grenadiers and chasseurs of his army: they began, as usual, by accepting the plan, then discussed it, and promptly abandoned it. M. de Sartines wished to send me to the Bermudas, to Saint-Helena and various other places, but without any greater success.

In the meantime my regiment received orders to join the camp at Vaucieux, and moved from Ardres about the middle of July; I marched with it; on the second day, I received a courier from M. de Sartines and an order from the King to report at Versailles and to give up my regiment: I arrived at M. de Sartines's; he told me that they were giving M. de Bussy everything he asked in order to stir up a great revolution in India, and that he still desired to have me as his second in command. He proposed to raise a corps of foreign troops of 4,000 men, and to present me with the command of them: he wished me to have two thousand men ready to embark with me in Novem-

ber, and the rest in a condition to follow four months later; I accepted.

I handed over the Regiment of Royal Dragoons, the command of which I obtained for M. de Gontaut.[189] I left the Department of War and passed into that of the Fleet, still retaining however my rank in the land forces. I then did a thing which I believe to be without parallel; for, in less than three months I raised, armed, equipped, and rendered fit for service a superb corps of two thousand men.[190]

I asked the King's permission to tell the Queen what was my destination. I went to her; I asked to be allowed to speak to her in private, an honour which I had not enjoyed for a long time past. I told her that I felt myself bound, in recognition of the kindness with which she had honoured me in the past, to let her know that the King was entrusting to me the post of second in command of his army in the East Indies, under the command of M. de Bussy. I have never seen anybody more prodigiously astonished; she could not without emotion see the man whom, two years earlier, she had treated so kindly, who had been accused at that time of intriguing against her, go to spend several years at the ends of the earth. Tears rolled down her cheeks; for some minutes she could say nothing but: "Oh! M. de Lauzun! Oh! Mon Dieu!" She recovered herself slightly, and went on: "What! Go so far away, separate yourself for so long from everyone that you love and everyone who loves you!" "I have felt, Madame, that in so remote a theatre, my zeal, such small talents as I may possess, would meet with fewer obstacles, would have greater justice done them, would not have to struggle so against intrigue and calumny!" "You are leaving us, M. de Lauzun! You are going to India! Can I do nothing to stop you?" "No, Madame, that is impossible, I am irrevocably bound to this plan,

whatever it may cost me in the execution." The King joined us. "Well!" the Queen said to him, "so M. de Lauzun is going to the Indies?" "Yes," replied the King; "it was his own wish: it is a great sacrifice; I have no doubt, he will be most useful there."

The Queen came that evening to Madame de Guéménée's, who had not yet begun to decline in favour; she told her that she was distressed at the decision I had made, and bade her help her to make me change my mind. Madame de Guéménée replied that she was in despair at the thought of my departure, but considered that it would be impossible to keep me at home; her impression was that the Queen had been profoundly moved; she felt that she could answer to me for her good will if I did not go. I resisted every entreaty, albeit I did not conceal from myself the extent of my sacrifice. My vanity was satisfied; I refused the Queen proudly, I showed her that I wished for nothing from her and that I could play an important part without her, and I proved to Madame Czartoryska that Europe no longer held any charm for me.

I went to Haute-Fontaine, which was a severe test of my courage; I could hardly bear to think that perhaps I should never again see persons who were very dear to me. M. de Guéménée was in an indescribable state of grief. Madame Dillon shared it, and twenty times daily the tears started to my eyes: I found Madame de Martainville at Haute-Fontaine; I knew her but slightly; I had given two of her brothers commissions in my regiment, at the request of the Archbishop of Narbonne.[191] She thanked me for this, and appeared to take the greatest interest in my future; this interest grew day by day; she kept on repeating that she could not understand what could have made me decide to exile myself in this way,

questioned me in detail as to my position, my troubles, my feelings, paid me, so to speak, unconsciously the most tender attentions. I could see that, by dint of hearing me commiserated, her interest had been aroused, and she had taken a violent fancy to myself. She was good looking and affectionate; I echoed her sentiments; she flew into my arms with unconcealed delight: her intimacy with me was commended at Haute-Fontaine, which is a nest of lovers; I spent all my time there when my business did not oblige me to be in Paris or at Versailles.

One evening, as I was reading the *London Magazine* in my own house, in Paris, I came upon an account of the English possessions on the African coast, and of their garrisons. I saw that they were in very bad order, and that we could easily seize them. I discussed this with M. Francès,[192] who was with me. We spoke of it next day to M. de Sartines. I proposed to him that, while the squadron bound for India was watering at the Cape Verde Islands, I should detach one man-of-war, several frigates and four or five hundred men, to take Senegal, Gambia, and destroy the English settlements upon the coast. This idea pleased him; he asked me whether I would undertake to carry it out.

I felt some reluctance; for nothing could accrue to me but dangers and difficulties, and not the slightest glory from this expedition. I consented at length, and we agreed that I should start at the end of October, that I should go to the Isle of Oléron to inspect my troops, that I should then proceed with great secrecy to Brest, where the garrison was to furnish me with such additional troops as I might require, that the convoy, carrying what I considered indispensable for this enterprise, should join me below Belle-Isle, where I would be anchored; and that after I had taken Senegal, left a garrison there and established order in

all the King's conquered territories, a frigate would take me to the Cape Verde Islands, which are quite close, and there I should join M. de Bussy and the army for India.

I set forth on the 28th of October; I left Madame de Martainville broken-hearted, and went to the Isle of Oléron.

The troops that I had raised were superb and were quite ready to embark. I lost no time, and arrived at Landernau near Brest towards the end of November. I had not been there three hours, when I received a courier from M. de Sartines, who asked me to come at once and speak to him at Versailles, and to travel with the utmost speed.

I started a quarter of an hour later; travelled night and day; and arrived at Versailles at four o'clock in the morning. M. de Sartines had left orders that he was to be called. I spoke to him immediately; he told me that certain unforeseen difficulties had indefinitely postponed M. de Bussy's departure, and had indeed made it uncertain whether he would go at all; that the Chevalier de Ternay,[193] Commodore of the Fleet, formerly Governor of Mauritius, was making a similar attempt with a considerably smaller force, and was anxious that I should assume command of the land forces detailed for the landing.

I asked permission to see the general scheme, the Chevalier de Ternay's plan, and his instructions; it was evident to me that he had abused M. de Bussy's confidence, and made use of documents which the latter had communicated to him, in order to supplant him by asking for considerably less. I refused absolutely to serve with M. de Ternay; M. de Sartines did everything in his power to make me change my mind, but in vain.

I saw him again the next day, and he renewed his entreaties, offering me everything that could make my

commission more distinguished or pleasant; he went so far as to tell me that if I had a mistress whom I could take with me, he would promise her a considerable fortune in the King's name, and would give me a frigate for my own private use, the command of which I might allot as I chose. I refused all these offers. It was decided that I should go to Senegal; that if, before the 15th of February, I received no orders from the court, I should return to France; that my corps should not serve anywhere without me and should never be separated from me.

No sooner had I left M. de Sartines than M. de Bussy called upon him. M. de Sartines showed him the Chevalier de Ternay's report, without naming its author. M. de Bussy told him that the report was detestable, full of mistakes and false calculations; that if the man who had drafted it was not a fool, he was certainly a knave. M. de Sartines was appalled, and began to think seriously, to repent of having wished to employ M. de Ternay, and to seek out a way of getting rid of him, if that were possible.

I went to spend twenty-four hours in Paris, where I saw nobody but Madame de Martainville, who was overjoyed at so unexpected a visit. I then returned to Brest, where I embarked in a shroud of mystery on board the *Fendant*, a vessel of 74 guns, commanded by M. le Marquis de Vaudreuil.[104] Our little fleet was composed of two ships of the line, two frigates, a few corvettes and a dozen transports.

A succession of contrary winds kept us for a fortnight in harbour, without my venturing to set foot on shore. I received an anonymous letter, quite neatly written, in which I was warned that M. de Sartines, won over by my enemies, and hoping to get rid of me, was seeking to have me killed, and therefore had given me a commission from which I could not return alive.

In proof of this I was assured that none of the things indispensable to the success of my enterprise was on board the vessels on which I expected to find them, and that the inventory which M. de Sartines had given me, and also that which had been sent to me from Lorient, were alike false. The writer expressed his pity for me; paid a tribute to my courage, to my activity; he blamed my imprudence. I had a good opinion of M. de Sartines, I felt confident of his friendship for myself: this letter made no impression upon me; I sent it to him and set sail.[195]

We were obliged to anchor at Capo Blanco, to take on board our transports the things that we required to attack Senegal; I saw with grief and dismay that the anonymous letter had been only too true: whether by the negligence or by the rascality of his subordinates, none of the things that M. de Sartines had promised me, none of the articles named in the list that he had given me was to be found; the river pilots who had been supplied to me by the Navy knew nothing of the channel. M. de Vaudreuil, losing heart, suggested that I should abandon the undertaking. I refused to listen to him. It appeared to me that I should be able to land without exposing the King's vessels; and, if the bar was not defended by batteries, mounted upon unarmed vessels called pontoons, then with only the dangers of the bar to surmount, I might still succeed; but if there was a pontoon, we should have to storm it sword in hand, and probably but few of us would return alive.

The ships anchored inside the bar out of all danger; I stepped into a boat with a naval officer and we set out to sound the bar, which we crossed without difficulty. We pushed up the river and could see no pontoons; we rowed back across the bar and boarded our vessels.

The next day was fairly calm: we embarked our

landing party in sixteen vessels; we crossed the bar* with slightly more difficulty than the day before, but without any accident: we came upon no pontoons, and two days later, on the 30th of January, 1779, we reached the fort,[106] which surrendered after our guns had fired a few rounds.

I spent my time in restoring order, inspiring confidence in the inhabitants, especially the traders, and in seeing that the prisoners were well treated. Everything was far more calm twenty-four hours after my arrival than twenty-four hours before it. On the day after the capture I sent the frigates and corvettes to Gambia and the other settlements along the coast.

I wrote to M. le Marquis de Vaudreuil that, the colony no longer having any need of the protection of the King's ships, he was at liberty to fix the date of his departure for Martinique, where he had orders to join M. d'Estaing. He replied that he would see to that when he had taken on board all the provisions that he needed for himself and for all his sick, who were increasing daily.

As it was possible and indeed quite probable that I should be attacked shortly after M. de Vaudreuil's departure, I wished to put out as a pontoon in the river a corvette which carried quite big guns and was at my disposal; M. de Vaudreuil and all the naval officers decided that she would not be able to cross the bar, that it was impossible. I sounded the channel again, tried to steer my corvette across, and succeeded. M. de Vaudreuil, who had no desire to go and serve under M. d'Estaing,[107] decided to run short of victuals and to use this pretext for returning. He made exorbitant demands upon my commissariat, in the

* This bar is so dangerous that during the three months that I spent at Senegal I saw eighteen vessels of all kinds founder as they were crossing it, although thay had native pilots on board, and were of quite shallow draught.—L.

hope that I should not be able to supply them and that this would be an excuse for not following his instructions: I sent him everything that he applied for, although this was extremely difficult for me; not content with that, he established on shore, on an unhealthy and dangerous spot, a hospital of four hundred patients who behaved in the most disorderly fashion, and nearly involved me in war with the natives of the country; and sent word to me that he could not sail because he was short of seamen.

I disarmed all my vessels, including the one in which I was to return to Europe, and sent him the crews, telling him that I would look after his hospital, as indeed I did, an action which landed us in such straits that for a week or ten days we were reduced, in common with all the able-bodied persons in the colony, to millet bread and stale fish. Seeing that, notwithstanding this, M. de Vaudreuil did not go, I officially requested him to assemble a council of war in order to learn what were his intentions, which made him decide to set sail three days later. He was still able to join M. d'Estaing in time to take part in the fight off Grenada.[198]

I was now undisturbed, and could study with interest and curiosity a country in which nothing resembles Europe. I received visits from several of the neighbouring kings, with whom I made treaties. I received the news of the capture of Gambia and of several other forts. I at once dispatched an officer to France with the news of my easy victories; I decided to remain until I had put the island in a state of defence; I was so far successful that Admiral Hughes,[199] who expected to retake it with a considerable fleet, on his way to India, abandoned his attempt on the second day.

When everything was ready, I armed a merchant vessel as a cartel, in order that I might return on board her with my prisoners. I found myself greatly

embarrassed for a moment; I wished to leave behind me money with which to pay the garrison and maintain the colony. It was true that they had supplied me with a paymaster; they had taken the precaution of supplying him with no money, and the little that I had brought for my own purposes had already been spent in the King's service. The English prisoners helped me out of my difficulty by lending to me, personally, all the ready money in their possession. I set forth to the great regret of the entire colony, who showed me every sign of strong attachment. I had been anxious to act for their good; I had been successful in certain respects, and the poor creatures were not accustomed to being governed by men of honour.

After a voyage of six-and-thirty days, I arrived at Lorient in the nick of time; for we had run out of both food and water. I received none too good a welcome at Versailles when I arrived there. M. de Maurepas was not on friendly terms with M. de Sartines; the Senegal expedition had pleased the King: this caused resentment; they were almost angry with me for having taken the place; the King would barely speak to me the first day, though he treated me very well afterwards; I had neither promotion nor pay. M. de Sartines was anxious to give me a gratuity in money, which I refused. Many things had changed during my absence.

The Chevalier de Ternay had been deprived of the command of the Indian fleet. The news of the taking of Pondicherry had suspended any movement of troops in that direction. M. de Sartines had broken his most solemn engagements towards myself; he had scattered my corps over all the globe, so that I could no longer serve in my proper capacity; his conscience pricked him, he did not know what to say to me and took the greatest pains to avoid me. I sent him my resignation, and made no further attempt to see him.

The court was at Marly; I found there Madame de Lauzun, on intimate terms with the friends of Comtesse Jules,[200] and with all the people who were seeking to injure me, succeeding in the attempt, and who were now in favour; you can have no idea of the manner in which I was treated by the Queen, and consequently by everyone else. They scarcely noticed my existence. This provoked much comment, and I was so foolish as to be momentarily embarrassed by it.

One evening they were playing faro: I staked a few louis, to keep myself in countenance, following M. de Fronsac.[201] Madame la Marquise de Coigny,[202] daughter to Madame de Conflans, one of my oldest friends, but herself barely known to me, was sitting beside him. Madame de Coigny spoke to me. I was quite absurdly grateful to her. I found her to be extremely clever and charming: I warned her that she would do herself no good either at court or in her family if she talked so much to myself, and that she must have great courage to do so. She replied that she was well aware of it. Never had anyone struck me as being so charming, so attractive; I became quite indifferent to the rest of the world. She restored my self-confidence, my gaiety; I was less sulky; I spoke to the Queen, I made jokes; she laughed, I became amused; she remembered that it was not for the first time, treated me as she would have treated me three years earlier, and the close of my evening was as brilliant as its opening had been dull.

I came away from Marly, nevertheless, with an impression of gloom: I did not know when I should see that pleasant Madame de Coigny, I had never met anybody like her; she filled my heart, she filled my mind. It was madness to think of her.

M. de Sartines was greatly embarrassed by my resignation; he did not know how he was to explain to the King that I had left the service, that I had been

right to leave it, and that it was his own fault. He made an appeal to myself through M. de Maurepas, with whom he was beginning to be on slightly better terms. I told M. de Maurepas that I was leaving the Navy Department, because M. de Sartines had solemnly promised me that he would not separate my corps, and had dispersed it, had promised to complete it as soon as possible, whereas, on the contrary, he had shown his preference in taking under his Department M. de Nassau's corps,[203] which had not been raised for the King's service; I made no complaint (I told him), but I did not choose to serve any longer. The evening after this conversation, the King spoke to me about it very generously and with great kindness. He told me that he would give orders to M. de Sartines, and that he wished me to be well treated and satisfied.

M. le Prince de Nassau made an attempt about this time to take Jersey, but without success: he had been put to enormous expense, and would have been beyond redemption, had not the King taken over his regiment and his debts. M. le Prince de Montbarrey, Minister of War since the death of M. de Saint-Germain, offered to give me the proprietary command of the royal German regiment of which M. de Nassau was proprietary colonel, telling me that the King would pay his debts only upon that condition. I had no need to hesitate; I declared that I would rather never be employed again as long as I lived than take advantage of another's man's misfortune; I refused point-blank.

M. de Sartines was anxious to treat with me with a view to making me return to his Department; I insisted that M. de Vergennes must be a party to our discussion. M. de Sartines made me the following offers, which were confirmed by M. de Montbarrey,[204] which I accepted, and to which neither of them

adhered: namely, to make me proprietary colonel inspector of a legion composed of 1,800 infantrymen and 600 cavalrymen, who were never to be broken up, and to give me or rather to renew to me on behalf of the King the promise of the proprietary command of the first regiment of foreign cavalry to fall vacant or to be raised in the Department of War, and in the meantime to attach me to the Hungarian cavalry. When this had been done, and I had given orders for recruiting in Germany, I went to Haute-Fontaine with Madame de Martainville, with whom I continued to be on the friendliest terms.

The bitter and well-founded complaints as to the manner in which prisoners of war were being treated in France, the prodigious mortality that had been the result of this treatment in the prisons, made me decide from motives of humanity to ask M. de Sartines to make me Inspector General of Prisoners of War, without pay, at my own expense. M. de Sartines accepted my offer with joy and gratitude, and gave me all the authority necessary to put a stop to abuses and rascalities.

I was preparing for this new duty when I learned of the formation of an army intended for a landing in England. I asked M. de Montbarrey to give me employment with it; he replied that it was impossible. M. de Sartines told me that he was very sorry, but that it did not rest with him; I was greatly offended: it seemed to me that my services entitled me not to be overlooked. I wrote to the King; he replied that I had done rightly in addressing myself to him, that my request was reasonable, and that I should be employed in the vanguard under M. de Vaux.[205]

My regiment acquitted itself splendidly and with great gusto, although we were worked to death, and M. de Sartines had once again failed to keep his word to us. M. de Vaux was, as usual, tedious, dull and

trivial, and beneath his air of austerity, always the vilest flatterer of the men in power.

This army boasted so odd a complement of general officers, that I cannot refrain from describing them. M. de Jaucourt[206] was Quartermaster-General; I heard someone say that he was like the abbé Rognonet, who "could not make his petticoats into a bonnet"; M. de Lambert,[207] his chief of staff, had noticed the likeness and would repeat the rhyme to anyone who cared to listen to him. M. de Jaucourt took his revenge by continually setting him to begin over again the complicated task of embarkation. M. de Puységur,[208] Major-General, kept himself to himself, laughed at his superior officers and colleagues, and would shake his head a hundred times when he spoke of them. M. le Marquis de Créquy,[209] confidential aide-de-camp to the Commander in Chief, helped him to feed us upon poisoned rations and spent the rest of his time playing little tricks upon people, some of which were quite witty. M. le Comte de Coigny,[210] in the disguise of an aide-de-camp to M. de Jaucourt, as Minerva attends Télémaque in the disguise of Mentor, used to smoke in the general's anteroom, to give himself the air of an old campaigner, and when anyone entered his own room would be found writing essays on war. M. le Marquis de Langeron,[211] Lieutenant-General, an honestly boring fellow, an inveterate jester, when he invited anyone to dinner, would say to him: "Will you come and divide a slice of egg off the back of a tin plate with me? If there's not enough to eat, I shall have myself served up." M. de Rochambeau,[212] Brigadier-General commanding the vanguard, spoke of nothing but deeds of martial prowess, manœuvred and took up military positions in the open, indoors, on the table, on your snuffbox, if you took it out of your pocket; entirely absorbed in his profession, he has a marvellous knowledge of it.

M. le Comte de Caraman,[213] a complete dandy, obsequious, fussy, used to stop men in the street whose uniforms were not properly buttoned, and give them earnest little lectures on military discipline; he constantly showed himself to be an excellent officer, full of experience and activity. M. Wall,[214] Brigadier-General, an old Irish officer, reminded one, but for his intelligence, of Arlecchino Balordo, ate heartily, drank punch from morning to night, agreed with everybody and never interfered. M. de Crussol,[215] Brigadier-General, suffered from a violent attack of a disgraceful malady; his shoulders were crooked and his nature none too straight.

While I was at Saint-Malo, M. le Prince de Montbarrey arranged the marriage of his daughter to M. le Prince de Nassau-Saarbruck,[216] and, wishing to treat our M. de Nassau handsomely, employed him with the grenadiers and chasseurs: and, meaning to give him the vanguard of M. de Rochambeau's division, sent orders that his name was to be placed above mine in the Army List. M. de Puységur informed me of this. It was impossible that I should endure it, having been Colonel since 1767, whereas M. de Nassau's seniority dated only from 1770. They could not dispute my claim; for I had commanded detachments in the field in the Corsican campaign in 1768. I wrote to M. le Prince de Montbarrey and to the King; my seniority was restored.

M. de Vaux, to oblige the Minister and leave M. de Nassau in command of the vanguard, proposed to employ me in the third line. I made a vigorous but respectful protest; I asked him whether he was dissatisfied with my regiment or with myself. He replied that he was quite satisfied. Supposing then that it was my person that displeased him, since it was not the manner of my service, I suggested that I should leave his army: he restored my post to me.

M. d'Orvilliers[217] never encountered the English, never came into action; we never embarked, and, at the end of November, we returned to Paris. I found Madame de Coigny on the friendliest terms with Madame Dillon, of which I was glad; I met her quite frequently at Madame de Guéménée's, who gave a theatrical entertainment every Monday; she treated me quite kindly; and when she spoke to me caused me an inexpressible pleasure; I was unable to account to myself for the sentiments that she inspired in me; I did not venture to yield to them; they were no less delicious for that. I! In love with Madame de Coigny, young, lovely, worshipped, surrounded by admirers each of them more seductive than myself; Madame de Coigny in love with me! I, who was barely allowed to do good service at the other end of the world! I was far more certain of being without hope than without love; often I denied myself the pleasure of her company, of gazing at her, of listening to her; I did not wish, moreover, to distress Madame de Martainville, who would easily have read my secret.

I was beginning, however, to be displeased with her. Her behaviour towards Madame Dillon was not what it should have been: she did not listen to my advice, and it was clear that they would presently cease to be friends.

M. de Sartines now found it impossible to fulfil the conditions which he himself had proposed in the presence of M. de Vergennes; I abandoned my claim, and contented myself with what was already in existence, more or less, that is to say with eight hundred infantrymen and four hundred cavalrymen, under the style of Lauzun's Foreign Volunteers, of which I was to be Proprietary Colonel Inspector.

It was decided during the winter to send a corps of French troops to America and to give the command to M. de Rochambeau: I inquired whether I was to be

employed in this army. M. de Maurepas told me that it was too far away, and would take too long; that I should have, by arrangement with M. de Bougainville,[218] the command of an interesting expedition to the English or Irish coast. M. de Rochambeau required some light troops; those that they wished to give him did not suit him; he asked for myself, and was at first refused; he insisted, and they agreed; but this was not decided until the day upon which he took leave of the King. I was astounded, when he told me, M. de Sartines having assured me only the day before that there was no possibility of such a thing. Madame de Martainville's feelings were hurt; she wished me to make a sacrifice for her sake. I refused, and we came near to quarrelling.

The day of my departure for Brest drew near; I did not call upon Madame de Coigny, though I was longing to bid her farewell. I met her at Madame de Gontaut's;[219] she proimsed, in fun, to come the next day to the Tuileries to receive my farewells; she did indeed come there with Comtesse Etienne de Durfort and several gentlemen. I saw that day how great my love for her could be. Ten times over I was on the point of telling her; at the moment when I was about to part from her, perhaps for ever, it seemed to me that I risked nothing by opening my heart to her. I felt no attachment to life, she might make life so sweet to me! I did not dare, however; the things that we feel most deeply are often the things that we find it most difficult to express: I set off two days later for Brest.

The troops were embarked at Brest on the 12th of April; contrary winds and a delay in making ready the convoy prevented us from setting sail before the 12th of May;[220] even then, for want of transports, we were obliged to leave behind one brigade of infantry, one-third of the artillery, and one-third of my

regiment.[221] M. de Sartines had been scandalously misinformed, with regard to the transport vessels; there were not the half of those that, he was assured, had been assembled; I embarked in the *Provence*, a ship of 64 guns, under an indifferent commander.

We encountered fairly bad weather in the Gascon Gulf; the *Provence* had two of her masts broken. The Captain signalled that he could not face the sea, and asked leave to put into harbour. The Chevalier de Ternay did not share his opinion, sent to inspect our masts, gave us carpenters to repair them, and we continued on our way.

On the 20th of June, we sighted five English men of war and one frigate. This little fleet,[222] greatly inferior to our own, could not have escaped us, had we manœuvred tolerably well; but the Chevalier de Ternay was anxious to avoid fighting; he fought nevertheless for three quarters of an hour at long range; the English vessels escaped, having acquitted themselves far more gloriously than our own.

On the 4th of July, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, sails were signalled, and we sighted a convoy escorted by several men of war. After looking through his spy-glass the Chevalier de Ternay, without sending his frigates to reconnoitre, gave chase and lost his course during the night. About midnight, two English frigates steered across his course and fired several shots at him; they were going well, and we failed to overhaul them. We anchored at length in the roadstead of Rhode Island,[223] after a voyage of seventy-two days, with a prodigious number of sick on board, and a shortage of food and water.

Some days later, a squadron of fourteen or fifteen men of war, commanded by Admiral Arbuthnot, came cruising in the Rhode Island channel. We were informed from New York that they had embarked a great part of the army; we expected to be attacked

at any moment: if the English had made an attempt in the first month, they were bound to be successful; we had not had time to entrench ourselves; the fleet and the King's army would have been destroyed. Notwithstanding the bad condition of our troops, we toiled without ceasing at building redoubts and fortifying ourselves.

M. de Rochambeau put me in command of the whole of the channel and everywhere within range of possible landing-places, and declared that he would never abandon Rhode Island or the fleet, but that the army would defend itself there to the last man. The English fleet disappeared, our sick men recovered, we began to feel easier in our minds. M. de Rochambeau and General Washington appointed a meeting at a place called Hartford, on the mainland, about one hundred miles from Rhode Island, where they remained in consultation for some days.[224]

During this time, Admiral Rodney arrived from Europe;[225] he began to cruise off Rhode Island with twenty ships of the line. The fleet turned broadside-on at its moorings; once again we expected to be attacked; messenger after messenger was sent to M. de Rochambeau; after cruising for several days, my Lord Rodney sailed away.

We now learned that the convoy to which Chevalier de Ternay had given chase on the 4th of July was carrying three thousand British troops, bound from Charleston to New York, and was escorted by only four or five frigates. With a little less precipitation, the Chevalier de Ternay could quite easily have captured it. His conduct was attacked, in the fleet and in the army, in the most indecent manner. He knew this, and was greatly distressed. It is indisputable that any man who was a little less timid would have arrived in America with three or four English men of war, five or six frigates and three thousand prisoners of war, and that

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this would have displayed us in a brilliant light to our new allies.

M. de Rochambeau had promised the Americans the second division of his Army, and was awaiting it with extreme impatience. The moment was critical, and our affairs were in a bad way. The American army was short of men, money, rations, and clothing; Arnold's[226] treachery and the defeat of General Gates[227] at Campden added to their distress. M. de Rochambeau thought it necessary to send an officer of his army to France, who would explain the situation, and beg for prompt and powerful support. The general officers of his army, whom he had summoned, strongly approved this decision, and proposed to him that I should be sent, my relations with M. de Maurepas giving me a certain advantage over others who knew him less well. He informed them that he had already appointed his own son.

On the eve of his departure, twelve English vessels appeared off our coast, and caused us some anxiety, but a storm of wind scattered them in the night, and on the following day the Vicomte de Rochambeau set sail in the King's frigate *Amazone*.[228]

General Green,[229] who had taken command of the Southern Army after the defeat of General Gates, called for reinforcements, and above all for cavalry with which to face Colonel Tarleton's corps,[230] which had proved irresistible, saying that otherwise he could not be responsible if the Southern provinces surrendered to the King of England. General Washington was very anxious that M. de Rochambeau should send me. I was equally anxious, hoping to be of use there; I did not hesitate to ask to be employed in the South under the command of M. de La Fayette, although I had served in the field, as Colonel, long before he left school.[231] M. de Rochambeau refused; my action was strongly condemned in the army, especially by

M. le Marquis de Laval,[232] who, with several others, had taken a vow not to serve under M. de La Fayette, and had almost obtained a promise from M. de Rochambeau that he would not employ them under him. General Washington was grateful to me, and frequently showed his gratitude.

M. de Rochambeau moved his army into winter quarters at Newport. The scarcity of forage obliged him to send me to the forests of Connecticut, eight miles away. As I spoke English I was charged with an infinite number of details, boring in the extreme, but necessary. I did not leave Newport without regrets; I had formed a very pleasant circle of acquaintance there.

Mrs. Hunter, a widow of six-and-thirty, had two charming daughters whom she had brought up with great care; they lived in close retirement, and saw scarcely anyone. Chance had led me to make her acquaintance on my arrival in Rhode Island. She had formed a friendship for me; I was soon regarded as one of the family. I spent all my time there; I was taken ill; she took me into her house, where they looked after me with the most touching attentions. I was never in love with the Misses Hunter; but had they been my sisters, I could not have loved them more, especially the elder, who is one of the most agreeable persons I have ever met.[233]

I started for Lebanon on the 10th of November; we had not yet received any letters from France. Siberia alone can furnish any idea of Lebanon, which consists of a few huts scattered among vast forests. I remained there until the 11th of January, 1781, when General Knox, commanding the American artillery, came, on behalf of General Washington, to inform me that the Pennsylvania and New Jersey brigades, grown tired of service, had mutinied, killed their officers, elected leaders from their ranks, and that

there seemed to be an equal danger of their marching upon Philadelphia to extort payment by force, or joining the English army, which was not far off.[234]

I mounted my horse at once to ride to Newport and report matters to M. de Rochambeau, who was no less embarrassed than distressed, since he had no means of helping General Washington, being himself short of money, and not having received a letter from Europe since landing in America. A few days later, we heard that Congress had sent them a small sum on account, and that everything was now quiet.

M. de Rochambeau sent me to New Windsor, on the North River, where General Washington had his headquarters, about two hundred miles from the French army. General Washington received me most kindly, and showed a desire to employ me straight away. He told me that he hoped to go at the earliest possible moment to Newport to visit the French army and M. de Rochambeau. He confided to me that, Mr. Arnold having gone down to work great havoc in Virginia, he had formed the plan of seizing him there; that he was going to make M. de La Fayette advance by land with all the light infantry of his army; he was asking that the King's fleet should go and anchor in Chesapeake Bay, and there land a detachment of the French army to cut off Arnold's retreat. He added that he would request M. de Rochambeau to give me the command of this detachment, regarding it as essential that the French and American troops should live together on good terms, as well as the men who commanded them, and that the French officer should be able to speak to the American officers, and to make himself understood by them.

I stayed for two days at General Headquarters,[235] and came near to drowning as I went back over the North River; it was adrift with blocks of ice which the current swept down at such a pace that it was impossible

to steer my boat; it swung round and began to fill with water; it was just about to sink when a huge block of ice came alongside; we sprang upon it, and, jumping from block to block, it took us about three hours to get ashore, after we had given ourselves up for lost a score of times.

On reaching Lebanon, I heard of the death of the Chevalier de Ternay,[236] who had died, it was said, of a broken heart, and found orders from M. de Rochambeau which detained me for some days in Connecticut. I then returned to Rhode Island, where they were speaking openly of the movement of the fleet with a detachment of the army. I went to M. de Rochambeau with a request that I might be employed; I was not at all well received; I pointed out to him that I was asking for justice rather than favour, since it was my turn to march. He told me that there were no turns in the vanguard; an hour or two earlier he had said the opposite; he added that he liked zeal, but did not care for ardour. I assured him that he would cure me completely of any ardour to serve under his command; he softened, almost made excuses, informed me privately that he was bound by personal obligations to the Marquis de Laval, and had no other means of showing his gratitude; that he had promised not to employ him under a brigadier; that as this detachment was to operate separately from La Fayette's corps, and to be only indirectly under his orders, the Marquis de Laval had shown a keen desire for it; I made no reply; but he must have seen by my face that this was not fair treatment. I asked to be allowed to go as a volunteer; he said that that would be ridiculous, and refused. In the course of the day, M. de Rochambeau thought the matter over, gave the command of the detachment to the Baron de Viominil, who had not asked for it, and gave only a subordinate command to the Marquis de Laval, who has never forgiven him.

General Washington arrived at Newport.[237] This arrangement was peculiarly distasteful to him, and he did not conceal his annoyance. M. de Rochambeau had done two things that were bound to displease him: he was not giving him the officer for whom he had asked, and he was giving him one, on the contrary, who would take the command of the expedition from M. de La Fayette, to whom he had intended to give it; he made M. de Rochambeau see that his requests were to be regarded as orders, but he did not choose to alter anything that had been done.

The fleet under the command of M. Destouches,[238] a former Captain in the Navy, set sail with twelve hundred troops, and a few days later General Washington left Rhode Island. I escorted him as far as Stafford, and returned to my regiment, where I received a letter from M. de Rochambeau, who informed me that, as he might easily be attacked during the absence of the fleet, he wished me to return to him. I obeyed.

We had now been ten months away from France; we had not yet received a single letter nor one penny in money; the frigate *Astrée* arrived, and informed us that M. de Montbarrey and M. de Sartines had left the Ministry, and had been succeeded by M. de Ségur and M. de Castries,[239] who had decided against employing the second division; I wrote at once an urgent demand for the four hundred men of my regiment who had been kept at home and who could not be refused me without atrocious injustice.

About eighteen days after the sailing of the fleet, a fleet was signalled in foggy weather, which was entering the channel under full sail; the alarm was sounded, the whole army stood to arms; we supposed that defeat was certain. We never imagined that it was our own fleet, and we were mistaken, for it was; it had manœuvred so adroitly that it arrived at the

mouth of Chesapeake Bay twenty-four hours after the English fleet which had sailed three days later. The day[240] had been most glorious for the King's arms; but our enemies had prevented us from entering the Bay, with the consequence that Arnold was out of all danger. M. de La Fayette had failed to secure his object, and was left in some embarrassment. Some of our vessels had suffered severely, especially the *Conquérant*, in which the Marquis de Laval had embarked; she had fought splendidly, with heavy losses.

I returned once again to Lebanon, where M. de Rochambeau ordered me to assemble a great number of horses suited for artillery, and to make all preparations for the advance of the army. At this time the *Concorde*, a frigate hailing from France, brought back M. le Vicomte de Rochambeau,[241] who had not been able even to have himself taken seriously, and M. de Barras,[242] Commodore in the Navy, who was sent out to succeed the Chevalier de Ternay. The latest instructions from the court made M. de Rochambeau anxious for a meeting with General Washington, to settle the plan of campaign for the army and fleet. M. de Barras invested M. de Rochambeau with full powers. The Generals met once again at Hartford.

It was officially decided and signed at this conference[243] that the French army should march to the North River, and there join the American army, and that the two armies combined should approach as near as possible to New York; that the fleet should go to Boston to await the sea forces that were coming from Europe, seeing that it was no longer in safety off Rhode Island, the island being no longer guarded by land forces.

The letters that M. de Rochambeau had received by the *Concorde* had shown him that the men whom he had treated most kindly had by no means spared him

in their letters, principally the Marquis de Laval, who, without any evil intention, had written freely to a number of ladies who had shown his letters to others. I had not spoken of him, and my silence became a merit; he displayed greater confidence in me, showed me his plan of campaign, and decided to take me with him to Rhode Island to make certain preliminary arrangements.

We had no sooner arrived at Newport than the Chevalier de Chastellux,[244] who is too hot-headed ever to stick to one idea for any length of time, thought that it would be more to our advantage if the fleet were to wait in Rhode Island roads, since the naval force that was promised us would be able to join it more easily in Chesapeake Bay, where it was probable that it would arrive. The Chevalier de Chastellux discussed this with various naval captains: several were of his opinion. He made M. de Rochambeau agree to speak of the matter to M. de Barras, and to propose to him that the point should be decided by a council of war, composed of officers of the land and sea forces. The council decided that the fleet should remain off Rhode Island. I made what opposition I could: the vote was carried by a majority; all I obtained was that we should leave behind four hundred men of the French troops, and some American militiamen under the command of M. de Choisy.[245]

The council requested me to go and report to General Washington what had been decided. I was inclined to refuse the commission, which was indeed disagreeable: I was quite sure that he would be greatly annoyed to learn that we had referred to the decision of a council of war a matter already decided and signed by himself and M. de Rochambeau. I was the only man, however, whom they could send. I travelled at express speed; I arrived at New Windsor, and handed him a letter from M. de Rochambeau, very awkwardly and

badly expressed. It put him in such a rage that he refused to answer it; and it was not until the third day, and then out of regard for myself, that he handed me a very cold answer, in which he said that he abode by the plan to which he had signed his name at the Hartford conference; but that he left M. de Rochambeau free to act as he might choose, and was sending him the necessary orders to assemble such militiamen as he might require. My return embarrassed M. de Rochambeau, from whom I concealed nothing, and who was beginning to repent of what he had done. A second council of war confirmed the decisions of the first: the army began to march.[246]

Throughout the course of this war, the English seemed to be stricken with blindness: they invariably did what ought not to be done, and refused to seize the most obvious and most golden opportunities. After the army had left, they had only to attack the French fleet off Rhode Island, to destroy it. This never even occurred to them. The French army marched through America in perfect order and with perfect discipline, setting an example which neither the English nor the American army had ever furnished. I covered the march of the army at about fifteen miles to the right, and about forty miles from the North River.

M. de Rochambeau received a letter from General Washington,[247] informing him that he had a secret commission for me, and enclosing an order to myself to arrive, by forced marches, with my regiment, within forty-eight hours, at a meeting-place many miles away. M. de Rochambeau sent for me, fifteen miles in the middle of the night, to give me General Washington's orders, which entered into no detail with him. I arrived punctually at the place appointed, although the intense heat and the badness of the roads made this march extremely difficult. General Washington

arrived there, a long way in advance of the two armies, and told me that he wished me to capture a body of English troops who were placed in front of New York supporting Fort Kniphausen, which was regarded as the key to the fortifications of New York.

I should have to march all the night, to attack them before daybreak; he added to my regiment one of American dragoons, some companies of light horse, and some battalions of American light infantry. He had dispatched by another road, about six miles to our right, General Lincoln[218] with a corps of three thousand men, to surprise Fort Kniphausen, from which I was to cut off all support. He was not to show himself until my attack was under way, when I should send word to him to launch his own. He amused himself by firing at a little post which had not seen him, and roused the whole of the corps that I was to surprise. It retired into the fort, made a sortie against General Lincoln, who was beaten, and would have been cut off from the rest of the army, had I not come promptly to his rescue.

Although my troops were thoroughly worn out, I advanced upon the English; I charged their cavalry, and my infantry exchanged fire with theirs. General Lincoln took the opportunity to beat a retreat in considerable disorder. He had two or three hundred men killed or taken prisoner, and many wounded. When I saw that he was out of danger, I began my own retreat, which proved most fortunate, for I lost scarcely a man.

I rejoined General Washington, who was marching with a considerable detachment of his army to the support of General Lincoln, about whom he was exceedingly anxious; but his troops were so exhausted that they could not go any farther. He showed the greatest joy on seeing me return, and in his orders paid the most flattering tribute to my troops. He

decided to take the opportunity of making a close reconnaissance of New York. I escorted him with a hundred or so of hussars; we came under a considerable fire, both musketry and artillery, but we saw everything that we wished to see. This detachment lasted for three days and three nights[249] and was extremely fatiguing, for we were upon our feet day and night and had nothing to eat save the fruit that we found by the wayside. General Washington wrote M. de Rochambeau a letter in which he commended me warmly; but my general forgot to make any mention of it in his dispatches to France.

I went into camp at White Plains, where the two armies met on the following day.[250] General Washington gave me command of the two vanguards. We spent six weeks in this camp, where I was worked to death, being continually out on long foraging expeditions, within sight of the enemy's outposts. General Washington and M. de Rochambeau decided to make another reconnaissance of New York; I was instructed to cover it with all the cavalry of both armies, all the American light infantry and a battalion of French grenadiers and chasseurs. A considerable detachment from both armies, under the command of Chevalier de Chastellux and General Heath,[251] took up a position at some distance, so that I might retreat upon it in case of accident. The Generals took two days to make their reconnaissance, which was dangerous, for they came under a brisk fire of cannon and musketry.[252]

We marched from White Plains some days later, to cross the North River at Ringsferry. Fortunately the English did not come out from New York in pursuit of us; for our march having started badly, over marshy ground, the whole of our artillery and transport remained stuck for thirty-six hours, with no escort save my regiment and a battalion of grenadiers

and chasseurs which formed the whole of the rear-guard under my command. After the crossing of the North River, which was long and difficult, but which the English did not attempt to hinder, the army, for convenience of rationing and foraging, marched in two divisions at one day's distance: the American army marched by another road not far from ours. We were obliged to cross the Jerseys and to cover about seventy miles within fifteen or twenty miles of the enemy, and often nearer. We never doubted that they would attempt to bar our way, in which they would certainly have been successful. M. de Rochambeau had made them suppose that his plan was to attack New York, having dispatched an intelligent commissary with a strong escort to set up field-kitchens and stores at Chatham, near New York.[253]

M. de Rochambeau had gone in advance to Philadelphia with General Washington, to collect everything necessary for the army's march into Virginia. We were encamped in the Jerseys, at Somerset Court House.[254] M. le Baron de Vioménil was in command of the first division of the army, consisting of one brigade of infantry, some artillery, and my regiment. We received warning that a thousand men of the New York garrison had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march, and that the light troops were not a mile away from us. M. le Baron de Vioménil, whom a kick from a horse obliged to travel in a carriage, did not know what to make of this. He would, indeed, have been almost helpless, had he been attacked.

I felt that the greatest service that I could render him was to advance as far as possible towards the enemy, so as to give him time to retire into the woods. I sent out strong patrols upon all the roads by which the English might come. I took fifty hussars well mounted and went myself for more than ten miles

along the road to Brunswick, by which they would most probably appear. I met two or three strong patrols of light troops, which retired after exchanging a few pistol shots with my hussars. I assured myself that the English army was not on the march, and went back to reassure the Baron de Vioménil.

Notwithstanding the appeals that had been made to Sir Henry Clinton,[255] it had been impossible to make him decide to come out of New York, since he preferred to believe that he was going to be attacked there; he even recalled the light troops that he had outside the town. We arrived at Philadelphia, through which the army marched;[256] it was received with the greatest acclamation and was much admired: we spent one day there, and continued on our way.

At our first halt after Philadelphia, General Washington heard that M. de Grasse[257] had anchored in Chesapeake Bay with more than thirty ships of the line and had there landed M. de Saint-Simon[258] with 3,000 men of the land forces. I have never seen a man more overcome with great and sincere joy than was General Washington. We heard at the same time that Lord Cornwallis[259] had received orders from Sir Henry Clinton not to return to Portsmouth, which was an excellent post, but to fortify himself at Yorktown until relief came to him there.

On arriving at the Head of Elk Creek, an inlet of Chesapeake Bay, fearing lest Lord Cornwallis might greatly hamper M. de La Fayette, whose division consisted of merely two thousand Americans with M. de Saint-Simon's light troops, he made us embark[260] in all manner of craft all the grenadiers and chasseurs of the army and all the infantry of my regiment under the command of M. de Custine.[261] I asked to be allowed to go with my infantry, being convinced that these troops would enter the firing-line before the others. General Lincoln also followed us by water

at some distance, with the American light infantry. M. de Custine, eager to arrive first, took a sloop that made good progress, and went on without stopping and without giving me any orders until we reached the James River. On the third day of our voyage we had a very bad time. The boats were vile; two or three of them foundered, and we had seven or eight men drowned. The weather obliged us to anchor off Annapolis; as we were about to set sail again, General Washington sent me a message by an aide-de-camp telling me to land my troops and not to leave until I had received further orders.

The English fleet having appeared outside Chesapeake Bay, M. de Grasse had gone out to give battle, and had not yet returned. Three days later, one of the King's corvettes came to inform us that M. de Grasse had defeated the English force, had captured two frigates, and had returned to anchor in the Bay.[262] I made my troops re-embark immediately. We sailed almost all the time against the wind, and it took us ten days to reach the mouth of the James River.

I there found M. de Custines; and while I was giving him a report of what had occurred in his absence, General Washington and M. de Rochambeau, who were on board a corvette close by, sent word to me to come to them. General Washington told me that, as Lord Cornwallis had sent all his cavalry and a considerable body of troops to Gloucester, opposite York, he was afraid lest he might be seeking to retire in that direction, and therefore was having him watched by a corps of three thousand militiamen under the continental Brigadier-General Weedon,[263] a good enough soldier, but one who hated war, in which he had never wished to engage, and went in deadly fear of coming under fire. Having become Brigadier-General by accident, this worthy officer was my senior in rank; General Washington was more distressed than myself;

for he intended this command for me. He told me that he would write to General Weedon that he would reserve all the honours for him, but forbade him to interfere in any way. I pointed out to him that this form of service was unknown; that, if General Weedon were under my command, I should most certainly make him obey me, but that, being under his, I should obey him most scrupulously; that I felt no repugnance at serving under him, if he saw fit, and that he might count upon our getting on excellently together.

I went with my regiment to join General Weedon's corps. His method of blockading Gloucester was original; he was more than fifteen miles from the enemy's outposts, was frightened to death, and dared not send out a patrol as much as half a mile from his camp. He was the best fellow in the world, and his one desire was not to interfere in anything. I suggested to him that we should move closer to Gloucester, and should go the next day to make a reconnaissance near the English outposts; he agreed, and we set out with fifty hussars. When we were still six or seven miles from the enemy, he said to me that he thought it useless and very dangerous to go any farther, and that we should see no better: I pressed him so hard that he dared not refuse to accompany me. I drove back the enemy's outposts and approached near enough to form an accurate idea of his position. My general was in despair; he told me that he would never go out with me again; that he did not wish to throw away his life.

I made M. de Rochambeau a report of what I had seen; I told him that we could not rely upon the American militia, and that it was essential that he should send me at least two additional battalions of French infantry. I had no artillery, no rations, no powder. I asked him for these: he at once sent

artillery and eight hundred men drawn from the garrisons of the ships under M. de Choisy, who, by right of seniority, took command over General Weedon and myself.

M. de Choisy is a good and gallant man, ridiculously violent, constantly in a rage, always making scenes with everyone, and entirely devoid of common sense. He began by finding fault with General Weedon and all the militia, told them that they were cowards, and in five minutes had them almost as frightened of himself as of the English, which is certainly saying a good deal. He decided to move the next day and to occupy the ground that I had reconnoitred. General Weedon preferred to join him a day later, and remained behind with about six hundred men of his division.

Just as we were entering the plain of Gloucester, some dragoons of the State of Virginia came in a great panic to tell us that they had seen some English dragoons in the open, and, for fear of accidents, had ridden away hell for leather, without examining them further. I rode forward to try to find out more about them. I caught sight of a fine-looking woman at the door of a little house, upon the high road; I went to question her; she told me that, at that very moment, Colonel Tarleton had left her house; that she did not know whether many troops had come out of Gloucester; that Colonel Tarleton was most anxious "to shake hands with the French duke." I assured her that I had come there on purpose to give him that satisfaction. She condoled with me, thinking, I suppose, from experience, that it was impossible to resist Tarleton: the American troops were in a similar case.

I had not gone a hundred yards from the house, when I heard my advance guard firing their pistols. I advanced at a gallop to find a terrain upon which I could open battle. I saw as I approached that the English cavalry outnumbered mine by three to one;

I charged them without drawing rein; our lines met. Tarleton caught sight of me, and came towards me with raised pistol. We were about to fight a duel between our lines, when his horse was overthrown by one of his dragoons pursued by one of my lancers. I dashed upon him, to take him prisoner; a troop of English dragoons thrust themselves between us, and covered his retreat: his horse remained in my hands. He charged me a second time without breaking my line; I charged him a third time, routed part of his cavalry, and pursued him as far as the earthworks of Gloucester. He lost one officer and half a hundred men, and I took a good number of prisoners.[264]

M. de Choisy made his camp one mile and a half from Gloucester; our patrols were continually exchanging fire with the English patrols, and we did not sleep for one instant during the siege. As M. le Baron de Vioménil was to attack two of the redoubts of York, M. de Choisy had orders to make a feint attack upon Gloucester; he thought that it was possible to make a genuine attack, and to carry the trenches sword in hand. He therefore had hatchets distributed among the American militia with which to cut down the palisades. At the first shot fired, half of them threw down their hatchets and muskets, to run more quickly. Thus abandoned, he retired upon my lines with some companies of French infantry, and lost a dozen men.

Two days later, my Lord Cornwallis offered to surrender.[265] M. de Rochambeau selected myself to convey these great tidings to France, and sent for me. I had no desire to go to Europe; I advised him to send M. de Charlus;[266] this would put him in the good books of M. de Castries, and might perhaps secure better treatment for the army. I could not bring him to agree; he said to me that I had been the first in action, and ought to carry the news; that

M. le Comte Guillaume des Deux-Ponts[267] had been the second, and should carry the details: the Comte de Charlus never forgave him, nor myself either. I embarked in the King's frigate *Surveillante*, and after a crossing of twenty-two days arrived at Brest and proceeded to Versailles without losing any time.

When I arrived at Versailles, I found M. de Maurepas dying; he was barely conscious: he recognised me, however, and received me in the most touching fashion. He recommended me warmly to the King and his Ministers, who promised him that they would carry out what it had been his intention to do for me. He died two days later,[268] and M. de Castries and M. de Ségur treated me as badly as was in their power.

My news gave the King the greatest joy; I found him with the Queen; he plied me with questions and said many gracious things to me. He asked me whether I expected to return to America; I replied that I did; he added that I might assure his army that it would be treated with great generosity, better than any had ever been treated before. M. de Ségur was present. I replied that I was ready to take the list of awards to America in a fortnight's time. I advised M. de Ségur to set to work at once with the King; he told me that he wished to await the arrival of Comte Guillaume des Deux-Ponts,[269] after which he made no haste, then finished by getting to work with the King and told me that I should leave for Brest in the following week. I asked to see the list of awards that I was to convey; he would not allow it; I learned from the officers that the army was being shockingly treated.

I could, as it happened, judge of this from my own case. What M. de Ségur called a handsome reward was to write to me on the King's behalf that in consideration of my services in America, His Majesty allowed me to retain, in time of peace, my regiment in the Department of War, in the form of a regiment

of hussars, and to leave me in command of it for life; this was rather less than the promises made me at the beginning of the war, since I was then to have the proprietary command of the first foreign regiment of horse that should fall vacant or could be raised, and less than I actually had at the moment, since I was inspector of my corps. I refused to convey the awards; M. de Ségur took offence at this, and I paid him no further attention.

M. de Castries had treated me even worse: instead of sending me the four hundred men of my regiment who had been left at Brest, he had used them for the capture of the forts of Demerary and Annamaboo in Africa, and left them there as a garrison until peace was signed, in the unhealthiest spot in the universe; this was a clear indication of his intention to deprive me of all means of doing useful service. M. de Castries, moreover, allotted no award at all to my regiment, not even to the officers who had performed the most brilliant actions.

I found Madame de Coigny more charming than ever; she showed an interest in me, and it was impossible for me not to yield to the irresistible attraction that drew me to her; I saw her almost every day, and every day became more attached to her. I had never seen so much wit and charm, which in no way resembled the wit and charm of other women. I told myself that it was not reasonable to fall in love with her, that it would make me very unhappy; but no other happiness suited me so well. I was told without ceasing that Madame de Coigny was a coquette, that she was light, that she railed without pity at anyone who ventured to fall in love with her. This never alarmed me for an instant; her sensibility had impressed me almost as soon as her wit. I did not hope to win her favour; once she knew the state of my heart, she could not fail to pity me; I kept my secret, but the

thought of my departure was beginning to distress me, and it was not difficult for her to guess the reason.

I met in Paris Mrs. Robinson,[270] the first love of the Prince of Wales, of whom the English gossips had said so much under the name of Perdita. She was gay, lively, open, and a good creature; she did not speak French; I was an object to excite her fancy, a man who had brought home great tidings, who came from the war, who was returning there immediately; he had suffered greatly, he would suffer more still. She felt that she could not do too much for him; and so I enjoyed Perdita, and did not conceal my success from Madame de Coigny. "What do my actions matter," I asked myself without ceasing, "if she can read in my heart?"

Perdita succeeded in causing a breach between me and Madame de Martainville; I had found the latter at daggers drawn with Madame Dillon and M. de Guéménée; she had sought to extort a promise from me that I would cease to see them, and I had flatly declined. We were on pretty cold terms; she knew that I had enjoyed Perdita; this increased her resentment; she told me that I must choose, whether I would cease to visit Madame Dillon or herself. My choice was soon made. Madame de Martainville speedily repented, and sought a reconciliation with me, but in vain.

Perdita left for England, and was so insistent that I should accompany her as far as Calais, that I could not refuse. It was a great sacrifice, for that very day I was engaged to dine at Madame de Gontaut's with Madame de Coigny; I wrote to Madame de Coigny to say that I was prevented from dining with her; and seized this singular occasion to assure her that I adored her, and should continue, whatever might befall, to adore her all my life. There was not another woman in the world who could understand

me. Madame de Coigny understood me perfectly, believed me, and wrote me a few words in which she made no reply to my declaration. Her conduct towards me was simple and sensible: she showed me no anger because she felt none, no doubt as to my sincerity because she had no doubt; she did not tell me that she would never love me.

I saw many men taken up with her; some of them were redoubtable rivals for me. I was aware of all my own drawbacks; I had no longer either the charm or the gaiety of youth, but I had a heart which she knew, which greatly resembled her own, and I hoped upon both these counts. I found in loving her, quite unexpectedly, a happiness which love had never given me before. I forced myself to be prudent, patient, circumspect. I was ready to sacrifice everything, without hesitation, to the fear of compromising her; nothing was lost upon that heavenly spirit, nothing escaped her, everything was felt and consequently rewarded; I did not call upon Madame de Coigny, I never saw her in private; I could rarely tell her that I loved her, but I could write it to her; I never met her without giving her a note; she would receive it with interest, without appearing annoyed by it; I might have been far more happy; but I knew no one who was even as happy as myself.

At dinner at the Hôtel de Ville,[271] Madame de Coigny, exquisitely attired, was wearing a large black heron's plume, on the front of her dress to the right; seeing that plume and desiring to possess it were the affair of an instant. I looked to it for happiness and courage; never did a knight-errant long for anything with greater ardour and purity.

M. de Coigny wished to go to America.[272] Madame de Coigny was in despair at this. I too was devoured by grief. I did not suppose that M. de Coigny's departure could cost me so much anxiety. Always

true, always sensible, Madame de Coigny did not conceal from me either her tears or the pity that I inspired in her. Without saying a word about it she accompanied her husband as far as Rennes; she suspected that this action would meet with disapproval; she wrote to me, before starting, a note that began as follows: "Know how to defend what you know so well how to love." Too superior a woman not to arouse envy, people sought to accuse her of exaggeration, affectation, even of falsehood; I defended her in good faith, I whom her grief had made so wretched. She returned, and was pleased with my conduct.

Chance had made me meet in the course of the winter the Duc de Coigny and Madame de Châlons.[273] I had supped at the Duc de Coigny's; I now visited Madame de Coigny, I saw her almost every day at Madame de Guéménée's, Madame de Gontaut's, or in her own house. This happiness was not to last long. M. de Ségur, with all the rudeness of which he was capable, insisted upon making me go abroad three months earlier than was necessary. I dared not insist too much upon waiting for the second frigate; and yet this would have been quite easy. Everyone was disgusted by the manner in which the Ministers were treating me.

Madame de Polignac, who was no longer afraid of me, and to whom it was sometimes embarrassing to have in her society persons favoured by the Queen, appeared anxious to make friends with me. It was suggested that I should remain in France; a way was to be provided for me to do so; I refused every offer. It was most tempting to remain, for Madame de Coigny's sake; it was for her sake that I left. I was too much afraid that people might guess my true reason for remaining, I dared not even plead the excuse of Madame de Montbazon's[274] confinement, for which M. and

Madame de Guéménée were most anxious that I should remain.

Madame de Coigny was vexed at my departure. I ventured to believe that she was in love with me. She did not, however, tell me so, but continued to be sensible and severe. On the evening of my departure, I cut a lock of her hair; she asked for it back. I gave it to her without hesitation. She gazed at me as she took it; I saw tears in her eyes; I had not lost everything. She alone, I hope, can form an idea of my despair when I was obliged to leave her; she alone could make me feel to what a degree I could be happy or unhappy. I left her; I had never done anything so difficult; my heart was full of love, despair and confidence.

I arrived at Brest on the day on which the English fleet was sighted; this did not prevent the Indian convoy from putting to sea two days later and being captured within twenty-four hours. I wrote by every post to Madame de Coigny. I was afraid that all my letters might bore her. I did what I could to keep them from being long. I was rarely successful; she was sorry for me; she wrote to me often, it is true; I lived upon her letters. I never broke the seal of one without feelings of inexpressible joy and gratitude. We remained for a long while at Brest, confined alternately by the winds and by the English. I pleaded with insistence for that plume to which I had attached so many dreams of happiness. Madame de Coigny replied that it was impossible to send it to me; that one day she would tell me her reasons; I was quite convinced that she was sorry not to give it to me; I could not, however, console myself for not having it.

We sailed at length from Brest, on the 17th of May, in extremely unsettled weather and almost under the eyes of the English; as we came out of Le Goulet we encountered a horrible gale of wind; for four days we

were in constant peril of being taken, or dashed upon the coast; I confess that I would have been charmed to be taken. I should have seen Madame de Coigny again; there was no war, no glory worth as much as that. We anchored in the River of Nantes, our frigate greatly damaged. The Captain of the *Gloire* sent a courier to M. de Castries to report this to him, and to say that he would put in for repairs at Lorient, as soon as the wind allowed him. We went to Nantes. I had time to visit Paris; I wrote to Madame de Coigny to ask her if it would not be possible for me to see her for half an hour; I begged her to refuse without hesitation, if she felt that there would be the slightest inconvenience, and to address her reply to the post office at Tours or Orleans, where I would call for it; I implored her to consult no one; she herself was sufficient to dispose of my actions, and I desired that she should take the wiser, even though it were the harder course.

I found no letter either at Tours or at Orleans. I waited; at length one came; it was from M. de Lisle.[275] He informed me that Madame de Coigny would be charmed to see me; but that she thought it would be wiser not to come to Paris; she left me free, however, to decide. Not a word from Madame de Coigny; it would have been so easy for her to refuse and to console me! She had not wished to dispose of my actions; she had not had the kindness to say to me: "I do not wish it." She had employed a third person! She had not written to me! This was more than enough to lacerate my heart. I have experienced great misfortunes, I have never felt any of them so keenly as this; my grief was such, that for ten or twelve days I found it impossible to write to her.

I went to La Rochelle to see M. de Voyer, and returned to Lorient to join my wretched frigate. Madame de Coigny replied to my complaints with

an indulgence, a charm that reassured me, and restored my tranquillity; there was nothing left me but to repent of having tormented her with my griefs. Our frigate received orders to go to Rochefort to join the *Aigle* and sail with her. I proceeded there by land. We waited for M. de La Fayette, who was kept by political affairs for three weeks at court; he sent word that he was not coming. M. de la Touche[276] offered me his cabin, which I accepted. We set sail from La Rochelle, upon the 14th of July. On the following day we came into violent collision with the French frigate *Cérès*; she did us considerable damage, and nearly did us far more. Sickness broke out among our crew; not a day passed but one of them died, and the need of nourishment for our sick obliged us to anchor at Terceyre, one of the Azores.[277] I have never seen quainter customs, or so pleasant a mingling of sacred with profane love.

After taking on board cattle, vegetables and water, we set sail again. As I was conversing one day with M. de Bozon,[278] who also was on board the *Aigle*, he spoke to me of Madame de Coigny, and of all her charms. No topic of conversation could have pleased me better: this did not last long; for he told me that M. de Chabot[279] was very much in love with her, and he suspected that she returned his affection. It was dark, fortunately: O my God! . . . I cannot think of it without a shudder; my unshakable confidence in Madame de Coigny sustained me; she had not been false or cruel; I mustered the strength to write to her before we reached the Azores, and my letter went from Terceyre by Portugal. Nothing however could destroy the profound impression that my conversation with Bozon had made upon me: I became more mortally depressed every day; my strength succumbed in the end, and I had a violent fever, with intense paroxysms and delirium. I was conscious of this; I was afraid of

betraying myself, and forbade anyone to enter my cabin except two English servants who could barely speak French.

I was right, for I was wholly absorbed in Madame de Coigny; and I was doubly right, for I murmured her name all day long. I wrote to her as often as my fever left me the strength to do so; thinking of her was my only consolation. I had the good fortune to feel the full strength of it: the thought of her, her letters charmed away my ills, although I was suffering keenly. I repeated incessantly: "My thoughts sustain me, I shall not die." In my delirium, I spoke of that plume for which I had so dearly longed.

I had been ill for twelve days when we encountered by night a vessel of 74 guns which we were obliged to fight.[280] My cabin was cleared; I was carried upon the bridge more dead than alive. I had fastened Madame de Coigny's letters over my heart, and had insisted that they should fling me into the sea, fully clothed, if I was killed, or if I died during the battle. I was for three hours the helpless spectator of a very hot engagement. We fought all the time within pistol range, and at length managed to drive off the English vessel, after coming twenty times within an inch of destruction. We had a score of men killed. The English vessel was so severely damaged, that we would easily have captured her, had we not seen upon the horizon other ships bearing down upon her. This vessel was the *Hector*, a French ship of 74 guns, taken from M. de Grasse by Admiral Rodney: she sank some days later on the Banks of Newfoundland,[281] and her crew were saved with great difficulty; we had killed more than one hundred and fifty of her men.

Next day I was worse than ever. A week after our battle, we arrived off the coast of America, at the mouth of the Delaware.[282] We anchored, and sent a boat

ashore to procure pilots, the channel of the Delaware being difficult and dangerous. Our boat was submerged by a squall of wind, and almost everyone on board perished; no pilots came to us, but, at daybreak, we sighted an English squadron of seven men of war bearing down upon us under full canvas;[283] we were forced to raise anchor and enter the river without pilots. At length we saw a boat coming towards us from the *Gloire*, which had arrived without mishap and was sending us pilots. We learned from them that we were in the wrong channel, and doomed to destruction. M. de la Touche sailed two leagues farther up the channel; then, seeing that no hope remained, decided to put ashore the packages from the court, the money and the passengers. M. de la Touche ran aground next day, cut his masts, did everything that he could to make the frigate useless to the English, and was taken prisoner; the *Gloire*, which drew less water, arrived safe and sound at Philadelphia. We were put ashore about a league from the nearest habitation, without having brought away so much as a shirt apiece.

I was still in a fever, I could barely stand, and I should never have been able to reach a house had it not been for a powerful negro who gave me his arm. As soon as we had put our money in a safe place, I made my way slowly towards Philadelphia. I was now in a low fever; I kept fainting at every moment: the French and American doctors were agreed in their opinion that I must die before the end of the autumn.

A vessel was sailing for Europe; I had an opportunity of writing to Madame de Coigny, and that did me an infinite deal of good. The doctors had declared that it was impossible that I should think of joining the army, when M. de Rochambeau sent one of his aides-de-camp with letters for the Chevalier de la Luzerne,[284] and wrote bidding me do everything in my power to

come to camp, as he had matters of the greatest importance to communicate to me. I made up my mind without consulting anyone; I mounted a horse and rode to camp, death being no worse on the road than in Philadelphia. The ride did me good. I was already much better when I arrived at Headquarters.[285]

M. de Rochambeau was delighted to see me; he told me that the bulk of his army was going to embark at Boston,[286] that he would leave some troops in America, and that he personally would return to France, and would give me the command of his troops. The army struck camp ten or twelve days later.[287] I returned across the North River, and went to take up my winter quarters in the County of Delaware. My health returned, I wished for nothing now but letters, and we received none.

The frigate *Danaë* returned at length;[288] I learned by her of many misfortunes; she did not bring me the consolation for which I hoped, not a word from Madame de Coigny; M. de Voyer was dead, I had lost Madame Dillon, my unfortunate friend[289] had nothing left him in the world; his mistress, his honour, his fortune, that of his children, that of many others, he had lost everything at once; perhaps I had nothing left myself, which was what disturbed me least; I was on the point of throwing up everything to go and join the unfortunate M. de Guéménée wherever he might be; considerations which it would take too long to explain here restrained me.

No letters from M. or Madame de Guéménée, none from my men of business, not the least detail as to the dreadful news, the fear that Madame de Coigny might be ill; she had written to me, or it had been impossible for her to write; I have not to reproach myself with having suspected her for a moment of negligence. When she alone was left to me, sure of her heart as of my own, I kept saying to myself at every moment:

"She cannot love me, but she cannot but wish to console me; alas, two thousand leagues away, does she still exist?" My thoughts and fears varied at every moment, I tormented myself, I reassured myself; everyone was not without pity; no one was in my confidence, but Madame de Montbazon. M. de Lisle knew that Madame de Coigny was very dear to me; they would have sent me news of her to all the ports: a mistake as to a date, the carelessness of a servant, the inexactitude of the posts had often doubtless prevented me from receiving my letters; I had had none from several people who were in the habit of writing to me; I did not suppose that they were ill, I might therefore hope that Madame de Coigny was not.

Such was my cruel situation when M. de Rochambeau left for France.[200] I wrote to Madame de Coigny, I was sure that she would not be hard upon my unhappy friend; I begged her upon my knees to show him a little kindness, he would be so touched by it! I wrote to M. de Guéménée that he had still a friend upon whom he might entirely rely.

The tumult of Philadelphia had become intolerable to me, I decided to escape from it. A visit to Rhode Island combined the advantages of bringing me nearer to the letters that would probably arrive in the North, and of seeing again that charming family who loved me so tenderly. I set off therefore, notwithstanding the rigour of the season.[201] At Newport they were beside themselves with joy at seeing me again. I saw nobody there; I led an easy and quiet life, and they took great care of me.

While I was at Newport, about the middle of the month of March, the American packet *Washington* arrived from France at Philadelphia.[202] The Baron de Foks, my aide-de-camp, brought my letters to Newport: there were two from Madame de Coigny, one from Spa, dated the 26th of July, 1781, and

another of the 18th of October in the same year. I mourned sincerely for Madame Dillon and M. de Voyer, but Madame de Coigny was alive and was writing to me: I might have lost her, and I had not lost her. I felt an impulse of joy as keen as had been my grief: what letters! with what touching simplicity they portrayed her soul! She was not at all in love with M. de Chabot, and reproached me for having believed it. All the explanations that could restore my tranquillity she offered me with such a grace! A word was sufficient to reassure me, she had already done what I demanded of her with such persistence! She was sorry for M. de Guéménée, she did not condemn him; she did not tell me that she loved me; but she did tell me that she counted so much upon my sentiments for her, that she made me almost as happy.

The letters that came by the *Washington* spoke of peace as farther off than ever.[293] A week later, I learned from New York that it had been signed. I left Newport: it was not without regret and emotion. I spent some days with General Washington, and returned to Philadelphia. The frigate *Active* brought me orders[294] to take back to France the remains of the French army. I received at the same time a letter from Madame de Coigny of the 22nd September, 1782; it said that all letters that I received from her would be five months old. I lost no time in embarking my troops; and, on the 11th of May,[295] 1783, we set sail from Wilmington for France.

APPENDIX

By C. K. Scott Moncrieff

At this point, the embarkation from Wilmington in May 1783, Lauzun's Memoirs cease, doubtless because they were written for the instruction of Madame de Coigny, and the rest of his adventures would be known to her. He was still in his thirty-sixth year, and might easily have survived until the Restoration; actually, three-fourths of his life were already past. He returned to France, ruined by the bankruptcy of M. de Guéménée, to whom he had sold his landed property in 1776 in exchange for a life-rent of 80,000 livres. He was completely out of favour at court; the King would barely address him, and he dared not approach the Queen's presence. In this situation he naturally gravitated into the orbit of the Duc d'Orléans and joined the Orleanist Party in the Assembly. On the night of the 4th of August, he assisted at the extinction of the feudal system in France. "Gentlemen," exclaimed Biron (he had meanwhile succeeded to the Dukedom of his uncle the Marshal) with a smile, "what have we done? Who knows?" Later, when Orleans fled to England, Biron remained at his post. In October 1790, the officers and men of his regiment of hussars, with those of the Royal Liégeois, attacked the populace of the town in which they were quartered. Biron denounced them in the Assembly, and called for their punishment. On the 27th of April, 1791, we find him writing from Douai: "The King's flight has developed a fresh energy in every heart, and his arrest has caused an outburst of well-nigh universal joy. The people love and bless

the Revolution; their confidence in the National Assembly is unbounded; all hopes are now fused in one: the greatness that you have shown since the King's flight overwhelms your enemies, and you are, more than ever, invincibly strong with all the force of public opinion. We must not leave the National Assembly unaware that their address to the French people has been received with transports of joy by the citizens of the towns which we have visited, and that this refutation of an edict suggested, doubtless, to a Monarch who had been deceived, is regarded as the sole response that need be made to the vain objections of the enemies of the Constitution." Later, he warns the Assembly against the refractory priests, fifty-two of whom he had found in the small town of Cateau-Cambrésis. He is then sent to London with Talleyrand, and is arrested at the instance of one of his former creditors. He returns to France, and is given command of the Army of the North, and serves in the Maritime Alps, where he succeeds in taking Nice from General Devins. Lastly, he is given command of a corps in the Vendée, where he toils in vain to create order and discipline out of a chaotic rabble. The task is too great for any man, and Biron succumbs. He is summoned to Paris and confined in the Abbey. On the 11th of Nivôse in the year II he appears before the Tribunal, receives his sentence with a smile, and on the following day (the first of the year 1794) is led to execution. When the headsman comes for him, he is sitting down to a dish of oysters: "Citizen," he says, "allow me to finish"; and, offering the man a glass: "take this wine, you must have need of courage, in your calling."

His wife did not long survive him. In the summer of 1791 she had retired to Lausanne with the Comtesse de Boufflers. More than a year later, they returned to France and were promptly arrested, on the charge

of having left the country. Biron, who had been separated from her for fifteen years, at once wrote to the Convention on her behalf.

STRASBOURG,
The 18th of November, Year I of the Republic, 1792.

"Citizen President, I make bold to implore you to lay the following note before the National Convention. A faithful soldier of the Republic makes bold to request the representatives of the people to turn their attention to the fearful position of a woman whom a moment's delirium, of which she can furnish proofs, exposes to the misery of being turned from the bosom of her country. Citizens, this woman is my wife. Judicially separated, parted from her for fifteen years, I feel for the first time with painful remorse, that but for the distance that circumstances have placed between us, more confident, more reassured, proud, it may be, of the patriotism of her husband, this woman, more unfortunate than guilty, would never have deserved to bring upon herself the severity of the laws. It appertains to a free people to be generous rather than severe, to pardon a woman's frailty rather than to punish it. Terrible in its efforts, in its judgments for the maintenance of liberty, it is indulgent whenever it can be so. Citizens, I demand of you for my wife more than justice, I demand generosity. Destined, as I hope, to carry your arms and Liberty into the neighbouring countries, there is no consideration upon earth that can make me quit the honourable post that you have entrusted to me. I have therefore the right to say, without allowing myself to select, Citizens, that one of you shall rise and plead in defence of my wife, since I cannot plead for her myself: this right I claim, and exercise.

"The Citizen General of the Army,
BIRON."

She appears to have been released, for, in October, 1793, Walpole writes to Miss Berry that she is again in prison. Six months after her husband, she went to the scaffold, on a warrant intended, it is said, for her man of business, her name having been written in error in the blank space.

Armand de Gontaut, Duc de Lauzun and afterwards Duc de Biron, was born on the 13th of April, 1747, the son of Charles-Antoine Armand de Gontaut, Marquis de Montferrant and Duc de Gontaut, a General in the Army, and younger brother of the Marshal Duc de Biron. He had married in January, 1744, six months after the battle of Dettingen, Antoinette-Eustachie Crozat du Chatel, elder daughter of Louis-François Crozat, Marquis du Chatel, and of Thérèse-Catherine Gouffier de Heilly; she died in her nineteenth year, after giving birth to our diarist. Her younger sister, Louise-Honorine, was married in December, 1750, to Etienne-François de Choiseul Stainville (1719-1785), Comte de Stainville and afterwards Duc de Choiseul, who figures so frequently in the memoirs. Choiseul was the son of François-Joseph, Marquis de Stainville, and the elder brother of the Duchesse de Gramont and the Comte de Stainville. The former, Béatrix de Choiseul-Stainville (1730-1794), exercised a persistent influence over her brother, both while he was in office and after his disgrace. She took as her husband in August, 1759, Antoine-Antonin de Gramont, Duc de Gramont, Sovereign of Bidache and Governor of Navarre, otherwise a person of no importance. The younger brother, Jacques de Stainville, married in January, 1761, Thomasse-Thérèse de Clermont-Reynel, a fifteen-year-old heiress, in whose sad story Lauzun, who was only a few months her junior, played a considerable part. Lauzun himself was married in his nineteenth year, on the 4th of February, 1766, to Amélie de Boufflers,

grand-daughter of a deceased Duc de Boufflers, whose widow (herself the grand-daughter of Marshal Villeroy) had married secondly Marshal Luxembourg.

Of Madame du Barry it is scarcely necessary to say much. She was born at Vaucouleurs (the birthplace also of Joan of Arc, which Lauzun dismisses as "le lieu le plus triste de toute la Champagne, et par conséquent de tout l'univers") in 1741; and christened Marie-Jeanne. Her surname, that of her mother, was Bécu. Her paternity is unknown. At the time of her marriage she had assumed the surname Gomart de Vaubernier. When Lauzun made her acquaintance in 1768, she was living with the Comte Jean du Barry, known variously as the Roué and Mahomet, from the number of his acknowledged mistresses. On the 1st of September in that year she was married to his brother Guillaume, and, as Comtesse du Barry, was presented at court by the Comtesse de Béarn. As is well known, she died on the scaffold in December 1793.

Lady Sarah Lennox was born on the 14th of February, 1745, a day and a year of different but romantic associations, the seventh daughter and eleventh child of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond and Lennox and Duc d'Aubigny (a grandson of Charles II) by Sarah, elder daughter and co-heir of William Earl Cadogan. Her parents had been married when eighteen and thirteen years old, at the Hague, in settlement of a gambling debt between their respective fathers. Her eldest sister, Georgina Carolina Lennox, her senior by nearly twenty-two years, was already the wife of Henry Fox; they, who afterwards were created respectively Baroness and Baron Holland, were the parents of Charles James Fox and his brother, General Henry Edward Fox. The next surviving sister, Emily Mary Lennox, was married in 1747 to James Fitzgerald, 20th Earl of Kildare, afterwards Marquess

of Kildare and Duke of Leinster, and became the mother of nineteen children, among whom was the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Lady Sarah is said to have received an offer of marriage from the young King, George III, but to have been at that time in love with Lord Newbottle (William John Ker, 1737-1815), afterwards 5th Marquess of Lothian, K.T.), whose sister was already the wife of her brother, Lord George Lennox (and became the mother of the 4th Duke of Richmond). On the 2nd of June, 1762, Lady Sarah was married to Thomas Charles Bunbury, afterwards 6th baronet of Stanney Hall, in Cheshire, and Barton in Suffolk. By him she had no issue, but in December, 1768, she gave birth to a daughter, styled Louisa Bunbury, apparently the child of Lord William Gordon, for whom she forsook her husband a few months later. Lord William (1744-1823) was second son of Cosmo (named after the Grand Duke of Tuscany), 3rd Duke of Gordon, and elder brother of the notorious Lord George Gordon. In August, 1770, by way of penance for his elopement with Lady Sarah, he cropped his head and set out, with a knapsack and a large dog, to walk to Rome. After his return he became a Member of Parliament, Deputy Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks, and Vice-Admiral for Scotland. When Lauzun saw Lady Sarah at Halnaker, she had already parted from Gordon, but their connection was perpetuated by the secret marriage at Gordon Castle in September, 1789 (a fortnight after his duel with the Duke of York upon Wimbledon Common), of Lady Sarah's nephew, Charles Lennox, afterwards 4th Duke of Richmond and Lennox, to Lord William's niece, Lady Charlotte Gordon. The eldest son of this marriage, Charles, 5th Duke of Richmond, succeeded to the Gordon estates, and his eldest son, Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox, K.G., 6th Duke of Richmond and Lennox and Duc

d'Aubigny, was created Earl of Kinrara and Duke of Gordon in 1876.

Lady Sarah Bunbury was divorced by Act of Parliament in May, 1776, and five years later became the second wife of Colonel George Napier (reputed the handsomest man in the Army), sixth son of Francis Scott, 5th Lord Napier of Merchiston. Although she was already in her thirty-seventh year, she bore her second husband five sons and three daughters; including Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in India (1782-1853), General Sir George Thomas Napier, K.C.B., (1784-1855), General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier, K.C.B. (1785-1860), the historian of the Peninsular War, and Captain Henry Edward Napier, R.N., F.R.S. (1789-1853). The last-named had the unusual distinction of being born seventy years after the marriage of his maternal grandparents. Lady Sarah Napier seems to have remained upon the best of terms with her former husband's family; for his nephew and successor, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, married first in 1807 the elder daughter of her nephew, General Henry Edward Fox (the younger daughter afterwards becoming the wife of the historian, Sir William Napier), and secondly, after Lady Sarah's death, her own eldest daughter, Emily Louisa Napier. By his first wife, Sir Henry Bunbury had four sons, of whom the third, Colonel Henry Bunbury, who commanded the 23rd Fusiliers at Sebastopol, married his cousin Cecilia, younger daughter of General Sir George Napier, and was by her the father of Sir Henry Charles John Bunbury (1855-), 10th baronet of Barton, who is thus descended from Lady Sarah Lennox and from her sister, though not from her husband, Sir Charles Bunbury.

Colonel George Napier died in October, 1804, aged fifty-three. His widow received a pension for herself

and his daughters of £1,000 a year in recognition of his services to the State. She, who was senior to him by six years, and to Biron by two, survived both the latter and his more famous English namesake, and died "blind, but still beautiful" in August, 1826.

Princess Czartoryska, an account of whom will be found in Miss Rutherford's notes, was doomed to survive even longer, dying in her ninetieth year in 1835. Three of her children were alive under the second Empire. Her grandson, Prince Alexander Czartoryski, married Princess Marceline Radziwill, well known as a musician in the early part of the last century.

The only other of Lauzun's mistresses that needs be mentioned is Madame de Coigny. This was the daughter of the Marquis de Conflans d'Armentières by his marriage, in 1755, to Marie-Antoinette Portail. She was therefore, unlike her predecessors, Lauzun's junior by about ten years. She was married in 1775 to François de Franquetot, Marquis de Coigny, son of that Duc de Coigny (Marie-François-Henri de Franquetot, 1737-1821) who tactlessly observed the Queen's delight in the acquisition of Lauzun's heron-plume. It was of her that Marie-Antoinette said: "I am only Queen of Versailles; it is Madame de Coigny who is Queen of Paris." She survived until 1832, leaving a son, the Duc de Coigny, who was one of the "Peers of France" under the Restoration and the Bourgeois Monarchy.

NOTES

By G. Rutherford

[1] Charles-Antoine-Armand de Gontaut (1708–*c.* 1796), married 1744 Antoinette-Eustachie Crozat du Châtel (1729–47), daughter of Antoine Crozat, marquis de Thiers.

[2] Marie-Anne de Mailly-Nesle (1717–44), who immediately preceded Mme. de Pompadour as mistress of Louis XV.

[3] He entered the Gardes Françaises as *enseigne à drapeau* on Jan. 18, 1761.

[4] Etienne-François de Choiseul-Stainville (1719–85), afterwards the famous duc de Choiseul. He married in 1750 Louise-Honorine Crozat du Châtel (1736–1801).

[5] Béatrix de Choiseul-Stainville (1730–94).

[6] Antoine-Antonin, duc de Gramont, b. 1722. His first wife was his cousin, Louise-Victoire de Gramont.

[7] Actually between twelve and thirteen. The marriage was celebrated on Aug. 16, 1759.

[8] The chateau of Ménars, near Blois, bought by Mme. de Pompadour in 1760 and later occupied by her brother, the marquis de Marigny.

[9] Thomasse-Thérèse de Clermont d'Amboise, daughter of the marquis de Reynel. She was born in 1746 and married Jacques-Philippe de Choiseul, comte de Stainville, on April 3, 1761.

[10] The church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

[11] Charles-Léopold de Chezelles, b. 1736, chevalier, afterwards marquis de Jaucourt. He was nicknamed *Clair de Lune* because of his round, pale face.

[12] Amélie de Boufflers (1751–94), daughter of Charles-Joseph, duc de Boufflers (who died 1751, son of the maréchale de Luxembourg by her first husband), and of Marie-Anne-Philippine-Thérèse de Montmorency. Besenval said of Mme. de Luxembourg (1707–86) that her one merit was her manner of bringing up her granddaughter, while Mme. du Deffand wrote of the granddaughter : " She is literally exempt from any fault, she is the female Grandison." In her youth her excellent upbringing had the effect of making her almost completely silent.

[13] Anne-Marguérite-Gabrielle de Beauvau-Craon (1707–91), widow of the maréchal de Mirepoix, at one time ambassador to England.

[14] Or Rothe, or Rothes. Lucy de Rothes (1751–82) was the daughter

of General Edward Rothes (d. 1766), whose father had followed James II into exile, and of Lucy Cary, daughter of the 6th Viscount Falkland. Mme. de Rothes was granddaughter through her mother to Arthur Dillon, 1st proprietary colonel of the *Régiment de Dillon*, and was niece to the archbishop of Narbonne, with whom, as will be seen, Lauzun often stayed at Hautefontaine, an estate bought by General Rothes, where his widow and the archbishop had a joint household. Lucy de Rothes married in 1768 her mother's cousin, Arthur Dillon (1750–94), second son of the 11th Viscount Dillon and 6th proprietary colonel of the *Régiment de Dillon*.

[15] Marie-Sophie-Charlotte de la Tour d'Auvergne, sister-in-law of Mme. de Mirepoix.

[16] Anne-Louise-Marie (1750–1834). She married the prince de Poix in 1767.

[17] Sept. 6, 1763.

[18] Born Toinard de Jouy, married 1758 Jean-Jacques, comte d'Esparbès de Lussan. There is a good deal about her in Mme. du Hausset's Memoirs.

[19] See Mme. du Hausset's Memoirs.

[20] By Rochon de Chabannes, after a tale by Marmontel. It was first staged on Nov. 29, 1762.

[21] Louis-Joseph de Bourbon (1736–1818).

[22] April 15, 1764.

[23] Henri-Louis-Marie de Rohan (1745–1807).

[24] Charles-François-Christian de Montmorency-Luxembourg, born 1713. In the preceding year (1764) he had been made Captain of one of the four companies of *Gardes du Corps*, one of the highest posts in the King's Household.

[25] Eléonore-Josèphe-Pulchérie, born 1745. She was his third wife.

[26] Anne-Paul-Emmanuel-Sigismond de Montmorency, born 1742.

[27] Louis-Joachim-Paris Potier, born 1733.

[28] Adelaïde-Louise-Angélique de Croÿ-Solre, born 1741, married 1762 Joseph de Croÿ, duc d'Havré, her cousin three years her junior. The mothers of both the duc d'Havré and the marquis de Gesvres were Montmorencys, sisters of the prince de Tingry, so the escapade which follows was largely a family affair. It caused great annoyance to the staid duc de Croÿ, father of Mme. d'Havré. (See his Memoirs, Vol. II.)

[29] Anne-Charles-Sigismond de Montmorency, born 1737, later duc de Luxembourg.

[30] Louis-Jean Potier de Gesvres (1695–1774).

[31] He died Dec. 20, 1765.

[32] Antoine-Raymond-Jean-Gualbert-Gabriel, comte d'Alby (1729–1801). As will be seen, he was afterwards (1776) Minister for the Navy.

[33] Gabrielle-Charlotte-Françoise de Chimay (1739–1809), married 1755 Jacques-François, vicomte de Cambis. She is often mentioned

in Mme. du Deffand's letters. Her brother, the prince d'Hénin, was a lover of Sophie Arnould, whom he is supposed to have bored to extinction. They were niece and nephew of Mme. de Mirepoix.

[34] Louise-Julie de Boufflers (1741–94), sister of the chevalier de Boufflers. She had married in 1760 Louis Bruno, comte de Boisgelin de Cucé, master of the King's Wardrobe.

[35] Louis-François de Bourbon, prince de Conti (1717–76). Since 1749 he had been Grand-Prior of France. See Walpole's description of his circle in 1766—the year of which Lauzun is writing.

[36] Jean-Baptiste Guignard, known as Clairval (1735–95), principal actor of the *Comédie Italienne*.

[37] Lady Sarah Lennox (1745–1826) was the fourth daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, K.G., and of Sarah, daughter of William, Earl Cadogan. The story of how she was nearly married to George III (her cousin after a fashion, for she was descended from Charles II) is well known. In 1761 she was one of the ten trainbearers of his bride, Charlotte of Mecklenburg. On June 2, 1762, she married Thomas Charles Bunbury (1740–1821), who in 1764 succeeded his father as 6th Baronet. His chief claim to distinction was his fine racing stud and the fact that he owned Diomed, winner of the first Derby in 1780, but he also represented Suffolk in Parliament for 43 years. Lady Sarah, "whose least qualification," wrote the first Lord Holland, her brother-in-law, "is her transcendent beauty," left her husband in February 1769 to join Lord William Gordon, taking with her her daughter Louisa, born in the previous December. After a few months with him she returned to her brother, the 3rd Duke of Richmond, and for the next twelve years she lived at Goodwood and at a small house called Halnaker, which the Duke built for her in Goodwood Park. In 1776 Sir Charles Bunbury divorced her. He apparently bore her little malice, and he and his family showed kindness to her child, who was known as Louisa Bunbury. In 1781 Lady Sarah married as his second wife the Hon. George Napier, sixth son of Francis, 6th Baron Napier. They had eight children, among them Generals Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier. Louisa Bunbury died of consumption in 1785. Lady Sarah was widowed in 1804, and a few years later became quite blind. The *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, from which the above information has been taken, edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale, was first published in 1901.

The Bunburys arrived in Paris at the beginning of December, 1766. Lady Sarah had spent a month there with her sisters, Lady Holland and Lady Louisa Conolly, previously, but on that occasion she had not met either Lauzun or Mme. du Deffand, whose letters for 1767 contain many references to her and to her relations with Lauzun. According to Mme. du Deffand, French society was "astonished but not scandalised" by her open encouragement of him.

[38] Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond, K.G. (1735–1806), Ambassador to France in 1765. Nine years later Mme. de Cambis was very much in love with him.

[39] The Hôtel du Temple was the residence of the prince de Conti as Grand Prior of the Order of Malta. Built in 1667, it stood within the precincts of the ancient headquarters of the Knights Templar, and here the prince gave sanctuary to Jean-Jacques Rousseau against a *lettre de cachet* in 1765. The *Tour du Temple*, where the Royal Family was confined during the Revolution, was part of the ancient stronghold of the Templars, which was turned into a state prison after the demolition of the Bastille. It was destroyed under Napoleon I and the rest of the buildings under Napoleon III. Their site is now occupied by the Square du Temple. Mme. du Deffand, as is well known, nicknamed the prince de Conti's mistress, Mme. de Boufflers, the *Idole du Temple*.

[40] Jean-Philippe de Franquetot (1743–1806). According to Mme. de Genlis he was nicknamed Mimi.

[41] Marie de Vichy-Chamrond (1697–1780), widow of Jean-Baptiste-Jacques-Charles de la Lande, marquis du Deffand (died 1750). It is as plain from her Letters as from this sole mention of her in Lauzun's Memoirs that there was no love lost between them.

[42] Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of Carlisle, K.G., K.T., P.C. (1748–1825), who in his later years was the much-tried guardian of Lord Byron. His youthful infatuation for Lady Sarah was as little a secret as Lauzun's. Mme. du Deffand thought or pretended to think that Lord Carlisle was the favoured lover and that Lauzun was used as a blind.

[43] According to Mme. du Deffand the Bunburys' departure from Paris was postponed from Monday, Feb. 2, to Saturday, Feb. 7, when Lauzun accompanied them to Arras. If the two letters given by Lauzun are genuine, it looks as if Lady Sarah had written them in Paris before her plans were changed and had forgotten to alter the dates when posting them at Arras and Calais respectively.

[44] Claude-Louis-François de Régnier, born 1715, died Sept. of this same year—1767. Lauzun arrived in England on Feb. 20 or 21 (see Mme. du Deffand), and on Feb. 22 Lady Mary Coke entered in her *Journal* that she had met at the French Ambassadress's "the Duke de Lauzun, who is come from France after Lady Sarah Bunberry. He has no advantage from his person, which is neither agreeable nor in the least conveys the idea of his being of one of the most considerable families in France, & heir to one of the greatest fortunes. L'd Dillon told me he was sure he wou'd not have less than fifty thousand pounds a year English. He married lately the heiress of the Duke de Boufflers, a young lady of sixteen years of age & in all respects amiable; but his attachment to my lady Sarah seems as if he was insensible to her merit. As I was going downstairs I mett him coming up from having attended Lady Sarah to her Chair; he had the polite-

ness to go down again with me, but good breeding is common to all of his Nation."

[45] Major-General Charles Lee (1731–82), son of Major-General John Lee and of Isabella, third daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, 3rd Baronet. He took service with the Americans in the War of Independence, but his behaviour at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778 was so extraordinary that he was court-martialled and suspended from his command. His manners are reported to have been eccentric and his temper bad.

[46] Sir Charles Bunbury's seat in Suffolk.

[47] The French editions have Soanes. Susanna Bunbury, born 1737, married 1765 the Rev. Henry Soame or Soames, of Thurlow Hall, Suffolk. Both before and after her marriage she lived a great deal with her sister-in-law.

[48] Lady Sarah wrote to Lady Susan O'Brien from Barton on May 7 : " Since I came from Paris in Febry, I have been at Bath, at Goodwood, in town, at New^t^, & twice here for 10 days."

[49] The Bunburys were to have crossed to France in the middle of June and to have gone via Paris to Spa. Lauzun went to Calais to meet them, but it was finally decided that they should go to Spa direct. On June 24 Mme. du Deffand wrote to Walpole : " I learned yesterday that *le petit Lauzun*, not finding his milady at Calais, had crossed to England, where he did not dare remain ; there was some question of putting him in prison for this escapade."

[50] Jean du Barry, who launched *l'Ange*, that is to say, Madame du Barry. She married Guilleaume du Barry, brother of Jean du Barry, in Sept. 1768.

[51] Charles, marquis, afterwards duc, de Fitzjames (1743–*c.* 1803). He was a grandson of the Duke of Berwick, son of James II and Arabella Churchill. For an account of the party given him by the duc de Chartres to celebrate his farewell to his bachelor life see *Journal historique de Collé*, March, 1769. In his latter days he became devout. (See *Fernyngham Letters*.)

[52] In 1768 the Genoese, tired of their unsuccessful attempts to control Corsica, ceded it to France under cover of a treaty allowing the King of France to exercise rights of sovereignty over all the places and harbours of Corsica as security for debts owed to France by Genoa. The marquis de Chauvelin (Bernard-Louis, 1716–73) proved unequal to the task of reducing the island, which was finally subdued by the comte de Vaux.

[53] The French editions have Ronné. Probably Albert-Marie, marquis de Romé de Vernouillet (1730–93). According to Dufort de Cheverny, " His extravagant taste for loose women caused his separation from a very rich wife who adored him."

[54] The prince de Lamballe was son of the duc de Penthièvre and husband of the princesse de Lamballe, afterwards the favourite of

Marie-Antoinette. He died May 6, 1768, at the château of Lucienne after he wrote the duc de Croÿ, "a short and not a good life." Mme. Brissard was the wife of a *fermier général*.

[55] Daniel-Marc-Antoine Chardon, born 1730. He was a distinguished lawyer and published several works, including a *Code des Prises* in two quarto volumes, but according to Dufort de Cheverny he was "to the last degree immoral."

[56] This member of a pre-eminently naval family had commanded a squadron during the Seven Years War and had been made *lieutenant-général des armées navales* in 1764.

[57] Lauzun left Toulon on Aug. 9. See Mme. du Deffand's letter to Walpole of Aug. 23, 1768, in which she alludes to the fishing-boat incident. M. de Chauvelin arrived in Corsica on Aug. 29.

[58] Oct 9, 1768.

[59] Louis-Charles-René, comte de Marbeuf (1712–86), who since 1764 had commanded the French troops assisting the Genoese on the island. He continued to command in Corsica after the war, and it was he who obtained for Napoleon a bursary at the military school at Brienne.

[60] Colonel of the regiment of *Rouergue*.

[61] Pascal Paoli's elder brother.

[62] Noël de Jourda, comte de Vaux (1705–88). He was appointed Chauvelin's successor in Feb. 1769, and arrived in Corsica in April.

[63] A château fifteen miles from Versailles between the forests of Saint-Leger and Rambouillet, which Louis XV and XVI used as a hunting-lodge. It was destroyed in the Revolution.

[64] Compiègne, like Fontainebleau, was the abode of the Court for a time each year. These visits were called the *grands voyages*, while those to St Hubert and Marly were *petits voyages* only, of a few days at a time.

[65] Louis-Antoine de Gontaut, duc de Biron (1700–88), maréchal de France in 1751. He was Lauzun's uncle and colonel of the Gardes Françaises. The fact that the regiment was after all given to the duc du Châtelet was one of the causes of Lauzun's later enmity to the court party.

[66] Mistress of the comte de Saint-Florentin (later duc de la Vrillière), who was one of the four Secretaries of State.

[67] Probably a daughter or one of the quasi-wives of Nicolas-Médard Audinot (1732–1801), an actor and theatre-director much in vogue at this time.

[68] The prince de Conti's magnificent château at the village of that name on the Oise. It was destroyed in the Revolution.

[69] Charles de Rohan (1715–87), prince de Soubise, who had been made maréchal de France during the Seven Years War but had not achieved much glory.

[70] Catherine-Jeanne Tavernier de Boullogne, married 1765

Matthieu-Paul-Louis de Montmorency, vicomte de Laval (1748–1809). The vicomtesse de Laval had a reputation for much charm and for changing her lovers often. After the Revolution, when she was over fifty, she became the mistress of the comte de Narbonne, and presided over a Royalist salon at which Talleyrand was a frequent guest as was also her son, the duc Matthieu de Montmorency. She was one of the ladies who was the most scandalised when Lauzun's memoirs were first published in 1822.

[71] Formerly marquis de Royan. See note 29.

[72] That is, the duchesses de Choiseul and Gramont and the second wife of the prince de Beauvau (Marie-Sylvie de Rohan-Chabot), whom Mme. du Deffand christened the *Dominante*.

[73] The duc d'Aiguillon was Armand-Vignerod Duplessis-Richelieu (1720–88). His uncle, the maréchal de Richelieu (Louis François-Armand Duplessis, duc de Richelieu, 1696–1788), used his influence with Mme. du Barry to oust Choiseul, and was helped by the prince de Condé.

[74] His château near Amboise. All that remains of it now is the "pagoda," seven stories high, which Choiseul erected at the central point of the converging rides of the forest of Amboise, and furnished with marble tablets bearing the names of those who came to pay him court in his exile.

[75] Marie-Antoinette was married to the Dauphin May 16, 1770.

[76] As mademoiselle de Beauvau. See note 16.

[77] Lucy de Rothes. See note 14.

[78] Victoire-Armande-Josephe de Rohan-Soubise, daughter of the maréchal de Soubise. She had married her cousin, the prince de Guéménée (see note 23), in 1761.

[79] Jeanne-Marie Hocquart married in 1760 to Anne-Pierre, marquis de Montesquiou (1739–98), since the preceding year First Equerry to the comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.

[80] Claude-Anne-Elisabeth de Montmorency-Laval (1750–84) had married the marquis de Fleury, a collateral descendant of Cardinal Fleury, in 1767. She was possessed of wit and of a mad sort of humour. (See Mme. de Genlis, Bachaumont, etc.) Her son married Aimée de Coigny (*La Jeune Captive*), who, as duchesse de Fleury, played a certain part in Lauzun's later life.

[81] Marie-Joséphine-Louise de Savoie had been married to the comte de Provence on May 14, 1771. See note 79.

[82] Anne-Alexandre-Marie-Sulpice-Joseph de Montmorency-Laval (1747–1817), afterwards duc de Laval, father of the duc Adrien de Montmorency. He was a supremely good card-player, but famed for the ineptitude of his conversation.

[83] This child was a boy who died aged two. Madame Dillon had one surviving child, Henrietta Lucy (1770–1853), who married in 1786 the comte de Gouvernet, later, marquis de la Tour du Pin.

For the Dillon family see this daughter's *Journal d'une femme de cinquante ans*, the comtesse de Boigne's Memoirs, and the *Fernyngham Letters*, edited by Egerton Castle.

[84] See note 14. Hautefontaine was between Villers-Cotterets and Soissons.

[85] Adrien-Louis de Bonnières (1735–1806), comte, later duc, de Guines. He was ambassador from 1770 to 1776.

[86] Caroline Fitzroy (d. 1784), eldest daughter of the 2nd Duke of Grafton, married 1746 William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington. She had been a great beauty and something of a rake. On Dec. 20, 1772, Lady Mary Coke wrote in her *Journal*: "I took the opportunity of being in Town to return the visit Lady Harrington made me six months ago. I mett a Paris acquaintance, the Duke de Lauzon who is come to England for two or three months."

[87] Isabelle (1746–1835), daughter of Count George Flemming—of a Saxon family of Dutch origin which had been brought to Poland by Augustus II—and of Antoinette Czartoryska, daughter of the Grand Chancellor of Lithuania. About 1764 she had married her maternal uncle, Prince Adam Casimir Czartoryski (1734–1823), who was cousin to Stanislas Poniatowski whom he was largely responsible for putting on the Polish throne as King Stanislas II. The Czartoryski family headed a party which was anxious to maintain a constitutional government in Poland by means of Russian aid, but they occasionally defied Russia when patriotism seemed to demand it. Princess Czartoryska and her husband were patrons of art and letters, and the Princess published a book on landscape gardening and another which was intended to give the agricultural classes a taste for Polish history. Lady Craven (see note 89), with whom she was intimate in London and afterwards at Warsaw, wrote of her that "her talents were very superior, and her manners without affectation. She was a perfect musician, and a fine painter; danced inimitably; had knowledge without pedantry, and never displayed her learning with ostentation." The Prince of Nassau-Siegen in a letter written in 1786 described her as having "as many airs and graces as when I saw her fourteen or fifteen years ago, and though they still suit her very well they no longer have quite the same effect on me as they had then." Her son in his memoirs portrays her as a wise and devoted mother, but scandal did not allow all her numerous children the same paternity. In the Polish rising of 1830–31 Princess Czartoryska, though not far from ninety, displayed much energy, turned her country house of Pulawy into a hospital, and was there bombarded by her own grandson, the Prince of Wurtemburg, who was a general in the Russian service. She died at Sienawa in Galicia.

[88] Nicholas-Vassilievitch (1734–1801), general and statesman. During his ambassadorship at Warsaw he had behaved with the utmost arrogance towards the Poles and had violently persecuted their national party.

[89] Elizabeth Berkeley (1750–1828), daughter of Augustus, 4th Earl of Berkeley, married 1767 William Craven, later 6th Lord Craven, from whom she separated in 1780 after the birth of seven children. On 13 October, 1791 (Lord Craven having died on 26 September), she married the Margrave of Anspach whose mistress, or as she declared "sister," she had been for some years. Walpole's description of her agrees with Lauzun's.

[90] Catherine Graeme, daughter of Major-General Graeme, who married 1768 Thomas Hampden, afterwards 2nd Viscount Hampden, elder son of the 4th Baron Trevor (who was created Viscount Hampden in 1776). She died childless in 1804.

[91] Halnaker. See note 37.

[92] Susanna, daughter of Colonel Rowland Reynolds, second wife of Sir Robert Harland (1715 ?–84), a distinguished admiral and a friend of Keppel. His son Robert (1765–1849) died childless, when the baronetcy became extinct.

[93] Marianne Dorothy (1759–85) married in 1783 Major-General William Dalrymple, brother of the 5th Earl of Stair, and became the mother of the 7th Earl, who died in Paris in 1840 after two disastrous and notorious marriages. Her elder sister Frances married, as will be seen, Count Edward Dillon. They had a younger sister, Susanna Edith, who married in 1785 Sir William Rowley, 2nd Baronet, of Tendering Hall, Suffolk.

[94] Caterina Gabrieli (1730–96), a famous Italian singer. She sang in England in 1775, when Walpole considered her "superannuated."

[95] Alexandre-Frédéric-Jacques de Masson, marquis de Pezai (1741–77). He was son of an official in the French Finance Department, had social and literary pretensions, and though he had also real ability, was laughed at by both courtiers and men of letters. He married a Mlle. Murat in 1776.

[96] Henry Herbert, 10th Earl (1734–94), at Wilton House.

[97] The chevalier d'Oraison was a friend of the Prince of Nassau-Siegen (*q.v.* later in the Memoirs), of the duc de Chartres and of Mme. de Genlis, in short was a member of the Palais Royal circle, to which Lauzun also belonged. He had been round the world with Bougainville and was, says Mme. de Genlis, "prodigiously well-informed . . . without ever having been accused of pedantry."

[98] Sproughton, or Sproughton Hall. The second Sir Robert Harland had it pulled down about 1790, and built himself a house called Wherstead Lodge on his estate at Wherstead.

[99] This personage, who in Lacour's edition of Lauzun's Memoirs is simply called "Sir Marmaduke" and in other editions "Sir Marmaduke Hewel," seems almost certainly to have been Sir Marmaduke Asty Wyvill (1742–74), 7th Baronet, of Constable Burton, Yorkshire. He was the nephew of the sixth baronet and through his mother, the

daughter of Francis Asty, a Hamburgh merchant, succeeded to the estate of Black Notley in Essex. On his death unmarried the baronetcy became dormant (the elder remaining branch of the family having settled in America), and the estates passed to his cousin Christopher Wyvill, the advocate of parliamentary reform, who was also his brother-in-law.

[100] In the course of 1773 Lauzun ran three horses at various meetings—*Patrician*, *Humdrum* and *Taster*—all of which he seems to have bought from Sir Charles Bunbury, who ran them at the early meetings of that year. *Patrician* ran second in a race at Ipswich on June 30, 1773, but that was evidently a later meeting than the one here described.

[101] Tort, who had been using his inside knowledge to gamble with public money, declared when discovered that he had acted on the ambassador's instructions. After a long enquiry Tort's counter-accusations were declared to be false, but the public believed the ambassador guilty.

[102] A lady of this name is mentioned under various spellings by Lady Mary Coke and Mrs. Delaney as being in London in 1767.

[103] Wife of the Danish ambassador.

[104] John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718–92), at this time First Lord of the Admiralty. For a scathing indictment of his public and private life see Trevelyan's *The Early Life of Charles James Fox*.

[105] "On the 22 (June 1773) the King set out for Portsmouth and returned on the 27th. The Ministers attended him and dined with him on board the fleet in their turns, as did several other lords and gentlemen, Monsieur de Guines the French ambassador, and the Duke de Lauzun." Walpole's *Last Journals*.

[106] François-Xavier Branicki (d. 1819), whose real name seems to have been Branetzki, was a foreign adventurer, a favourite of Stanislas II, who became Grand-General of Poland and helped to betray it to the Russians in 1792. He must not be confused with Jean-Clement Branicki, of a noble Polish family, who was also Grand-General and lived 1688–1771.

[107] Margaret Georgiana Poyntz (1737–1814) married in 1755 John Spencer, afterwards created Viscount Althorp and Earl Spencer.

[108] Count Tschernicheff (whom Walpole spells Czernichew) had been Russian ambassador to England in 1768–9. In July, 1773, Lady Mary Coke met him and his wife at Berlin on their way to Aix-la-Chapelle and no doubt to Spa.

[109] Though the Czartoryski had helped Catherine to put her ex-lover Poniatowski on the throne of Poland, they then introduced too many reforms to please the empress.

[110] In 1769.

[111] Nikita-Ivanovich Panin (1718–83), chief minister of Catherine II. He was largely responsible for the first partition of Poland in 1772.

[112] Peter, Count Romanzoff (1725–96), a famous Russian general who received from Catherine the additional surname of Zadonaiski because of his deeds against the Turks *beyond the Don*.

[113] Published 1771.

[114] Jerome-David Gaube (1705–80), better known under the name of Gaubius.

[115] Stanislas Poniatowski (1754–1833), afterwards Grand Treasurer of Lithuania. He left Poland in 1793, and spent the latter part of his life in Italy.

[116] Prince Adam Czartoryski, son of the Princess, mentions in his memoirs "a young Genevese called Lhuillier" who was his mathematical tutor.

[117] Prince Czartoryski was arrested on March 30, 1774, at the instance of Count Mostowski, palatine of Moravia, who claimed the sum of 200,000 crowns for which the prince had stood surety for his father-in-law. Owing to Lauzun's exertions he was not put in prison, and in the end he won his case.

[118] Augustus-Alexander Czartoryski (1697–1782), Palatine of Red Russia.

[119] May 10, 1774.

[120] He had bought it from the comte de Coigny in March 1774 for 150,000 francs.

[121] Louis-Gabriel de Conflans d'Armentières, marquis de Conflans, b. 1735.

[122] Near Warsaw where the Czartoryski had a villa.

[123] Otto-Magnus, Count von Stackelberg (1736–1800), a German adventurer who had succeeded Repnin as ambassador and was yet more severe.

[124] The Czartoryski's winter-palace in Warsaw was called by this name.

[125] According to the Memoirs of Prince Adam-George Czartoryski his mother had seven children : Thérèse who was burned to death as a young girl, Marie (1766–1854), who married Prince Louis of Wurtemburg, Adam-George, author of the memoirs (1770–1862), Constantine-Adam (Oct. 28, 1773–1860), Sophie (1776–1836), who married Count Stanislas Zamoyska, Gabrielle, younger than Sophie, and another daughter whose name, fate, date of birth or place in the family are not mentioned. Lacour says in his edition of Lauzun's Memoirs that Prince Constantine-Adam was generally supposed to be Lauzun's son, but owns that there is exactly a year's discrepancy in the date of his birth.

[126] Stanislas-Charles (1734–90), Palatine of Vilna, who opposed the Czartoryski or Russophil faction.

[127] The Elector was Frederick-Augustus (1750–1827), who afterwards became first King of Saxony. In 1769 he had married Maria-Amelia of Zweibrücken or Deux-Ponts.

[128] The maréchal de Muy had been made War Minister in June 1774. He died the following year. Charles Gravier, comte de Vergennes (1717–87), had been appointed Foreign Minister at the same time. These memorials from Lauzun are in the Archives Nationales in Paris.

[129] It was Mme. de Guines who was the duchesse de Lauzun's aunt.

[130] James Harris, afterwards 1st Earl of Malmesbury (1746–1820). He was British Minister at Berlin 1771–76. Later he was to share with Lauzun the favours of the duchesse de Fleury.

[131] Frederick the Great.

[132] A district of Warsaw.

[133] Probably the wife of Casimir Poniatowski, elder brother of the King.

[134] That is to say Madame Potoçka, wife of the *Staroste* of Tlomoçki. Apparently this was Countess Ladislas Potoçka, daughter of Princess Lubomirska, who like Mme. Oginska was a sister of Prince Adam Czartoryski.

[135] The Wola was a plain outside Warsaw where the election of the Polish kings took place and also the duels of their subjects.

[136] The marquis de Juigné, who was appointed in Dec. 1774 and left for Russia in June 1775. A series of letters between Lauzun and Stackelberg on this subject exist (in cipher) in the Archives Nationales. They are quoted by Maugras—*The duc de Lauzun and the court of Marie-Antoinette*.

[137] A district of Versailles where the Guéménée had recently built a house which Louis XVI afterwards bought for Mme. Elisabeth. It still stands in the Avenue de Paris, but it has been enlarged, and the charming garden for which it was famed is no longer laid out as it was.

[138] Antoine-Charles du Houx (1728–92), general, who had served in Russia and was afterwards to serve with Lauzun in America. He was mortally wounded defending the Royal Family at the Tuileries on Aug. 10, 1792.

[139] On Feb. 27, 1774, Mme. du Deffand wrote to Horace Walpole: "It seems that a little Mme. de Monglas who had been ordered to be carried off to a convent at Montpellier and was escorted by three persons of the police, has escaped. I don't know if anyone is chasing after her: the Prince de Nassau and a M. d'Esterhazy had fought about her...." (See also Bachaumont, for an account of the duel in question.) The prince de Nassau was Charles-Henri-Nicolas-Othon de Nassau-Siegen (1745–1808), who will appear again in the Memoirs. Like Lauzun he spent his life in trying to be a hero of romance, and on the whole succeeded.

[140] This family's castle was called Blise-Castel.

[141] Wolfgang-Heribert, Baron Dalberg (1750–1806). He was a Minister of the State of Baden, a writer of plays and a correspondent

of Schiller. One of the children with whose education his wife was so estimably occupied was the duc de Dalberg, who became one of Napoleon's ministers, but welcomed back the Bourbons if he did not actually intrigue for their return.

[142] "Dunn, a Jacobite Irishman" (see Walpole) was French minister to the Elector Palatine from 1764 till 1769. He called himself Count O'Dunn and had married the eldest daughter of Humphrey Parsons, also a Jacobite, who had been Lord Mayor of London. Dufort de Cheverny gives details of his career and marriage.

[143] Marie-Julie Vassal, married 1770 Anne-Claude, marquis de Chamborant, as his second wife.

[144] This race was won on Oct. 4, 1775, on the plain of Sablons "by the address of a little English postillion, who is in such fashion that I don't know whether the Academy will not give him for the subject of a *éloge*" (Walpole to Conway on Oct. 6).

[145] Marie-Louise-Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan (1749–92), who perished in the September massacres. She had married the prince de Lamballe in 1767. (See note 54.)

[146] Afterwards Charles X.

[147] Marie-Hedwige-Eleonore-Christine of Hesse-Rheinfels-Rothenburg, born 1747, married the prince de Bouillon in 1766.

[148] René-Mars de Froulay, comte de Tessé, born 1736. He was at this time Marie-Antoinette's First Equerry.

[149] Marie-François-Henri de Franquetot (1737–1821), who died maréchal de France and Governor of the Invalides. At this time and for some years to come he was greatly in Marie-Antoinette's favour. He was one of the four courtiers whom she chose to keep her company at Trianon when she was isolated there with the measles in 1779, the others being the baron de Besenval, Count Esterhazy and the duc de Guines.

[150] Madame Campan gives a counter-version of this incident, composed after reading Lauzun's memoirs.

[151] See note 92.

[152] Gabrielle-Yolande-Claude-Martine de Polastron (1749?–1793), married 1767 Armand-Jules-François, comte, afterwards duc, de Polignac.

[153] Pierre-Louis (1722–94). See note 149.

[154] Amelia or Emilia Stanhope (1749–82), third daughter of the 2nd Earl of Harrington (see note 86), and widow of Richard Barry, 6th Earl of Barrymore. Walpole wrote from Paris in Sept. 1775: "Lady Barrymore has taken a house. She will be glutted with conquests: I never saw anyone so much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overset."

[155] Pierre (1723–1805). Not the same as the *marquis* de Pons.

[156] Charles-Michel de Gontaut, who later took the title of vicomte and then of duc de Gontaut-Biron. He and Lauzun were descended

from different sons of the famous maréchal de Biron, friend of Henri IV, so they were not very near cousins. This M. de Gontaut emigrated and returned to France at the Restoration. His wife was made *gouvernante des enfants de France*. Her Memoirs were published in 1891.

[157] Count Valentine-Ladislas Esterhazy (1740-1805), colonel of the Hungarian hussar regiment which bore his name. He was sent to Russia as an emissary by the *Princes* in 1791 and died in Poland. He was a cousin of the Count Esterhazy mentioned in note 139.

[158] On Shrove Thursday. The duchesse de Chartres was Louise-Marie-Adelaide de Bourbon-Penthièvre (1753–1821), who had married the duc de Chartres in 1769.

[159] Louis-Philippe-Joseph (1747–93), later duc d'Orléans (Philippe-Égalité). He was one of Lauzun's earliest friends, and according to Dufort de Cheverny had the worst possible influence over him.

[160] Claude-Louis, comte de St Germaine (1707–78), created War Minister in 1775.

[161] Anne-Pierre (1701–83). He was "Sloth" in the list made by the wits in 1775 likening the seven newly-made Marshals to the seven deadly sins.

[162] George-Felix, baron von Wimpfen (1741–1814).

[163] *Schomberg-Dragons*, formerly the maréchal de Saxe's regiment of Uhlans.

[164] The treaty which united the Bourbon sovereigns (of France, Spain, Naples and Parma) against the rest of Europe in 1761. Having displeased Turgot, Guines was recalled in Feb. 1776. Marie-Antoinette espoused his cause against the King and finally procured his rehabilitation and nomination as Duke—which brought about the fall of the Turgot ministry in May 1776.

[165] Charles-Joseph Patissier, marquis de Bussy-Castelnau (1718–85). He spent most of his life fighting for the French in India, and was at one time a prisoner in England.

[166] Marc-René de Voyer, marquis de Voyer (1722-82), soldier, connoisseur and philosopher. He was son of the comte d'Argenson who had been War Minister under Louis XV.

[167] The domain of the Argenson family, near Tours.

[168] Jean-Frédéric-Phélypeaux, comte de Maurepas (1701–81). Minister at the age of twenty-four, he had been banished in 1749 for an epigram on Mme. de Pompadour. Louis XVI recalled him as soon as he came to the throne, and since then Maurepas had been Prime Minister in fact though not in name, for he was styled only Minister of State and Head of the Finance Council.

[169] Stéphanie-Félicie Ducrest (1746–1830), married to the comte de Genlis, afterwards marquis de Sillery, in 1763. Author of many books and governess to the children of the duc d'Orléans. Madame Potocka was probably the person of that name mentioned in note 134.

[170] He was the third "knight" to be admitted to the Order which Mme. de Genlis admits in her Memoirs was invented by herself and bore no relation to any Polish one.

[171] They were daughters of Bernard de Boulainvilliers, who was son of Samuel Bernard the great financier. The elder daughter married the baron de Crussol, colonel of the *Régiment de Berry* in 1770, the younger married Marie-Joseph, marquis de Faudoas.

[172] Edward Dillon (1751–1839) was one of the thirteen children of a Mr. Robert Dillon who had settled in business at Bordeaux as a wine merchant. They claimed kinship with the Archbishop of Narbonne, who at any rate did his utmost to further their fortunes. Edward Dillon, who was later colonel of the regiment of *Provence* and gentleman-in-waiting to the comte d'Artois, was one of the many courtiers whose name gossip coupled with that of Marie-Antoinette. He emigrated at the Revolution and held court and diplomatic posts under the Restoration. The comtesse de Boigne, who was his niece, says in her Memoirs that his second wife was a rich Creole and that his daughter Georgina was sought in morganatic marriage by Frederick-William III of Prussia. See also Mme. de la Tour du Pin and the *Jerningham Letters*.

[173] The comte des Salles, Governor of Neufchâteau in Lorraine, married as his second wife in 1769 a demoiselle de Gouy, sister of Louis-Henri-Marthe, marquis de Gouy d'Arsy (1753–94), who was afterwards *colonel en second* of the *Dragons de la Reine*.

[174] Possibly Blount. Sir Walter Blount, 6th Bart., of Sodington married 1766 Mary, eldest daughter of James, 5th Lord Aston of Forfar.

[175] François-Alexandre-Frédéric, duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (1747–1827), politician and philanthropist. See Arthur Young's *Travels* for a description of his activities.

[176] In October 1777.

[177] Oct. 17, 1777.

[178] The one-time madame Pater or baronne de Niewerkerke, who had been a mistress of Louis XV. She married in March 1777 the marquis de Champcenetz, one of the King's *premiers valets-de-chambre*.

[179] Emmanuel-Marie-Louis, marquis de Noailles (1743–1822), who had replaced M. de Guines as Ambassador, had married in 1762 a demoiselle de Hollencourt de Drosménil, cousin of M. de Genlis. "I met the new French Ambassadress t'other night," wrote Walpole in Aug. 1777. "She is like a little mouse in a cheese, not ugly but with no manner."

[180] The Duchess of Devonshire was Georgiana (d. 1806) ("the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire"), eldest daughter of the Lady Spencer mentioned in note 107. Lady Granby was Lady Mary Somerset, who had married the Marquis of Granby, afterwards 4th Duke of Rutland, in 1775.

[181] On Feb. 17, 1778.

[182] This memorial is in the Archives of the French Foreign Office.

[183] Of France's "Treaty of Commerce and Amity with the Independent States of America." Noailles handed it to Lord Weymouth, English Foreign Minister, on March 13, 1778.

[184] On March 20.

[185] Sir Charles Hotham-Thompson, 8th Bart., Groom of the Bedchamber to George III (1729–94).

[186] From Dover, on April 4, he wrote a letter to Vergennes, given by Maugras—*The duc de Lauzun and the Court of Marie-Antoinette*.

[187] Emmanuel, duc de Croÿ (1718–84), who was commandant of the troops in Picardy and Artois. See note 28.

[188] Victor-François, duc de Broglie (1718–1804).

[189] His cousin Jean-Armand, marquis de Gontaut-Biron (1746–1826), elder brother of the marquis de Saint-Blancard. See note 156.

[190] This corps was created by an edict of Sept. 1, 1778, and was called the *Volontaires Etrangers de la Marine*.

[191] Mme. de Martainville was a sister of Edward Dillon, and was married to a connexion of Mme. de Pompadour. (See Dufort de Cheverny.) Three of her brothers—Robert, William and Francis—were eventually in Lauzun's regiment. For the Archbishop of Narbonne see note 14.

[192] Francès had been First Secretary at the French Embassy in London and had "made himself perfectly master of our language and customs" (Walpole's *Last Journals*). See also Donial: *Participation de la France à l'Etablissement des Etats Unis d'Amérique*.

[193] Charles-Henri d'Arsac (d. 1780), who will appear again in the Memoirs.

[194] Louis-Philippe de Rigaud (1724–1802), who fought with distinction in the American War.

[195] Dec. 25, 1778. The Journal which Lauzun kept of this expedition is in the Archives Nationales, Paris. Quotations from it are given by Maugras.

[196] Fort St Louis. The garrison of the fort had mutinied two days before and was in the utmost disorder. It numbered only twenty men. See Lauzun's Journal and Martin, *The British West African Settlements*, 1926. See also Mme. du Deffand for an amusingly spiteful account of the exploit.

[197] Charles-Hector, comte d'Estaing (1729–94). The part he took in the American War of Independence is well known.

[198] July 6, 1779.

[199] Sir Edward Hughes (1720?–94). On his way to India with a strong squadron in the spring of 1779 he dispossessed the French of Goree, but did not retake St Louis.

[200] de Polignac. See note 152.

[201] First Lord of the Bedchamber. Son of the maréchal de Richelieu.

[202] Louise-Marthe de Conflans (1759–1832) had married in 1775 François de Franquetot, marquis de Coigny (1756–1816), son of the duc de Coigny. (See note 149). Her father was the marquis de Conflans (see note 122), her grandfather the marquis d'Armentières, maréchal de France, but her mother, Marie-Antoinette Portail, and her grandmother, belonged to Parliamentary families. Mme. de Coigny, never much in sympathy with the court, eventually, like Lauzun, associated herself entirely with the Orléans party. At the Revolution she fled to England where she associated with the Whigs and the "constitutional" party of the emigrés, while her husband followed the fortunes of Louis XVIII, who rewarded him by making him a general. They divorced during the Emigration, and Mme. de Coigny returned to France in 1801, where she proclaimed herself a fervent admirer of Napoleon. She remained devoted to Lauzun and he to her until his death, though opinions are divided as to the exact nature of their relations. The letters she wrote to him from England in 1791–92 were published by Paul Lacroix in 1884 in an edition of a very few copies. Several are quoted by Maugras. Among Mme. de Coigny's many admirers was the prince de Ligne, whose *Lettres à la marquise de Coigny* were published for the first time as written (and not as doctored by Mme. de Staël) by Henri Lebasteur in 1914.

[203] By an edict of June 25, 1779, the *Volontaires Etrangers de la Marine* (see note 190) were amalgamated with the *Volontaires Etrangers de Nassau*.

[204] Alexandre-Marie-Léonor de Saint-Mauris (1732–96). He was War Minister from Feb. 1776 till Dec. 1780.

[205] Who commanded the army. See note 62.

[206] See note 11.

[207] Henri-Joseph, marquis de Lambert (1738–1808). He was "Minister of the *Armée des Princes*" with the Prussian army in 1792–93, and in 1794 accepted Catherine II's invitation to take service in Russia.

[208] Louis-Pierre de Chastenet, comte de Puységur (1726–1807). He was War Minister for a few months in 1788–9, and on Aug. 10, 1792, commanded the corps of nobles who tried to defend the Tuileries.

[209] Charles-Marie, marquis de Créqui (1737–1801).

[210] Augustin-Gabriel de Franquetot (1740–1817), brother of the duc de Coigny.

[211] Charles-Claude Andrault de Maulévrier, marquis de Langeron, born about 1720.

[212] Jean-Baptiste-Donatien de Vimeur, comte de Rochambeau (1725–1807), under whom Lauzun was shortly to serve in America and later in Flanders during the Revolution. He retired from the army in 1792 as the result of a misunderstanding with Dumouriez

(with which Lauzun had something to do), and was later imprisoned, and only saved by 9th Thermidor.

[213] Victor-Maurice de Riquet (1727–1807), a friend of Mme. du Deffand, to whom he wrote from this camp at St Malo on July 5, 1779, a letter describing the evil plight of the English, which she forwarded (via Ostend) to Walpole. His wife was a sister of Mme. de Cambis.

[214] Patrick, Count Wall, whom the duc de Croÿ had been much annoyed to find as a fellow-commander at Calais in 1764—"a somewhat extraordinary thing seeing he was an Irishman."

[215] The baron de Crussol. See note 171.

[216] Henri-Charles-Louis, born 1768. Mme. du Deffand wrote on Oct. 8: "I have just received an invitation to the marriage of the Prince de Montbarey's daughter with the Hereditary Prince of Nassau-Saarbruck; the Princess a girl of twenty-two while the Prince is not yet eleven."

[217] Louis-Guillouet (1708–91). The previous year he had commanded the French fleet at the battle of Ouessaint. On the present occasion he, with his Spanish allies, was blown out of the Channel into the presence of a much smaller British fleet under Sir Charles Hardy, which was looking for them beyond the Scilly Isles; but when Hardy retreated towards Spithead they did not follow him. Orvilliers and the Spanish admiral did not work well together, their ships were foul and their crews sickly. After cruising in the Channel for another fortnight they returned to Brest and did not put out again.

[218] Louis-Antoine (1729–1814), the famous sailor and explorer.

[219] Joséphine de Palerme (1752–1830) married 1771 the marquis de Gontaut-Biron. See note 189.

[220] A slip or misprint for May 2 (1780).

[221] Three companies of foot were left behind; 600 men embarked, of which 300 were cavalry.

[222] It was returning to Jamaica after escorting a convoy of merchantmen as far as the Bermudas, and was commanded by Captain afterwards Admiral Cornwallis.

[223] On July 11, 1780.

[224] Sept. 20 and 21, 1780, at Hartford, Connecticut.

[225] Not from Europe, but from the West Indies. He arrived at New York on Sept. 13 and was in North American waters till the middle of November. His arrival brought the English naval forces up to twenty line-of-battle ships.

[226] Benedict Arnold (1741–1801) whose treason in trying to deliver the fortress of West Point to the British was discovered Sept. 25. He escaped and fought as an English general for the rest of the war.

[227] General Horatio Gates had been defeated by Lord Cornwallis at Camden in Carolina on Aug. 16. The news reached Newport on Sept. 12.

[228] Oct. 28. The vicomte de Rochambeau was Donatien-Marie-

Joseph de Vimeur (1750–1813). Like his father he fought for the Republic. Most of his service was in the West Indies, where he was taken prisoner in 1803 and kept in England till 1811. He was killed at the battle of Leipzig.

[229] Nathaniel Greene. His letter asking for Lauzun's Legion is dated Nov. 3, 1780.

[230] Banastre Tarleton (1754–1833), commanded the British Legion, a mixed force of cavalry and light infantry. Eventually he rose to the rank of general and died a baronet and Knight of the Bath. He was a magnificent cavalry officer, but less estimable in private life.

[231] There was a question at this time of Lafayette and his corps of light infantry joining Greene in Carolina. Lafayette, though he had come to America as a volunteer in 1777, was still only twenty-three.

[232] See note 82.

[233] Mrs. Hunter was Deborah, daughter of Godfrey Malbone, a well-known Newport merchant and landowner, and widow of Dr. William Hunter, a cousin of the famous doctors William and John Hunter. Her two elder daughters were : Elizabeth (born 1762, died unmarried in France in 1849) and Anne, who married Jean Falconnet, a Swiss banker. There were a younger daughter and a son, William (1774–1849), who became a distinguished American politician and diplomatist. Mrs. Hunter and her daughters went to England in 1785 in hopes of a cure for Elizabeth's eyesight (a vain hope, for she became quite blind), and apparently they never returned to America. For a description of the two Miss Hunters see the Prince de Broglie's *Journal* published by the *Société des Bibliophiles Francais* in 1903, and for a charming account of his own and Lauzun's friendship with the family see Fersen's letters to his sister, published by O. G. de Heidenstam in *Lettres de Marie-Antoinette, Fersen et Barnave* (of which an English translation was published in 1926).

[234] Henry Knox (1750–1806), Brigadier-General of Artillery, had been sent by Washington to inform the Governors of the various New England states of the revolt of the Pennsylvania "Line," and to ask for money and clothing to keep other contingents from revolting. His letter to Rochambeau with this news is dated from Lebanon, Jan. 11, 1781.

[235] Feb. 13 and 14, 1781.

[236] Ternay had died on Dec. 15, 1780.

[237] March 6.

[238] On March 8. Charles-René-Dominique Sochet, called the chevalier Destouches, commanded the squadron till the arrival of the new naval commander, the comte de Barras. He was born 1728, became an admiral, fought for the Royalists in the Vendée, and is there supposed to have perished.

[239] Philippe-Henri, marquis de Ségur (1724–1801) (whose reforms of the French army included the unpopular and dangerous

one of requiring that only nobles should serve as officers), and Charles-Eugène-Gabriel de la Croix, marquis de Castries (1727–1801), who had never been a sailor, and was unpopular on that account.

[240] March 16.

[241] May 9.

[242] Louis, comte de Barras de Laurent. He had already fought in the American war under d'Estaing.

[243] On May 22 at Weathersfield, near Hartford.

[244] François-Jean, chevalier, later marquis de Chastellux, Rochambeau's second-in-command. He had been made an Academician in 1775 on the strength of some not very good comedies and various essays in prose and verse. His *Travels in North America*, of which an English translation was published, gives an amusing account of Lauzun at Lebanon.

[245] Claude-Gabriel, marquis de Choisy (b. 1723). In the Revolution he commanded the Armée du Nord for a few months in 1792–93, and then left the service.

[246] June 10, 1781. The two conferences which Lauzun mentions had taken place on May 31 and June 8—the days of his departure for and return from New Windsor.

[247] On June 30 at Newtown, not far from New York. The operation in question was an attempt at surprising the enemy's outposts in front of New York and at cutting off a corps of Loyalist irregulars which lay about Kingsbridge. As will be seen, it failed.

[248] Major-General Benjamin Lincoln (1733–1810). He was American Secretary of War 1781–84.

[249] July 1-3.

[250] The French and American armies were camped together about the villages of White Plains and Phillipsburg from July 6 till Aug. 19, 1781.

[251] Major-General William Heath (1737–1814).

[252] This reconnaissance took place July 21-23. The French accounts agree that the generals were in some danger, but Washington wrote in his diary for July 23: "Having finished the Reconnoitre without damage, a few harmless shot only being fired at us, we marched back about Six o'clock. . . ."

[253] It had now been decided not to attack New York but to march to join Lafayette in Virginia, where Cornwallis was already entrenching himself at Yorktown, and whither Admiral de Grasse was proceeding with a French fleet and reinforcements from San Domingo.

[254] The French editions have printed this *Summers et Courthouse*. The Legion camped there on Aug. 30.

[255] Sir Henry Clinton (1738?–95) had been Commander-in-Chief of the forces in North America since May, 1778. He had distinguished himself in the early part of the war, but his differences with Cornwallis were largely responsible for its humiliating end.

[256] Lauzun's division arrived at Philadelphia on Sept. 3 "about eleven o'clock in the morning and in full dress," and left on the fifth for Head of Elk.

[257] François-Joseph-Paul, comte de Grasse (1722–88). In the following year he was vanquished and taken prisoner by Rodney at the Battle of the Saints.

[258] Claude-Anne, marquis (afterwards duc) de Saint-Simon (1740–1819). At the Revolution he entered the Spanish service, and in 1808 defended Madrid against the French.

[259] Charles, 2nd Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805), afterwards Governor-General of India and Marquis Cornwallis. It was by Clinton's orders that he remained in Yorktown where Clinton had promised him reinforcements—which arrived the week after Cornwallis had surrendered.

[260] Sept. 10.

[261] Adam-Philippe, comte de Custine (1740–93). Like Lauzun he became a Revolutionary general and finished on the scaffold. In America he commanded the regiment of *Saintonge*.

[262] The battle, which was undecided, took place on Sept. 5 against Admirals Graves and Hood. Grasse kept them occupied outside the bay till Barras with the French squadron from Newport had slipped within it, and then joined the latter on Sept. 11.

[263] Brigadier-General George Weedon (about 1730–90). He had been an innkeeper in his native town of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

[264] This skirmish took place on Oct. 3. Tarleton's account of it in his *History of the Campaigns of* 1780 *and* 1781 varies a little to his own advantage, as was only to be expected, but Henry Lee's contemporary American account agrees with Lauzun's except that he gives some of the credit to Mercer's Grenadiers, a picked corps of militiamen who supported the hussars.

[265] Oct. 17. The formal surrender took place on Oct. 19, 1781.

[266] Armand-Augustin de la Croix de Castries, comte de Charlus, afterwards duc de Castries (1756–1842), son of the Minister for the Navy. He was second-in-command of the regiment of *Saintonge*.

[267] Second-in-command under his brother Count Christian of Deux-Points of the regiment of that name raised by their family for the French service. He had greatly distinguished himself at an assault on Yorktown.

[268] Nov. 21, 1781.

[269] Who had followed in another frigate and arrived at Versailles on Nov. 24.

[270] Mary Robinson (1758–1800), who during her stage career, which lasted from 1776 till 1780, had attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales while playing Perdita. She had been abandoned by him before her visit to Paris in 1782. Later she was the mistress for many years of Lauzun's recent antagonist, Colonel Tarleton. She became

paralysed for life through a journey which she took in bitter weather to bring Tarleton a sum of money of which, as frequently, he stood in need.

[271] On Jan. 21, 1782, in celebration of the birth of a Dauphin in the previous October.

[272] He sailed for Martinique on March 16 as second-in-command of *Auxerrois*.

[273] Madame de Châlons, who had been a demoiselle d'Andlau and had married the comte de Châlons in 1768, was a cousin of the duchesse de Polignac and a member of the Queen's most intimate circle.

[274] Aglaë de Conflans, sister of Mme. de Coigny, who had married, on June 1, 1781, Charles de Rohan-Guéménée, duc de Montbazon, son of the prince de Guéménée.

[275] The chevalier Nicolas de Lisle (1735–83), soldier, encyclopedist and correspondent of Voltaire. He died in Mme. de Coigny's house.

[276] Better known as La Touche-Tréville (Louis-René-Madeleine Le Vasseur de, 1745–1804). As an admiral he fought Nelson in 1801.

[277] On Aug. 3, 1782. The "bizarre customs" of Terceiro and Lauzun's participation in them are fully described in the comte de Ségur's Memoirs and also in the prince de Broglie's *Journal*.

[278] Bozon-Jacques, comte de Talleyrand-Perigord (1764–18— ?) brother of "Talleyrand," who, like Ségur and Broglie, was on his way to join the army in America for the first time.

[279] Louis-Antoine-Auguste de Rohan-Chabot, comte de Chabot (1733–1807). He stammered and was ugly, but was considered extremely fascinating.

[280] The *Hector*, a 74, which had been taken by Rodney at the Battle of the Saints and had been separated by storms from the convoy which Admiral Graves was conducting back to England. This fight took place on the night of Sept. 4-5.

[281] This was a misapprehension, for it was not till Oct. 3 that the unfortunate *Hector*, after terrible sufferings, fell in with a Dartmouth merchantman who took on board the survivors of her crew and of the sick and prisoners she carried.

[282] On Sept. 12.

[283] This squadron was commanded by Captain George Keith Elphinstone (1747–1823), later Admiral of the Blue, G.C.B., and Viscount Keith, and ancestor of the late Marquis of Lansdowne. His second wife was Hester Maria Thrale (1762–1857), Dr. Johnson's "Queenie." For details of this affair see Ségur, Broglie and the *London Gazette*.

[284] The French plenipotentiary at Philadelphia.

[285] This was about Oct. 10. Rochambeau's army had been at Crompond in Connecticut since Sept. 23.

[286] For the West Indies.

[287] On Oct. 22. Lauzun left with his legion on Oct. 27 for Wilmington, near Philadelphia.

[288] At the end of December, 1782.

[289] The prince de Guéménée, whose gigantic bankruptcy, in which the remnants of Lauzun's own fortune disappeared, had occurred in September. Madame Dillon had died on Sept. 13.

[290] Rochambeau, who had not accompanied the army to the West Indies, sailed for France from Annapolis on Jan. 11, 1783.

[291] In February.

[292] On March 12.

[293] Actually the *Washington* brought news of the signing of the *preliminary articles of peace* (on Nov. 30, 1782), but the baron de Foks had hastened northwards with his general's private letters before Luzerne could communicate the official despatches.

[294] In April.

[295] The French editions have *March* 11, a mistake for May.

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